MILITIA OF MERCY
TO THE
Defenders of Democracy

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WALLACE LEFFINGWELL DODGE
MILITIA OF MERCY
TO THE
DEFENDERS OF DEMOCRACY

DEFENDERS OF DEMOCRACY

Of this EDITION DE LUXE *only one thousand copies have been printed.*

DEFENDERS OF DEMOCRACY

Contributions from representative men and women of letters and other arts from our allies and our own country

EDITED BY

THE GIFT BOOK COMMITTEE

OF

THE MILITIA OF MERCY

"The kinship of blood between nations may grow weaker, but the kinship of ideals and purposes constitutes a permanent bond of union."

John Lewis Griffiths

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MCMXVIII

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The net proceeds of the sale of this book will be used in aiding the needy families of the men of the Naval Militia who have been called to the defense of liberty.

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TO

OUR SAILORS, SOLDIERS, AND NURSES

IN APPRECIATION OF THEIR
HEROISM AND SACRIFICE IN THE CAUSE
OF
LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY

"Oh, land of ours be glad of such as these."

THEODOSIA GARRISON

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are, and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness, and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

WOODROW WILSON.

Sincerely Yours,

Woodrow Wilson

A MESSAGE FROM

VICE ADMIRAL WILLIAM SOWDEN SIMS, U.S.N.

Commanding the American Naval Forces Operating in European Waters

IN such an hour as that with which we are now confronted, when so much depends upon individual efforts, our hearts swell with pride as we learn of the thousands of America's best, staunch and true men who are so willingly forgetting their own personal welfare and linking their lives and all that they are with the cause of liberty and justice, which is so dear to the hearts of the American people. All honor to those who are giving themselves as such willing sacrifices, and may God grant that their efforts may be speedily rewarded by a world condition which will make them realize that their efforts have accomplished the desired result, and that the world is better and happier because of them.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL

August 4th, 1917.

I AM *very pleased to have an opportunity to say a word in praise of the Militia of Mercy.*

Unless our women are imbued with Patriotic sentiments, there will be little to hope for in our life. A nation is only as great as its womanhood; and, as are the women, so are the sons. All praise to the women of America!

Please accept my very best wishes for the success of your organization.

John J. Pershing

INTRODUCTION

I HAVE seldom yielded so willingly to a request for my written views as I do in this instance, when my valued friend, the master journalist, Melville E. Stone, has asked me, on behalf of the Book Committee, to write an introductory article for "The Defenders of Democracy." Needless to say, I comply all the more readily in view of the fact that the book in which these words will appear is planned by the ladies of the Militia of Mercy as a means of increasing the Fund the Society is raising for the benefit of the families of "their own men" on the battle-line.

And, what a theme! It demands a volume from any pen capable of doing it justice. For the present purposes, however, I approve strongly of a compilation which shall express the reasoned opinions of writers representing the allied nations, while it is a real pleasure to turn for a few minutes from the day's anxieties and consider the one great force which supplies the leaven to a war-sodden world. Are men to live in freedom or as slaves to a soulless system?—that is the question which is now being solved in blood and agony and tears on the battlefields of the Old World. The answer given by the New World has never been in doubt, but its clarion note was necessarily withheld in all its magnificent rhythm until President Wilson delivered his Message to Congress last April. I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Wilson's utterance will become immortal. It is a new declaration of the Rights of Man, but a finer, broader one, based on the sure principles of Christian ethics. Yet, mark how this same nobility of thought and purpose runs like a vein of gold through the rock of valiant little Belgium's defiance of the Hun, of President Poincaré's firm stand, and of Mr. Lloyd George's unflinching labors in the Sisy-

phean task of stemming the Teutonic avalanche. Prussia's challenge to the world came with the shock of some mighty eruption undreamed of by chroniclers of earthquakes. It stunned humanity. Nowhere was its benumbing effect more perceptible than in these United States, whose traditional policy of non-interference in European disputes was submitted so unexpectedly to the fierce test of Right versus Expediency. And how splendidly did President, Senator, Congress and the People respond to the test! Never for one instant did America's clear judgment falter. The Hun was guilty, and must be punished. The only issue to be solved was whether France, Britain, Italy and Russia should convict and brand the felon unaided, or the mighty power of the Western World should join hands with the avengers of outraged law. Well, a purblind Germany settled that uncertainty by a series of misdeeds which no nation of high ideals could allow to pass unchallenged. I do believe most firmly that President Wilson gave the criminal such chances of reform as no court of law in the world would grant. But, at last, his patience was exhausted. Whether the enslavers of Germany thought, in that crass ignorance of other men's minds they have so often displayed, that America meant to keep out of the war at all costs, or were merely careless of consequences so long as the immediate end was attained, is now immaterial. From the welter of Teutonic misdeeds and lies arises the vital, the soul-inspiring spectacle of a union of all democracies against the common foe.

And right here, as the direct speech of New York has it, I want to pay tribute to the sagacity, the clarity of vision, the sure divination of the truth amidst a fog of deceit, which has characterized almost the whole Press of the United States since those feverish days at the end of July, 1914, when the nightmare of war was so quickly succeeded by its dread reality. Efforts which might fairly

be described as stupendous were put forth by the advocates of Kultur to win, if not the approval, at least the strict neutrality of America. That the program of calculated misrepresentation failed utterly was due in great part to the leading newspapers of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and the other main centers of industry and population. Never has the value of a free Press been demonstrated so thoroughly. The American editor is accustomed to weigh the gravest problems of life on his own account without let or hindrance from tradition, and it can be affirmed most positively that, excepting the few instances of a suborned pro-German Press, the newspapers of the United States condemned the Hun and his methods as roundly and fearlessly as the *Independence Belge* itself whose staff had actually witnessed the horrors of Visé and Louvain. These men educated and guided public opinion. Republican or Democrat it mattered not—they set out to determine from the material before them what was Right and what was Wrong. Once convinced that the Hun was a menace they made their readers understand beyond cavil just what that menace meant. So I claim that the editors of the United States are entitled to high rank among the Defenders of Democracy. When the history of the war, or rather a just analysis of its causes and effects, comes to be written I shall be much mistaken if the critical historian does not give close heed and honorable mention to the men who wrote the articles which kept the millions of America thoroughly and honestly informed. Think what it would have meant had their influence been thrown into the scale against the Allies! By that awesome imagining alone can the extent of their service be measured.

If I have wandered a little from my theme, since our veritable "Defenders" are the men who are giving their life's blood at the front, and the band of noble women who are tending them in hos-

pital, it will surely be understood that, if I name them last they are first in my heart. I have seen much of the war. I know what your soldiers, sailors and nurses are called on to endure. I rejoice that in dedicating this book to them, you honor them while they live. Never let their memory fade when they are dead. They gave their lives for their friends, and greater love than that no man hath.

ESSENTIAL SERVICE

I WISH *all success to "The Defenders of Democracy." The men who are in this war on the part of the United States are doing the one vitally important work which it is possible for Americans to do at this time. Nothing else counts now excepting that we fight this war to a finish. Those men are thrice fortunate who are given the chance to serve under arms at the front. They are not only rendering the one essential service to this country and to mankind, but they are also earning honor as it cannot otherwise be earned by any men of our generation. As for the rest of us, our task is to back them up in every way possible.*

Theodore Roosevelt

KITTERY POINT, ME.,
October 14, 1917.

I AM *never good at messages or sentiments, but perhaps if Mr. Rouland's portrait of me were literally a speaking likeness it would entreat you to believe that I revere and honor in my heart and soul, the noble ideals of the Militia of Mercy.*

Yours sincerely,

W. D. Howells.

How Can I Serve?

There are strange ways of serving God
To sweep a room or turn a sod,
And suddenly to your surprise
You hear the whirr of seraphim
And find you're under God's own eyes
And building palaces for him.

There are strange, unexpected ways
Of going soldiering these days
It may be only census-blanks
You're asked to conquer, with a pen,
But suddenly you're in the ranks
And fighting for the rights of men!

Norman Kaplan.

For the Militia of Mercy
August 15, 1917.

THE *Editors gratefully acknowledge the rich contributions to this book, which it has been their privilege to arrange. The generous spirit which has accompanied each gift permeates the pages, and its genial glow will be felt by all our readers.*

The book is only a fire-side talk on the ideals and purposes held in common by those who belong to the friendly circle of the Allies, and is not intended to have diplomatic, economic or official significance. The Editors, however, have been honored by the approval of their plan, and have received invaluable assistance from diplomatists, statesmen and men of affairs in securing contributions otherwise inaccessible at the present time.

We wish to acknowledge (although we cannot adequately express our appreciation) the gift from the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES *of his portrait, and his kind recognition of our desire to render an international service.*

We are especially indebted to Viscount ISHII, *Special Ambassador from Japan to Washington, D. C., and to* Lord NORTHCLIFFE, *Chairman of The British War Mission, for their thoughtful and sympathetic articles written during days crowded with official duties.*

We owe a debt of thanks to His Excellency, *the* Italian Ambassador, *for the privilege of publishing, for the first time in America,* D'ANNUNZIO'S *sonnet to* General CADORNA; *to* Their Excellencies, *the* Portuguese, Greek *and* Chinese Ministers, *for helpful suggestions and translations; to* Mr. WILLIAM PHILLIPS, Assistant Secretary of State; *to* Mr. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND; *to* Mr. WILLIAM HENRY FOX, Director of the Brooklyn Museum; *to* Mr. JOHN LANE, Mr. W. J. LOCKE, Mrs. THEODORE MCKENNA, *all of London, England, who assembled our rich English contributions for us; to* Mr. WILLIAM DE LEFTWICH DODGE *for the cover design, a rare and beautiful tribute to our defenders; to* Mr. MELVILLE E. STONE, *without whose personal influence we could not have secured contributions from all of our Allies in so short a time; to* Mr. J. JEFFERSON JONES *and* Mr. WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT, *who have devoted time and thought without stint to the making of the book, and have given the committee the advantage of their technical knowledge and distinguished taste entirely as a patriotic service; to* Miss LILIAN ELLIOTT *for her many translations from Portuguese and Spanish writers; to* Miss LA MONTAIGNE, Chairman *of* The Cardinal Mercier Fund; *to* Mr. TALCOTT WILLIAMS, Mr. ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON, Mr. DANIEL FROHMAN; *to* The British War Mission, The Friends of France and Her Allies Committee, *and to* The Russian and Serbian Civil Relief Committees. *To* ALL *we give our heartfelt thanks.*

THE EDITORS.

PREFACE

THIS beautiful book is the expression of the eager desire of all of the gifted men and women who have contributed to it and of the members of the Militia of Mercy to render homage to our sailors, soldiers, nurses and physicians who offer the supreme sacrifice to free the stricken people of other lands and to protect humanity with their bodies from an enemy who has invented the name and created the thing "welt-schmerz"—world anguish. But we want it to do more than extol their heroism and sacrifice, we want The Defenders of Democracy to help them win the war. It has been the thought of those who planned the book to meet three things needful, not only to the army at the front, but to that vaster army at home who watch and work and wait (and perhaps we need it more than they who have the stimulus of action)—to strengthen the realization that our soldiers of sea and land, though far away, are fighting for a cause which is vitally near the heart of every man and every woman, and the soul of every nation—human freedom; "to forge the weapon of victory by fanning the flame of cheerfulness," and to be the means of lifting the burden of anxiety from those who go, lest their loved ones should suffer privation, bereft of their protecting care. So truly is this an Age of Service, that the response to the scope and spirit of our work was immediate and within four months from the day we sent our first request for co-operation in carrying out our plans, we had received the rich contributions contained in this book from men and women of letters and other arts, not only from our own generous country, but from all of our allies.

Perhaps the most difficult task fell to those who were asked not to write of the war but to practice the gentle art of cheering us all up—an art so easily lost in these days of sorrow, suspense and anxiety—yet we have received many delightful contributions in harmony with this request, and so the cheerful note, the finer optimism, recurs again and again, and is sustained to the last page.

Such a book is historic. It is a consecration of the highest gifts to the cause of human freedom and human fraternity. The Militia of Mercy, in expressing its gratitude to the men and women so greatly endowed who have made this book possible, trust they will find a rich reward in the thought that it will give both spiritual and material aid to those who are fighting in the great war.

The book will be sold for the benefit of the families of the men of the Naval Militia now in the Federal Service and taking part in sea warfare. John Lane Company have published the book at cost, so that the publishers' profits, as well as our own, will be given to the patriotic work of the Militia of Mercy.

It has been repeatedly said during the past year that America had not begun to feel the war. If America has not, how many Americans there are who have! We all know that the responsibilities and inequalities of war were felt first by our sailors. The whole outlook on life changed for many families of the Naval Militia the day after diplomatic relations with Germany were severed. Husbands, fathers and sons were called to service without any opportunity to provide for current expenses or to arrange for the future welfare of their loved ones. The burden of providing for the necessities of life fell suddenly, without warning, upon the wives and mothers of the civilian sailors. The world knew nothing of these cases, but the members of the Militia of Mercy who have visited the needy families, realize with what heroism, courage and self-sacrifice the women have done and are doing their part.

For those of us who look on, to help them is not charity, but opportunity for patriotic service to give a *very little* to those who are giving *all they cherish* and *all they hold dear* for the sake of human Liberty and Democracy.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. A MESSAGE vi

VICE ADMIRAL WILLIAM SOWDEN SIMS, U.S.N. A MESSAGE vii
Commanding the American Naval Forces Operating in European Waters

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING, U.S.A. A LETTER viii
Commanding General American Expeditionary Force

LORD NORTHCLIFFE. INTRODUCTION ix
Chairman, British War Mission to the United States

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. ESSENTIAL SERVICE xiii
Twenty-sixth President of the United States. Author and Statesman

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. A LETTER xiv
American Author, New York, President of the American Academy of Arts and Letters

HERMANN HAGEDORN. "HOW CAN I SERVE?" xv
American Writer, New York. President, Vigilantes, American League of Artists and Authors for Patriotic Services

PREFACE xvii

CONTRIBUTIONS OF WRITERS

BELGIUM

GASTON DE LEVAL. BELGIUM AND AMERICA 3
Belgian Advocate for Edith Cavell

EMILE CAMMAERTS. GOOD OLD BERNSTORFF! 6
Belgian Poet

CHINA

TSA YUAN-PEI. THE WAR IN EUROPE 8
Chancellor of the Government University of Peking
(Translation, Courtesy of the Chinese Minister)

PAGE

A SYMPOSIUM—DEMOCRACY

GEORGE STERLING. Invocation 9
American Poet, California

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. The Test 10
(Canon James O. Hannay) Irish Clergyman and Man of Letters

JOHN GALSWORTHY. The New Comradeship 12
English Writer

WILLIAM J. LOCKE. Questionings 14
English Novelist

HENRY VAN DYKE. Democracy in Peace and War. . . 17
American Clergyman, Diplomat and Writer

AN INTERLUDE

HARRIET MONROE. Sunrise over the Peristyle 18
American Poet, Chicago

THE DRAMA

DANIEL FROHMAN. Reminiscences of Booth 20
Theatrical Manager and Writer, New York

J. HARTLEY MANNERS. God of My Faith: A One Act Play 24
Dramatist, New York

FRANCE

FREDERICK COUDERT. To France. 44
American Lawyer and Publicist

ANATOLE FRANCE. Ce Que Disent Nos Morts. 47
French Author. (Translation by Emma M. Pope)

RUPERT HUGHES. The Transports (Poetical Version of Sully Prud'homme's "Les Berceaux"). 53
American Writer, New York

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE. La Prière du Poilu 54
French Writer, Editor Le Matin. (Translation by Madame Carlo Polifème)

GREAT BRITAIN

HONOURABLE JAMES M. BECK. A Tribute to England 61
American Lawyer and Publicist

LORD BRYCE. Unity and Peace. 66
English Statesman and Author

PAGE

ROBERT HICHENS. Our Common Heritage 67
English Novelist

STEPHEN McKENNA. Poetic Justice 69
English Statesman and Novelist

LADY ABERDEEN. The Spell of the Kilties 84
(Wife of the Marquis of Aberdeen and Temair, K.T., Scotland)

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. Sherston's Wedding Eve . . 87
English Novelist, London

RALPH CONNOR. A Canadian Soldier's Dominion Day at Shorncliffe 105
Canadian Novelist

STEPHEN LEACOCK. Simple as Day 111
Canadian Writer, Professor McGill University, Montreal

MAY SINCLAIR. The Epic Standpoint in the War . . . 118
English Writer, London

GREECE

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS. The Greek Spirit 122
(Translation, with notes, by Carroll N. Brown)

ITALY

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. Italy and Democracy. A Tribute to Italy 127
American Historian and Poet

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO. Al Generale Cadorna 131
Italian Poet

C. H. GRANGENT. Sonnet
(Poetical version in English of the above) 132
Professor of Romance Languages, Harvard University

AMY BERNARDY. The Voice of Italy 133
Italian Writer

JAPAN

VISCOUNT K. ISHII. Japan's Ideals and Her Part in the Struggle 137
Japanese Statesman, Special Ambassador to Washington, D.C., 1917

PAGE

LATIN AMERICA

SALOMÓN DE LA SELVA. TROPICAL INTERLUDE 141
Nicaraguan Poet

LILIAN E. ELLIOTT, F.R.G.S. LATIN AMERICA AND THE WAR . 145
Literary Editor, Pan American Magazine

SALOMÓN DE LA SELVA. DRILL 157

PORTUGAL

HENRIQUE LOPES DE MENDONÇA. THE PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE 161
Portuguese writer. Member of Academy of Science, Lisbon

EDGAR PRESTAGE. PORTUGAL 162
English Writer, A Friend of Portugal

ROUMANIA

ACHMED ABDULLAH. ROUMANIA—AN INTERPRETATION . 166
Novelist. Of the Family of the Ameer of Afghanistan

RUSSIA

IVAN NARODNY. THE SOUL OF RUSSIA. 169
Russian Patriot and Writer. Member of the Russian Civilian Relief Committee, New York

IVAN NARODNY. THE AMERICAN BRIDE 175

SERGEY MAKOWSKY. THE INSANE PRIEST. 189
Russian Poet. (Translation by Constance Purdy)

SERBIA

M. BOICH. WITHOUT A COUNTRY 190
Serbian Poet. (Translation by Professor Miloche Trivonnatz)

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

INDIAN PRAYER. TO THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT 192
Interpreted by Mary Austin

MAURICE HEWLETT. TO AMERICA, 4 JULY, 1776. 194
English Man of Letters

CHARLES W. ELIOT. THE NEED OF FORCE TO WIN AND MAINTAIN PEACE. 195
President Emeritus of Harvard University

PAGE

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS. WOMAN AND MERCY. . . . 197
Cardinal, Baltimore, Maryland

JOHN LEWIS GRIFFITHS. JOAN OF ARC — HER HERITAGE 199
From an address delivered in London, 1911

DR. J. H. JOWETT. THINGS WHICH CANNOT BE SHAKEN . . 201
English Clergyman, 5th Ave. Presbyterian Church, N.Y.

OWEN JOHNSON. SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE 206
American Author

MELVILLE E. STONE. THE ASSOCIATED PRESS 209
Journalist, General Manager of the Associated Press, N.Y.

MARY AUSTIN. PAN AND THE POT-HUNTER 214
American Writer, New York

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. MEN OF THE SEA 222
American Author, New York

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY. JIM — A SOLDIER OF THE KING. . 226
American. Volunteer Soldier in British Army and Author, "Over the Top"

EDNA FERBER. HEEL AND TOE 235
American Novelist, Chicago

THEODOSIA GARRISON. THOSE WHO WENT FIRST 243
American Poet, New Jersey

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE. A SUMMER'S DAY 244
American Actress and Author, New York

LOUIS UNTERMEYER. CHILDREN OF THE WAR 257
American Poet, New York

FANNIE HURST. KHAKI-BOY 258
American Novelist and Dramatist, New York

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON. HYMN TO AMERICA . 269
American Editor and Author, New York

AMY LOWELL. THE BREAKING OUT OF THE FLAGS 270
American Poet, Cambridge, Mass.

MRS. JOHN LANE. OUR DAY 273
American by Birth, Author, London, England

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. POUR LA PATRIE 275
American Novelist, Indiana and New York

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. SONNET 286
American Poet, Camden, Maine

PAGE

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. The Idiot 287
American Author, New York

JAMES OPPENHEIM. Memories of Whitman and Lincoln. 299
American Poet, New York

JAMES F. PRYOR. Bred to the Sea 304
American Lawyer and Writer

EVALEEN STEIN. Our Defenders 306
American Poet and Story Teller, La Fayette, Indiana

ALICE WOODS. The Bomb 308
American Story Writer

MYRON T. HERRICK. To Those Who Go 322
American Statesman, Diplomatist, Publicist, Cleveland, Ohio

AMÉLIE RIVES. The Hero's Peace 324
Princess Troubetzkoy, American Novelist and Poet, Virginia

We gratefully acknowledge the privilege of reproducing the following articles: —

"The Need of Force to Win and Maintain Peace," by Dr. C. W. Eliot — *New York Times.*

"The Breaking Out of the Flags," by Amy Lowell — *Independent.*

"The Bomb," by Alice Woods — *Century Magazine.*

"Children of the War," by Louis Untermeyer — *Collier's Weekly.*

All other contributions have been especially written for "The Defenders of Democracy."

ILLUSTRATIONS

CHILDE HASSAM. Allies' Day.
From the Original Painting. (*Color*) . . . . . *Frontispiece*
American Artist, New York

PORTRAIT. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States vi

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH. His Eminence Cardinal Mercier . . . . . *Facing page* 4

ALBERT STERNER. Sympathy. *From the Original Drawing.* 6
American Artist, New York

PHOTOGRAPH. "The Happy Warriors." (Marshal Joffre and General Pershing.) *Courtesy of L'Illustration, Paris* 14

JULES GUÉRIN. Ballet by Moonlight. (*Color*) *From the Original Painting* 20
American Artist, New York

JACQUIER. Marshal Joffre. *Drawn from life* 44

J. J. VAN INGEN. Memory. *From the Original Drawing* 52
American Artist, New York

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH. The Right Honourable Arthur James Balfour 66

CHARLES DANA GIBSON. Her Answer. *From the Original sketch* 126
American Artist, New York

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH. General Cadorna 132

WILLIAM DE LEFTWICH DODGE. *From the Original Paintings in Oils*
(1) The Consecration of the Swords . . . . . *Cover design*
(2) Atlantic and Pacific. (*Color*) 140
(3) Gateway of All Nations. (*Color*) 160
American Artist, New York

O. E. CESARE. Russia's Struggle. *From the Original Cartoon* 168
American Artist, New York

JOHN S. SARGENT. "Big Moon" (Black Foot Chief.)
From the Original Drawing 192
American Painter, Boston, Mass.

PAGE

JOHN S. SARGENT. A Profile. *From the Original Drawing Sketch* 194

GEORGE BARNARD. Abraham Lincoln 196
American Sculptor, New York

PORTRAIT IN OIL. Theodore Roosevelt. *By George Burroughs Torrey* 204
In the Brooklyn Museum

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH. Melville E. Stone 212

PENRHYN STANLAWS. Souvenir de Jeunesse. (*Color*) *From the Original Pastel* 220
Scotch Artist, New York

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH. Vice Admiral William Sowden Sims 224

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPH. General John J. Pershing 234

WALTER HALE. "Once the Giant Toy of a People who Frolicked." *From the Original Water Color* 244
American Artist, New York

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON. The Married Slacker. *From the Original Drawing* 268
American Artist, Indiana

W. ORLANDO ROULAND. Portrait of W. D. Howells. *From the Original Painting* 274
American Artist, New York

GEORGE BELLOWS. The Shipyard. (*Color*) *From the Original Oil Painting* 304
American Artist, New York

JOSEPH PENNELL. Dawn. *From the Original Drawing* . . . 324
American Artist, New York

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DEFENDERS OF DEMOCRACY

BELGIUM AND AMERICA

IT would be a banality to speak about the gratitude of the Belgian people toward America. Every one knows from the beginning of the war that when the Belgians were faced with starvation, it was the American Commission for Relief which saved the situation, forming all over the country, in America and elsewhere, those Committees who collected the funds raised to help the Belgians, and saw that they reached the proper channel and were utilized to the best advantage of the Belgian people.

But helping to feed the people was not enough. The Americans did more. They gave their heart. Every one of them who came into my country to act as a volunteer for the Commission for Relief, brought with him the sympathy of all the people that were behind him. Every one of these young Americans, who, under the leadership of Mr. Hoover, came into my country to watch the distribution of the foodstuffs imported by the Commission for Relief, became a sincere friend of my countrymen. He stood between us and the Germans as a vigilant sentry of the civilized world, and was able to tell when he returned to America all the sufferings and all the courage of the Belgian population.

I remember traveling in America some ten years ago, and being asked, while I was reading a Belgian paper, where this paper came from and when I answered "It came from Belgium," the next question was: "Belgium? It is a province of France, isn't it?" Now I do not think that any person in America, nor in any other part of the world, will not know where Belgium is.

The American Commission for Relief has to be credited with putting in closer contact the suffering population of my country with all persons the world over who were eager to assist it. It es-

pecially brought the sufferings of our people nearer to the heart of the American population. Every one knows that. But what every one does not know is the silent and effective work performed in Belgium by Mr. Brand Whitlock, the American Minister. He was the real man at the right place and at the right hour. No one could have better than he, with his deep humanitarian feeling, been able to understand the moral side of the sufferings of the Belgians under the German occupation. No one could better than he find, at the very moment when they were needed, the words appropriate to meet the circumstances, and to convey to the people of this stricken country the feelings which Mr. Whitlock knew were beating in the hearts of all Americans.

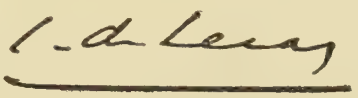
When the German authorities forbade the display of the Belgian Flag, and the Tri-Color so dear to our hearts had to be hauled down, the American Flag everywhere took its place. Washington's birthday and Independence Day were almost as solemn festivities to the Brussels people as the *fête nationale,* and thousands of persons called at the legation on those days; deputations were sent by the town and official authorities to show how deep was the Belgian feeling for the United States. America was for the Belgians "*une second Patrie,*" because they felt that, although America was at that time remaining neutral, her sympathy was entirely on our side, and when the time would come she would even prove it on the battlefields.

It may therefore be said that although the war has had for my country the most cruel consequences, there is one consolation to it. It has shown that humanity is better than the pessimist had said it was, and that money is not the only god before which the nations bow. It has revealed that all over the world, and especially in America, there is a respect for right and for duty; it has proved that the moral beauty of an action is fully appreciated. The war

Mon souvenir reconnaissant et ma
paternelle bénédiction.

† D. J. Card. Mercier, Arch. de Malines

has revealed Belgium to America, and America to Belgium. The tie between our two countries is stronger than any tie has ever been between two far distant people, and nothing will be able to break it, as it rests not on some political interest or some selfish reason, but because it has been interwoven with the very fibers of the hearts of the people.



Avocat la cour d'Appel de Bruxelles,
Legal adviser to the American and British Legations in Belgium.

GOOD OLD BERNSTORFF!

THE entrance of America in the war has been nothing short of a miracle—perhaps, with the Marne, the most wonderful miracle, among many others, which we have witnessed since August, 1914.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I am not necessarily referring to supernatural influences. This will remain a matter of opinion—or rather of belief. I am merely speaking from the ordinary point of view of the man in the street concerning what is likely or not likely to happen in the world.

People have very generously admired Belgium's attitude, but anybody knowing the Belgians and their King might have prophesied Liège, and the Yser battle. Others have praised the timely interference of England and the self-sacrifice of the many thousand British volunteers who rushed to arms, during the early days of the war, to avenge the wrong done to a small people whose only crime was to stand in the way of a blind and ruthless military machine. But such an attitude was too much in the tradition of British fair play to come as a surprise to those who knew intimately the country and the people. Besides, from the Government's point of view, non-intervention would have been a political mistake for which the whole nation would have had to pay dearly in the near future, as subsequent events have conclusively shown.

But America? What had America to do in the conflict? She had not signed the treaties guaranteeing Belgium's neutrality. She was not directly threatened by German Imperialism. She had never taken any part in European politics. Her moral responsibility was not engaged and her immediate interest was to preserve

SYMPATHY

By Albert Sterner

From the Original Drawing

to the end all the advantages of neutrality and to benefit, after the war, by the exhaustion of Europe. . . .

I had the opportunity of seeing, a few days ago, the second contingent of American troops marching through London on their way to France. The Belgian flag flew from our window and, as we cheered the men, some of them, recognizing the colors, waved their hand towards us. And as I watched their bright smile and remembered the eager interest shown by so many citizens of the States to Belgium's fate, and the deep indignation provoked beyond the Atlantic by the German atrocities and by the more recent deportations, I was inclined to think, for one moment, that I had solved the problem, and that their sympathy for Belgium had brought these soldiers to the rescue. We are so easily inclined to exaggerate the part which one country is playing!

But as I looked at the men again, I was struck by the grim expression on their faces, the almost threatening determination of their light swinging step. And I soon realized that neither their sympathy for England, France or Belgium had brought them here. They had not come merely to fight for other peoples, they had their own personal grievance. They were not there only to help their friends, but also to punish their enemies.

As I turned in to resume my work, I heard a friend of mine who whispered, rubbing his hands: "Good old Bernstorff! Kind old von Paepen! Blessed old Ludendorf!"

And I understood that Germany had been our best champion, and that her plots, her intrigues, and her U boats had done more to convert America than our most eloquent denunciations. There is no neutrality possible in the face of lawlessness and Germanism. Sooner or later we feel that "he who is not with Him is against Him." And there is no compromise, no conciliation which might prevail against such feeling.

Em. Cammaerts

THE WAR IN EUROPE

Translation of a part of an address by MR. TSA YUAN-PEI, *Chancellor of the Government University of Peking and formerly Minister of Education in the first Republican Cabinet, delivered on March 3rd, 1917, at Peking before the "Wai Chiao Hou Yuan Hui," or a "Society for the Support of Diplomacy."*

I AM a scholar and not a practical politician. Therefore I can only give you my views as a man of letters. As I see it, the War in Europe is really one between Right and Might, or in other words, between Morality and Savagery. Our proverbs run to this effect: "Every one should sweep the snow in front of his door and leave alone the frost on the roof of his neighbor," and that "when the neighbors are fighting, close your door." These proverbs have been used by the anti-war party in China as arguments against China's entrance into the War. The War in Europe, however, is not the "frost on the roof of our neighbor," but rather the "snow right in front of our door." It is not a "fight between neighbors," but rather a quarrel within the family—the family of Nations. China therefore cannot remain indifferent. For, if Germany should eventually win the War, it would mean the triumph of Might over Right, and the world would be without moral principles. Should this occur, it would endanger the future of China. It is therefore necessary for China to cast her lot with the Right.

Courtesy of CHINESE MINISTER

INVOCATION

BECAUSE of the decision of a few,—
Because in half a score of haughty minds
The night lay black and terrible, thy winds,
O Europe! are a stench on heaven's blue.
Thy scars abide, and here is nothing new:
Still from the throne goes forth the dark that blinds,
And still the satiated morning finds
The unending thunder and the bloody dew.

Shall night be lord forever, and not light?
Look forth, tormented nations! Let your eyes
Behold this horror that the few have done!
Then turn, strike hands, and in your burning might
Impel the fog of murder from the skies,
And sow the hearts of Europe with the sun!

George Sterling.

Bohemian Club, San Francisco
1915

THE TEST

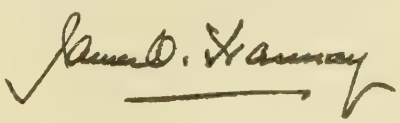
IT HAS been my fortune to see something of the war with the army in France, and something also of what war means for those at home who, having sent out sons and brothers, are themselves compelled to wait and watch. I have seen suffering beyond imagination, pain, hardship and misery. I have seen anxiety and sorrow which I should have guessed beforehand men could not have borne without going mad. But I have also seen the human spirit rise to wonderful heights. Men and women have shown themselves greater, nobler, stronger than in the old days of peace I thought they could be.

It would not be very astonishing if the strain of war had called forth a fresh greatness in those whose lives were already seen to be in some way great; in our leaders, our teachers, our thinkers. Or if an added nobility had appeared in our aristocracies of birth, intellect, education, wealth, or whatever other accidents set men above the mass of their fellows. Of such we expect a great response to a great demand. And we have not been disappointed. The old rule of life, *Noblesse Oblige*, has proved that it still possesses driving force with the most of those to whom it applies. The thing which has amazed me is the greatness of the common man.

This I in no way expected or looked for. I confess that, before the war, I was no believer in the great qualities of those who are called "the people." They seemed to me to be living lives either selfish, sometimes brutal, always sordid; or else mean, narrow, and circumscribed by senseless conventions. I believed that society, if it progressed at all, would be forced forward by the few, that the many had not in them the qualities necessary for advance, were

incapable of the far visions which make advance desirable. I know now that I was wrong, and I have come to the faith that the hope of the future is in the common people who have shown themselves great.

So, I suppose, I may contribute to a book with such a title as "*The Defenders of Democracy.*" For now I am sure that democracy has promise and hope in it. Only I am not sure that democracy has even begun to understand itself. The common people have displayed virtues so great that those who have seen them unite in a chorus of praise. Their leaders, elected persons, guides chosen by votes and popular acclamation, have shown in a hundred ways that they will not, dare not, trust the people. Our silly censorships, our concealments of unpleasant truths, our suppression of criticism, our galling infringements of personal liberty, witness to the fact that authority distrusts the source from which it sprang; that the leaders of our democracy reckon the common people unfit to know, to think or to act. If we are defending democracy we are sacrificing liberty. Will you, in America, do better in this respect than we have done? You believed in the common people before England did. You believe in them, if we may trust your words, more completely than England does. Do you believe in them sufficiently to trust them? Or do you think that democracy can be defended only after it has been blindfolded, hand-cuffed and gagged? This is what you have got to show the world. No one doubts that you can fight. No one doubts that you will fight, with all your strength, as England is fighting. What we wonder is whether your great principle of government, by the people and for the people, will stand the test of a war like this.



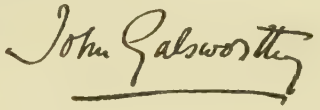
THE NEW COMRADESHIP

DEMOCRACY is the outward and visible sign that a nation recognizes its own needs and aspirations. Democracy wells up from the very pit of things. Its value is its foundation in actuality, its concordance with the slow unending process of man's evolution from the animal he was. Democracy, for one with any comic and cosmic animal sense, is the only natural form of government, because alone it recognizes States as organisms, with spontaneous growth, and a free will of their own. Democracy is final; other forms of government are but steps on the way to it. It is the big thing, because it can and does embody and make use of Aristocracy. It is the rule of the future, because all human progress gradually tends to recognition of God in man, and not outside of him; to the establishment of the humanistic creed, and the belief that we have the future in our own hands.

In life at large, whom does one respect—the man who gropes and stumbles upward to control of his instincts, and full development of his powers, confronting each new darkness and obstacle as it arises; or the man who shelters in a cloister, and lives by rote and rules hung up for him by another in his cell? The first man lives, the second does but exist. So it is with nations.

The American and the Englishman are fundamentally democratic because they are fundamentally self-reliant. Each demands to know why he should do a thing before he does it. This is, I think, the great link between two peoples in many ways very different; and they who ardently desire abiding friendship between our two countries will do well never to lose sight of it. Any sapping of this quality of self-reliance, or judging for oneself, in either country, any undermining of the basis of democracy will imperil

our new-found comradeship. You in America have before all things to fear the warping power of great Trusts; we in England to dread the paralyzing influence of Press groups. We have both to beware of the force which the pressure of a great war inevitably puts into the hands of Military Directorates. We are for the time being hardly democracies, even on the surface; the democratic machinery still exists, but is so ungeared by Censorship and Universal Service, that probably it could not work even if it wanted to. We are now in the nature of business concerns, run by Directors safe in office till General Meetings, which cannot be held till after the War. But I am not greatly alarmed. When the War is over, the pendulum will swing back; the individual conscience which is our guarantee for democracy and friendship will come into its own again, and shape our destinies in common towards freedom and humanity. The English-speaking democracies, in firm union, can and ought to be the unshifting ballast of a better world.



QUESTIONINGS

I HAVE a brilliant idea which, without any parade of modesty, I hereby commend to the notice of the American, French and British Governments. Let them get together as soon as may be and give us an authoritative definition of Democracy. Then we shall know where, collectively, we are. Of course you may say that it has been defined for all time by Abraham Lincoln. But thrilling in its clear simplicity as his slogan epigram may be, a complex political and social system cannot be fully dealt with in fifteen words. I thought I knew what it was until a tidy few millions of friends and myself were knocked silly by recent events in Russia. Here, where the privates of a regiment hold a mass meeting and discuss for hours an order to advance to the relief of sorely pressed comrades and decide not to obey it, and eventually throw down their rifles and with a *meus conscia recti,* proudly run away, we have Democracy with a vengeance. Not one of the Defenders of Democracy who are writing in this book would stand for it a second. Nor would they stand for the slobbering maniacs who yearn to throw themselves into the arms of the Germans, and, with the kiss of peace and universal brotherhood, kiss away their brothers' blood from their blood-smeared faces. Nor would they stand entirely for those staunch democrats who, inspired with a burning sense of human wrongs but with none of proportion or humor, would sacrifice vital interests of humanity in general for the transient amelioration of the lot of a particular section of the community. For years these visionaries told us that every penny spent on army or navy was a robbery of the working-man. We yielded him many pennies; but alas, they now have to be repaid in blood.

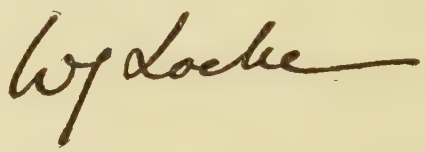
"THE HAPPY WARRIORS"

America has joined the civilized world in the struggle against the surviving systems of medieval barbarism in Europe that have been permitted to exist under the veneer of civilization. She sees clearly what she has to destroy. So do we. No American and Englishman can meet but that they grip hands and thank God together that they are comrades in this Holy War. They are out, like Knights of Fable, to rid the earth of a pestilential monster; and they will not rest until their foot is on his slain monster's head.

Which is, by Heaven! a glorious and soul-uplifting enterprise. In it the blood of the lowliest is as the blood of the Martyrs, rising to God. But with this difference: the Martyrs died for a constructive scheme—that of Christianity. What is the constructive scheme for which we are dying? It is easy to say the Democratization of Mankind. It is a matter of common assent that this consummation is ardently desired by the Royal Family of England, by enlightened Indian Princes, by the philanthropists of America, by the French artist, by the Roumanian peasant, by the howling syndicalist in South Wales, by the Belgian socialist, by the eager soul in the frail body who is at the helm of storm-tossed Russia to-day, by the Montenegrin mountaineer, by the Sydney Larrikin yelling down conscription, by millions of units belonging to the civilized nations of such social and racial divergence that the mind is staggered by the conception of them all fighting under one banner. But are we sure they are all fighting for the same thing? If they're not, there will be the deuce to pay all over the terrestrial globe, even with a crushed Central European militarism.

Therefore, with the same absence of modesty I cry for an authoritative crystallization of the democratic aims of the civilized world. England and France have groped their way through centuries

towards a vague ideal. America proudly began her existence by a proclamation of the equal rights of man. She proudly proclaims them now; but the world is involved in such a complicated muddle, that the utterances of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln (to say nothing of their intellectual and political ancestor Jean Jacques Rousseau) require amplification. The political thought of the older nations of Europe is tired out. It is for the fresher genius of America to lead them towards the solution of the greatest problem which has ever faced mankind:—the final, constructive and all-satisfying definition of the myriadwise interpreted word Democracy.



DEMOCRACY IN PEACE AND WAR

DEMOCRACY is by nature a lover of peace. That is the state which it regards as the normal condition of human life, and in which it seeks its best rewards and triumphs by the organization of the common effort of all citizens for the common welfare.

But while democracy is pacific in its desires and aims, it is not a "pacifist." It is willing and able, though not always at the moment ready, to take up arms in self-defense. In its broadening vision of a fraternity of mankind, which shall be in the good future not only intranational but also international, it is willing also to *fight* for the safety of its principles everywhere, and for the security of all the peoples in a true and orderly liberty. That is the position of the democracy of the United States of America to-day.

As in peace, so in war, the success of the democratic effort depends upon the fulness of the cooperation between all classes and conditions of men and women. Those men who are fit for military service on land or sea must render it willingly and to the utmost of their strength. Those who by reason of age or weakness cannot undertake that service without danger of becoming a burden to the fighting forces, must work to sustain the army and the fleet of freedom. "If any man will not work neither let him eat."

The women also must do their part, since they are citizens just as much as the men. They must undertake those tasks of industry of which they are capable and thus relieve the need of labor in all fields. Above all they must give themselves to those tasks of mercy for which they have a natural aptitude. And through all they must give sympathy, inspiration, and courage to the men who fight for Liberty and Democracy.

Henry van Dyke

SUNRISE OVER THE PERISTYLE

"Ye shall know the truth, and
the truth shall make you free."

LOOK! we shall know the truth—it is thy word;
The truth, O Lord—shining, invincible,
Unawed. And shall we love it, Lord, like this,
This half-dark flushing with the wondrous hope?
How can we love it more?

Sweet is the hush
Brimming the dim void world, soothing the beat
Of the great-hearted lake that lies unlit
Beyond that silver portal. Peace is here
In moony palaces that rose for her
Pale, lustrous—it is well with her to dwell.
The truth—will not these phantom fabrics fail
Under the fierce white fire—yes, float away
Like mists that wanly rise and choke the wind?

So merciless is truth—how shall we live
And bear the glare? Now rosily smiles the earth,
And bold young couriers climb the slope of heaven,
With gaudy flags aflare. The towered clouds,
Lofty, impregnable, are captured now—
Their turrets flame with banners. Who abides
Under the smooth wide rim of the worn world
That the high heavens should hail him like a king—
Even like a lover? If it be the Truth,
Ah, shall our souls wake with the triumph, Lord?

Shall we be free according to thy word,
Brave to yield all?

Look! will it come like this—
A vivid glory burning at the gate
Over the sudden verge of golden waves?
The tall white columns stand like seraphim
With high arms locked for song. The city lies
Pearled like the courts of heaven, waiting the tread
Of souls made wise with joy. Why should we fear?
The Truth—ah, let it come to test the dream;
Give us the Truth, O Lord, that in its light
The world may know thy will, and dare be free.

REMINISCENCES OF BOOTH

FEW of the younger people of the present generation know, by personal experience, how nobly and incomparably Edwin Booth enriched the modern stage with his vivid portraitures of Shakespearean characters. The tragic fervor, the startling passion, and the impressive dignity with which he invested his various rôles, have not been equaled, I daresay, by any actor on the English speaking stage since the days of Garrick and Kean. He had a voice that vibrated with every mood, and a mien, despite his short stature, that gave a lofty dignity to every part that he played. But Booth as himself was a simple, modest, amiable human being. Many of us younger men came to know him in a personal way, when he established in New York City the Players' Club, which he dedicated to the dramatic profession, and which is now a splendid and permanent monument to his fame and generosity.

I saw him frequently and had many chats with him. When I undertook the management of E. H. Sothern, he was very much interested because he knew young Sothern's father, the original Lord Dundreary; so, when Mr. Sothern appeared in the first play under my management, "The Highest Bidder," I invited Mr. Booth to witness the performance. He expressed his delight at seeing his old friend's son doing such delightful work, and the three of us afterwards met at a little supper at the Players'. He told us that he came nearly being the Godfather of young Sothern, and that he was to have been called "Edwin" after himself; but the reason why his name was changed to "Edward," he explained, was as follows: When young Sothern was born in New Orleans, the elder Sothern telegraphed Booth, asking him to stand as Godfather to his boy, but Booth did not wish to take the responsibility, doubtless for

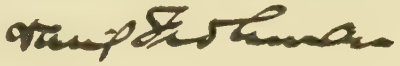
reasons of his own, and so his name was changed to "Edward"; but he confessed that it was a matter he greatly regretted. He told us many stories of his early career as an actor, one of which I remember as a very amusing experience on the part of the elder actor when on his way to Australia. Mr. Booth had an engagement to play in that distant section, and with five members, the nucleus of a company, started from San Francisco. They had occasion to stop at Honolulu en route. The stop there being longer than originally anticipated, and the news of his arrival having spread, King Kamehameha sent a request that he give a performance of "Richard III" in the local theater. In spite of managerial difficulties, Booth (being then a young man, ardent and ambitious) sought to give a semblance with the scanty material at hand, of a fair performance. He had to secure the coöperation of members of the local amateur company. The best he was enabled to do for the part of Queen Elizabeth was an actor, short in stature, defective in speech and accent, but earnest in temperament, whom he cast for this eminent rôle. The other parts were filled as best he could, and the principals with him enabled Mr. Booth to give some semblance of a decent performance. In order to properly advertise the event, he secured the assistance of several Hawaiians, and furnished them with a paste made out of their native product called "poi." He discovered later, to his amazement, that not a bill had been posted, and that the "poi," being a valuable food article, had been appropriated by the two individuals, who decamped. Mr. Booth, with his colleagues, then personally posted the town with the bills of the impending performance. On the evening the house was crowded. The King occupied a seat in the wings, there being no place for him in the hall. When the throne scene was to be set for the play, word was sent to His Majesty humbly asking the loan of the throne chair, which he then occupied, for use in the

scene—a favor which His Royal Highness readily granted. At the end of the performance, word was brought to Booth that the King wished to see him. Booth, shy and modest as he was, and feeling that he could not speak the language, or that His Royal Highness could not speak his, approached His Majesty timidly. The latter stepped forward, slapped the actor heartily on the back and said: "Booth, this is as fine a performance as I saw your father give twenty years ago."

The question as to whether an actor should feel his part or control his emotions, has been an argument which has interested the dramatic profession for many years, since it was first promulgated by the French writer Diderot, and afterwards ably discussed by Henry Irving and Coquelin. Of course, we all feel that no matter how violent the actor's stress of emotion is, he must control his resources with absolute restraint and poise. Sometimes, however, an actor feels he is under the sway of his part in an unusual degree and comes to the conviction, through his excitement, that he has given a greater performance than usual. So Booth, one night at his own theater, seeing his beloved daughter in a box, and desiring to impress her with his work, played with, as he felt, a degree of emotion that made him realize that he had given an unusually powerful interpretation. At the end of the play, his daughter ran back to him and said: "Why, dad, what is the matter with you?" And Booth, awaiting her approval, said: "Matter?" "Why you gave the worst performance I ever witnessed," she said. This control of one's resources and the check upon one's feelings was indicated at another time during a performance of Booth, of "Richelieu," as told to me by the actor's friend, the late Laurence Hutton, the writer. Mr. Hutton and Mr. Booth were sitting in the latter's dressing room at Booth's Theater. Booth was, as usual, smoking his beloved pipe. When he heard his cue, he arose, and walked

with Hutton to the prompter's entrance, where, giving his pipe to his friend, said: "Larry, will you keep the pipe going until I come off?" Booth entered on the scene; then came the big moment in the play when the nobles and the weak King had assembled to defy the power of the Cardinal; and Richelieu launches (as Booth always did with thrilling effect) the terrifying curse of Rome —a superb bit of oratorical eloquence. At the conclusion, the house shouted its wild and demonstrative approval, and when the curtain dropped on this uproar for the last time, Booth approached Hutton at the prompter's entrance saying, in his usual quiet voice: "Is the pipe still going, Larry?"

No actor we have ever known has inspired so much genuine affection—I may say almost idolatry—as the simple Edwin Booth aroused in the hearts of his friends and his fellow-workers. In the beautiful Players' Club House, which he bequeathed to the dramatic profession, he presented also his own valuable theatrical library, numbering several thousand memorable works on the stage; and no one event greater than this gift to his fellow-players has ever occurred in the dramatic profession.



GOD OF MY FAITH

A Play for Pacifists in One Act

"If the God of my Faith be a liar
Who is it that I shall trust?"

THE PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

Nelson Dartrey
Dermod Gilruth

The action passes in Dartrey's Chambers in the late Spring of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen.

(The lowering of the Curtain momentarily will denote the passing of several days.)

GOD OF MY FAITH

The curtain discloses a dark oak room.

NELSON DARTREY *is seated at a writing table studying maps. He is a man in the early thirties, prematurely worn and old. His face is burned a deep brick color and is sharpened by fatigue and loss of blood. His hair is sparse, dry and turning gray. Around the upper part of his head is a bandage covered largely by a black skull-cap. Of over average height the man is spare and muscular. The eye is keen and penetrating; his voice abrupt and authoritative. An occasional flash of humor brings an old-time twinkle to the one and heartiness to the other. He is wearing the undress uniform of a major in the British army.*

The door bell rings.

With an impatient ejaculation he goes into the passage and opens the outer door. Standing outside cheerfully humming a tune is a large, forceful, breezy young man of twenty-eight. He is DERMOD GILRUTH. *Splendid in physique, charming of manner, his slightly-marked Dublin accent lends a piquancy to his conversation. He has all the ease and poise of a traveled, polished young man of breeding. Dartrey's face brightens as he holds out a welcoming hand.*

DARTREY

Hello, Gil.

GILRUTH

(Saluting him as he laughs genially)

May I come into officers' quarters?

DARTREY

I'm glad to have you. I'm quite alone with hours on my hands.

(He brings Gilruth into the room and wheels a comfortable leather arm chair in front of him)

Sit down.

GILRUTH

Indeed I will not. Look at your desk there. I'll not interrupt your geography for more than a minute.

DARTREY

(Forces him into the chair)

I'm glad to get away from it. Why, you look positively boyish.

GILRUTH

And why not? I am a boy.

(*Chuckles*)

DARTREY

What are you so pleased with yourself about?

GILRUTH

The greatest thing in the world for youth and high-spirits. I'm going to be married next week.

DARTREY

(*Incredulously*)

You're not?

GILRUTH

I tell you I am.

DARTREY

Don't be silly.

GILRUTH

What's silly about it?

DARTREY

Oh, I don't know.

GILRUTH

Of course you don't know. You've never tried it.

DARTREY

I should think not.

GILRUTH

Well, I'm going to and I want you to father me. Stand up beside me and see me through. Will you?

DARTREY

If you want me to.

GILRUTH

Well, I do want you to.

DARTREY

All right.

GILRUTH

You don't mind now?

DARTREY

My dear chap. It's charming of you to think of me.

GILRUTH

I've known you longer than any one over here. And I like you better. So there you are.

DARTREY

(Laughing)

Poor old Dermod! Well, well!

GILRUTH

There's nothing to laugh at, or "well, well" about.

DARTREY

Do I know the—?

GILRUTH

(Shakes his head)

She's never been over before. Everything will be new to her. I tell you it's going to be wonderful. I've planned out the most delightful trip through Ireland—she's Irish, too.

DARTREY

Is she?

GILRUTH

But, like me, born in America. She's crazy to see the old country.

DARTREY

She couldn't have a better guide.

GILRUTH

(Enthusiastically)

She's beautiful, she's brilliant: she's good—she's everything a man could wish.

DARTREY

That's the spirit. Will you make your home over here?

GILRUTH

No. We'll stay till the autumn. Then I must go back to America. But some day when all this fighting is over and people talk of something besides killing each other I want to have a home in Ireland.

DARTREY

I suppose most of you Irishmen in America want to do that?

GILRUTH

Indeed they do not. Once they get out to America and do well they stay there and become citizens. My father did. Do you think he'd live in Ireland now? Not he. He talks all the time about Ireland and the hated Sassenachs—that's what he calls you English—and he urges the fellows at home in the old country to fight for their rights. But since he made his fortune and became an American citizen the devil a foot has he ever put on Irish soil. He's always going, but he hasn't got there yet. And as for living there? Oh, no, America is good enough for him, because his interests are there. I want to live in Ireland because my heart is there. So was my poor mother's.

(*Springing up*)

Now I'm off. You don't know how happy you make me by promising to be my best man.

DARTREY

My dear fellow—

GILRUTH

And just wait until you see her. Eyes you lose yourself in. A voice soft as velvet. A brain so nimble that wit flows like music from her tongue. Poetry too. She dances like thistle-down and sings like a thrush. And with all that she's in love with me.

DARTREY

I'm delighted.

GILRUTH

I want her to meet you first. A snug little dinner before the wedding. She's heard so much against the English I want her to see the best specimen they've got.

(*Dartrey laughs heartily*)

I tell you if you pass muster with her you have the passport to Kingdom Come.

(*Laughing as well as he grips Dartrey's hand*)

Good-by.

DARTREY

(*As they walk to the door*)

When will it be?

GILRUTH

Next Tuesday. I'll ring you up and give you the full particulars.

DARTREY

In church?

GILRUTH

Church! Cathedral! His Eminence will officiate.

DARTREY

Topping.

GILRUTH

Well, you see, we Irish only marry once. So we make an occasion of it.

DARTREY

Splendid. I'll look forward to it.

GILRUTH

(*Looking at the bandage*)

Is your head getting all right?

DARTREY

Oh, dear, yes. It's quite healed up. I'll have this thing off in a day or two.

(*Touching the bandage*)

I expect to be back in a few weeks.

GILRUTH

(*Anxiously*)

Again?

DARTREY

Yes.

GILRUTH

If ever a man had done his share, you have.

DARTREY

They need me. They need us all.

GILRUTH

The third time.

DARTREY

There are many who have done the same.

GILRUTH

(*Shudders*)

How long will it last?

DARTREY

Until the Hun is beaten.

GILRUTH

Years, eh?

DARTREY

It looks like it. We've hardly begun yet. It will take a year to really get the ball rolling. Then things will happen. Tell me. How do they feel in America? Frankly.

GILRUTH

All the people who matter are pro-Ally.

DARTREY

Are you sure?

GILRUTH

I'm positive.

DARTREY

Are you? Come, now.

GILRUTH

Why, of course I am.

DARTREY

They may be pro-Ally, but they're not pro-English.

GILRUTH

That's true. Many of them are not. But if ever the test comes, they will be.

DARTREY

(*Shakes his head doubtfully*)

I wonder. It seems a pity not to bury all the Bunker-Hill and Boston-tea-chest prejudices.

GILRUTH

You're right there.

DARTREY

Why your boys and girls are taught in their school-books to hate us.

GILRUTH

In places they are. Now that I know the English a little I have been agitating to revise them. It all seems so damned cheap and petty for a big country to belittle a great nation through the mouth of children.

DARTREY

There's no hatred like family hatred. After all we're cousins, speaking the same tongue and with pretty much the same outlook.

GILRUTH

There's one race in America that holds back as strongly as it can any better understanding between the two countries, and that's my race—the Irish. And well I know it. I was brought up on it. There are men to-day, men of position too, in our big cities who have openly said they want to see England crushed in this war.

DARTREY

So I've heard. It would be a sorry day for the rest of civilization, and particularly America, if we were.

GILRUTH

You can't convince them of that. They carry on the prejudices and hatred of generations. I have accused some of them of being actively pro-German; of tinkering with German money to foster revolution in Ireland.

DARTREY

Do you believe that?

GILRUTH

I do. Thank God there are not many of them. I have accused them of taking German money and then urging the poor unfortunate poets and dreamers to do the revolting while they are safely three thousand miles away. I don't know of many who are willing to cross the water and do it themselves. Talking and writing seditious articles is safe. Take my own father. He says frankly that he doesn't want Germany to win because he hates Germans. Most Irishmen do. Besides they've done my father some very dirty tricks. But all the same he wants to see England lose. All the doubtful ones I know, who don't dare come out in the open, speak highly of the French and are silent when English is mentioned. I blame a great deal of that on your Government. You take no pains to let the rest of the world know what England is doing. You and I know that without the British fleet America wouldn't rest as easy as she does to-day, and without the little British army the Huns would have been in Paris and Calais months ago. We know that, and so do many others. But the great mass of the people, particularly the Irish, cry all the time, "What is England doing?" Your government should see to it that they know what she's doing.

DARTREY

It's not headquarters' way.

GILRUTH

I know it isn't. And the more's the pity. Another thing where you went all wrong. Why not have let Asquith clear up the Irish muddle? Why truckle to a handful of disloyal North of Ireland traitors? If the Government had court martialed the ring-leaders, tried the rest for treason and put the Irish Government in Dublin, why, man, three-quarters of the male population of the South of Ireland would be in the trenches now.

DARTREY

Don't let us get into that. I was one of the officers who mutinied. I would rather resign my commission than shoot down loyal subjects.

GILRUTH

(*Hotly*)

Loyal? Loyal! When they refused to carry out their Government's orders? When they deny justice to a long suffering people? Loyal! Don't prostitute the word.

DARTREY

(*Angrily*)

I don't want to—

GILRUTH

(*Going on vehemently*)

It's just that kind of pig-headed ignorance that has kept the two countries from understanding each other. Why shouldn't Ireland govern herself. South Africa does. Australia does. And when you're in trouble they leap to your flag. Yet there is a country a few miles from you that sends the best of her people to your professions and they invariably get to the top

of them. Irishmen have commanded your armies and Ireland has given you admirals for your fleet and at least one of us has been your Lord Chief Justice. Yet, by God, they can't be trusted to govern themselves. I tell you the English treatment of Ireland makes her the laughing-stock of the world.

DARTREY

(*Opens the door, then turns and looks straight at Gilruth*)

My head bothers me. Will you kindly—

GILRUTH

(*All contrition*)

I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to blaze out. Do forgive me like a good fellow. It's an old sore of mine and sometimes it makes me wince. It did just now. Don't be mad with me.

(The sound of a boy's voice calling newspapers is heard faintly in the distance; then the hoarse tones of a man shouting indistinctly; then a chorus of men and boys comes nearer and nearer calling of some calamity. Dartrey hurries out through the outer door. Gilruth stands ashamed. He does not want to leave his friend in bad blood. He would like to put things right before going. He waits for Dartrey to come back.

In a few moments Dartrey walks through the outer doorway and into the room. He is very white, very agitated and his face is set and determined. He is reading a special edition of an evening paper with great "scare" head lines.

The sound of the voices crying the news in the street grows fainter and fainter.

Dartrey stops in front of Gilruth and tries to speak; nothing coherent comes from his lips. He thrusts the paper into Gilruth's hands and watches his face as he reads.

Gilruth reads it once slowly, then rapidly. He stands immovable staring at the news-sheet. It slips from his fingers and he cowers down, stooping at the shoulders, glaring at the floor.)

DARTREY

(*Almost frenzied*)

Now will your country come in? Now will they fight for civilization? A hundred of her men, women and children done to death. Is that war? Or is it murder? Already men are reading in New York and Washington of the sinking of that

ship and the murder of their people. What are they going to do? What are *you* going to do?

GILRUTH

(Creeps unsteadily to the door; standing himself with a hand on the lock; his back is to the room. He speaks in a strange, far-off, quavering voice)

She was on the *Lusitania!* Mona. She was on it. Mona was on it.

(Creeps out through the street door and disappears)

(Dartrey looks after him)

(The curtain falls and rises again in a few moments. Several days have elapsed. Dartrey, in full uniform, is busily packing his regimental kit. The bandage has been removed from his head. The telephone bell rings. Dartrey answers it)

DARTREY

Yes. Yes. Who is it? Oh! Do. Yes. No. Not at all. Come up. All right.

(Replaces the receiver and continues packing)

(In a few moments the door-bell rings. Dartrey opens the outer door and brings GILRUTH *into the room. He is in deep mourning; is very white and broken. He seems grievously ill. Dartrey looks at him commiseratingly. He is sensitive about speaking)*

GILRUTH

(Faintly)

Put up with me for a bit? Will you?

(Dartrey just puts his hand on the man's shoulder)

(Gilruth sinks wearily and lifelessly into a chair)

She is buried.

DARTREY

What?

GILRUTH

(Nods)

She is buried. In Kensal Green. Half an hour ago.

DARTREY

(In a whisper)

They found her?

GILRUTH

(Nods again)

Picked up by some fishermen.

DARTREY

Queenstown?

GILRUTH

A few miles outside. I went there that night and stayed there until —until she—they found her.

(Covers his face. Dartrey puts his arm around him and presses his shoulder)

I wandered round there for days. Wasn't so bad while it was light. People to talk to. All of us on the same errand. Searching. Searching. Searching. Hoping—some of them. I didn't. I knew from the first. I *knew*. It was horrible at night alone. I had to try and sleep sometimes. They'd wake me when the bodies were brought in. Hers came toward dawn one morning. Three little babies, all twined in each others arms, lying next to her. Three little babies. Cruel that. Wasn't it?

(Waits as he thinks; then he goes on dully; evenly, with no emotion)

Fancy! She'd been out in that water for days and nights. All alone. Tossed about. Days and nights. She! who'd never hurt a soul. Couldn't. She was always laughing and happy. Drifting about. All alone. Quite peaceful she looked. Except—except—

(Covers his eyes and groans. In a little while he looks up at Dartrey and touches his left eye)

This. Gone. Gulls.

(Dartrey draws his breath in sharply and turns a little away)

In a few hours the cuts opened. The salt-water had kept them closed.

DARTREY

Cuts?

GILRUTH

(*Nods*)

Her head. And her face. Cuts. Blood after all that time.

(*He clenches and unclenches his hands nervously and furiously. He gets up slowly, walks over to the fireplace, shivers, then braces himself trying to shake off the horror of his thoughts. Then he begins to speak brokenly and tremblingly endeavoring to moisten his lips with a dry tongue*)

Never saw anything to equal the kindness of those poor peasants. They gave the clothes from their bodies; the blankets from their beds. And took nothing. Not a thing. "We're all in this," they said. "We're doing our best, it's little enough." That's what they said. Pretty fine the Irish of Queenstown. Eh?

(*Dartrey nods. He does not trust himself to speak*)

A monument. That's what the Irish peasants of Queenstown should have. A monument. Never slept, some of them. Wrapped the soaking women in their shawls—and the little children. Took off their wet things and gave them dry, warm ones. Fed them with broths they cooked themselves. Spent their poor savings on brandy for them. Stripped the clothes off their own backs for them to travel in when they were well enough to go. And wouldn't take a thing. Great people the Irish of Queenstown. Nothing much the matter with them. A monument. That's what they should have. And poetry.

(*Thinks for a while, then goes on*)

Laid out the bodies too; just as reverently as if they were their own people. They laid her out. And prayed over her. And watched with me over her until she was put into the ——. Such a tiny little shell it was, too. She had no father or mother or brothers or sisters. I was all she had. That's

why I buried her here. Kensal Green. She'll rest easy there.

(*He walks about distractedly. Suddenly he stops and with his hands extended upwards as if in prayer, he cries*)

Out of my depths I cry to Thee. I call on you to curse them. Curse the Prussian brutes made in Your likeness, but with hearts as the lowest of beasts. Curse them. May their hopes wither. May everything they set their hearts on rot. Send them pestilence, disease and every foul torture they have visited on Your people. Send the Angel of Death to rid the earth of them. May their souls burn in hell for all eternity

(*Quickly to Dartrey*)

and if there is a god they will. But is there a good God that such things can be and yet no sign from Him? Listen. I didn't believe in war. I reasoned against it. I shouted for Peace. And thousands of cravens like me. I thought God was using this universal slaughter for a purpose. When His end was accomplished He would cry to the warring peoples "Stop!" It was His will, I thought, that out of much evil might come permanent good. That was my faith. It has gone. How can there be a good God to look down on His people tortured and maimed and butchered? The women, whose lives were devoted to Him, defiled. His temples looted, filled with the filth of the soldiery, and then destroyed. And yet no sign. Oh, no. My faith is gone. Now I want to murder and torture and massacre the foul brutes. . . . I'm going out, Dartrey. In any way. Just a private. I'll dig, carry my load, eat their rations. Vermin: mud: ache in the cold and scorch in the heat. I will welcome it. Anything to stop the gnawing here, and the throbbing here.

(Beating at his head and heart)

Anything to find vent for my hatred.

(Moving restlessly about)

I'm going through Ireland first. Every town and village. It's our work now. It's Irishmen's work. All the Catholics will be in now. No more "conscientious-objecting." They can't. It's a war on women and little children. All right. No Irish-Catholic will rest easy; eat, sleep and go his days round after this. The call has gone out. America too. She'll come in. You watch. She can't stay out. She's founded on Liberty. She'll fight for it. You see. It's clean against unclean. Red blood against black filth. Carrion. Beasts. Swine.

(Drops into a chair mumbling incoherently. Takes a long breath; looks at Dartrey)

I'm selling out everything back home.

DARTREY

Why?

GILRUTH

I'm not going back. I'm bringing everything over here. England, France, Russia, Belgium, Serbia—they can have it. All of it. They've suffered. Only now do I know how much. Only now.

(Fiercely)

I want to tear them—tear them as they've torn me. As they mangled her.

(Grits his teeth and claws with his fingers)

Tear them—that's what I want to do. May I live to do it. May the war never end until every dirty Prussian is rotting in his grave. Then a quick end for me, too. I've nothing now. Nothing.

(Gets up again wearily and dejectedly; all the blazing passion burnt out momentarily)

This was to have been my wedding-day; our wedding-day. Now she's lying there, done to death by Huns. A few days ago all youth and freshness and courage and love. Lying disfigured in her little coffin. I know what you meant now by wanting to go back for the third time. I couldn't understand it the other day. It seemed that every one should hate war. But you've seen them. You know them. And you want to destroy them. That's it. Destroy. . . . The call is all over the world by now. Civilization will be in arms. . . . To hell with your Pacifists. It's another name for cowards. They'd lose those nearest them: the honor of their women; the liberty of their people—and never strike a blow. To hell with them. It's where they should be. I was one of them. No more. Wherever I meet them I'll spit in their faces. They disgrace the women they were born of; the country they claim. . . . To hell with them.

DARTREY

(Tries to soothe him)

You must try and get some grip on yourself.

GILRUTH

(His fingers ceaselessly locking and unlocking)

I'll be all right. It's a relief to talk to you.

(Sees the preparations for Dartrey's departure)

Are you off?

DARTREY

Yes. To-night.

GILRUTH

I envy you now. I wish I were going. But I will soon. Ireland first. I must have my say there. What will the "Sinn Feiners" say to the *Lusitania* murder? I want to meet some of

them. What are our wrongs of generations to this horror? All humanity is at stake here. I'll talk to them. I must. They'll have to do something now or go down branded through the generations as Pro-German. Can a man have a worse epitaph? No decent Irishman will bear that; every loyal Irishman must loathe them. . . . I'll talk to them—soul to soul. . . . Sorry, Dartrey. You have your own sorrow. . . . Good of you to put up with me. Now I'll go. . . .

(Goes to door, stops, takes out wallet)

Just one thing. If it won't bother you.

(Tapping some papers)

I've mentioned you here. . . . If I don't come through—see to a few things for me. Will you? They're not much. Will you?

DARTREY

Of course I will.

GILRUTH

(Simply)

Thank you. You've always been decent to me. . . . Dartrey. To-day! You would have been my best man—and she's—

DARTREY

(Shaking him by the shoulders)

Come, my man. Pull up.

GILRUTH

I will. I'll be all right. In a little while I'll be along out there. I hope I serve under you.

(Grips his hand)

Good-by.

DARTREY

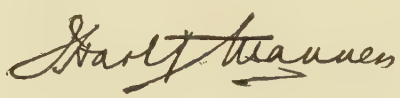
Keep in touch with me.

GILRUTH

All right.

(Passes out, opens and closes the outer door behind him and disappears in the street. Dartrey resumes his preparations)

THE END OF THE PLAY



TO FRANCE

FOR THE third time in history it has fallen to the lot of France to stem the Barbarian tide. Once before upon the Marne, Ætius with a Gallic Army stopped the Hun under Attila. Three hundred years later Charles Martel at Tours saved Europe from becoming Saracen, just as in September, 1914, more than eleven centuries later, General Joffre with the citizen soldiery of France upon that same Marne saved Europe from the heel of the Prussianized Teuton, the reign of brute force and the religion of the Moloch State. These were among the world's "check battles." Yet the flood of barbarism was only checked at the Marne, not broken; again the flood arose and pressed on to be stopped once more at Verdun—the Gateway of France—in the greatest of human conflicts yet seen.

America was a spectator, but not an indifferent one. Once again mere momentary material interest counseled abstention; precedent was invoked to justify isolation and indifference. The timid, the ignorant, the disloyal, those to whom physical life was more precious than the dictates of conscience, counseled "peace and prosperity." Many began to wonder if America had a soul and was indeed worth saving as the policy of "Terrorism" on land followed that of "Terrorism" on the high seas seemed to leave us indifferent. Yet the same spirit, as of yore, dominated the nation. The people of America at last understood that it was not any particular rule of law, but the existence of law itself, divine and human, that was involved in the Fate of France.

The task confronting this nation is a stupendous one. Let there be no illusion. The war may well be long and painful, beyond expression, but the past few weeks have taught us that the nation

MARSHAL JOFFRE

From the Original Drawing

will bear the strain with that same courage and enduring perseverance as in the past, following the example of the Fathers and inspired by the traditions of the American Revolution, this people will stand like a stone wall with our splendid Ally of old and of to-day—France—and from Great Britain from whence came our institutions, to end forever the Hohenzollern system of blood and iron so that a better future may come to Europe and America, one in which peace may be builded upon a guaranty of justice and law —a world order in which fundamental moral postulates and human rights may never again be set at defiance at the behest of mere material force, however scientifically organized.

To France has fallen the honor of checking, to Britain the burden of containing by sea and land, to America now comes the duty of finally overthrowing that common enemy of democratic institutions and ordered liberty, the foe whose morality knows no ruth, whose philosophy admits no check upon the "will to power."

In France the traveler passing along the roads to the northeast leading to Lorraine may see at every cross-road a great index finger pointing to the single word VERDUN. To many thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of men passing over these roads in the five fateful months of critical battle, these six letters spelled mutilation and death, yet the word was an inspiration to heroism in every home of France, and from every corner of the land men followed that great index finger pointing, as it did indeed, to the modern Calvary.

To-day at every cross-road must we here in America set up a great index hand with the words "TO FRANCE." To France, land of suffering humanity, in whose devastated fields again must be saved the same principles for which Americans fought at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, at Yorktown, at Gettysburg and in the Wilderness; to France, where the fate of the world is still pending; to

France, which has again checked the Huns of the modern world as it did those of the ancient; to France, the manhood of this nation must now be directed, to save the heritage of the American Revolution and the Civil War, to preserve the dearest conquests of the Christian civilization; to France will our men go by the thousands, hundreds of thousands, if need be by the million, to prove that the soul of America is more completely intent upon battling for the right than ever before, intent that slavery in another but far subtler and more dangerous form may not prevail upon the earth.

It was Washington who gave as the watchword of the day in those soul-trying hours that preceded the birth of our nation the immortal and prophetic phrase, "America and France—United Forever."

Th. N. Carver

CE QUE DISENT NOS MORTS

IL n'est pas besoin de rappeler le souvenir de ceux qui nous furent chers et ne sont plus, à notre peuple qui passe, non sans raison, pour celebrer avec ferveur le culte des morts. N'est-ce pas en France, au dix-neuvième siecle, qu'est née cette philosophie qui met au rang des premiers devoirs de l'homme la reconnaissance envers les générations qui nous ont précédés dans la tombe, en nous laissant le fruit de leurs pensées et de leurs travaux? Certes le religion des ancêtres est de tous les temps et de tous les climats; elle est même chez certains peuples orientaux la religion unique; mais en quel pays les liens entre les morts et les vivants sont-ils plus forts qu'en France, les deuils plus solennels à la fois et plus intimes? Chez nous, d'ordinaire, les defunts aimés et vénérés ne quittent pas tout entiers le foyer où ils vécu; ils y respirent dans le coeur de ceux qui demeurent; ils y sont imités, consultés, écoutés.

Je me rappelle trop confusément pour en faire usage ici une scène très belle d'une vieille chanson de geste, *Girart de Roussillon,* je crois, ou l'on voit une fille de roi contempler, la nuit, après une bataille, la plaine où gisent les guerriers innombrables tomber pour sa querelle. "Elle eut voulu, dit le poète, les embrasser tous." Et, du fond de mes très lointains souvenirs, cette royale fille m'apparait comme une image de notre France pleurant aujourd'hui la fleur de sa race abondamment moissonnée.

Aussi n'est-ce pas pour exhorter mes concitoyens à commemorer en ce jour nos morts selon un usage immémorial, que j'écris ces lignes, mais pour honorer avec notre peuple tout entier ceux qui lui ont sacrifié leur vie et pour mediter la leçon qu'ils nous donnent du fond de leur demeures profondes.

Et tout d'abord, à la mémoire des notres, associons pieusement la mémoire des braves qui ont versé leur sang sous tous les étendards de l'Alliance, depuis les canaux de l'Yser jusqu'aux rives de la Vistule, depuis les montagnes du Frioul jusqu'aux défiles de la Morava, et sur les vastes mers.

Puis, offrons les fleurs les plus ardentes et les plus nobles palmes aux innocentes victimes d'une atroce cruauté, aux femmes, aux entants martyrs, à cette jeune infirmière anglaise, coupable seulement de générosité et dont l'assassinat a soulevé d'indignation tout l'univers.

Et nos morts, nos morts bien aimés! Que la patrie reconnaissante ouvre assex grand son coeur pour les contenir tous, les plus humbles comme les plus illustrés, les héros tombés avec gloire à qui l'on prepare des monuments de marbre et de bronze et qui vivront dans l'histoire, et les simples qui rendirent leur dernier souffle en pensant au champ paternal.

Que tous ceux dont le sang coula pour la patrie soient benis! Ils n'ont pas fait en vain le sacrifice de leur vie. Glorieusement frappés en Artois, en Champagne, en Argonne, ils ont arrêté l'envahisseur qui n'a pu faire un pas de plus en avant sur la terre sacrée qui les recouvre. Quelques-uns les pleurent, tous les admirent, plus d'un les envie. Ecoutons les. Tendons l'oreille: ils parlent. Penchons-nous sur cette terre bouleversée par la mitraille où beaucoup d'entre eux dorment dans leurs vêtements ensanglantés. Agenouillons-nous dans le cimetière, au bords des tombes fleuries de ceux qui sont revenus dans le doux pays, et là, entendons le souffle imperceptible et puissant qu'ils mêlent, la nuit, au murmure du vent et au bruissement des feuilles qui tombent. Efforçons-nous de comprendre leur parole sainte. Ils disent:

FRERES, vivez, combattez, achevez notre ouvrage. Apportez la victoire et la paix à nos ombres consolées. Chassez l'étranger qui

a deja reculé devant nous, et ramenez vos charrues dans les champs que nous avons imbibés de notre sang.

Ainsi parlent nos morts. Et ils disent encore:

FRANÇAIS, aimez-vous les uns les autres d'un amour fraternel et, pour prevaloir contre l'ennemi, mettez en commun vos biens et vos pensées. Que parmi vous les plus grands et les plus forts soient les serviteurs des faibles. Ne marchandez pas plus vos richesses que votre sang à la patrie. Soyez tous égaux par la bonne volonté. Vous le devez à vos morts.

VOUS nous devez d'assurer, à notre exemple, par le sacrifice de vous-mêmes, le triomphe de la plus sainte des causes. Frères, pour payer votre dette envers nous, il vous faut vaincre, et il vous faut faire plus encore: il vous faut mériter de vaincre.

Nos morts nous ordonnent de vivre et de combattre en citoyens d'un peuple libre, de marcher résolument dans l'ouragan de fer vers la paix qui se levera comme une belle aurore sur l'Europe affranchie des menaces de ses tyrans, et verra renaitre, faibles et timides encore, la JUSTICE et L'HUMANITE étouffées par le crime de l'Allemagne.

Voila ce qu'inspirent nos morts à un Français que le détachement des vanités et le progrès de l'age rapprochent d'eux.

Anatole France

WHAT OUR DEAD SAY TO US

THERE is no need to recall to the minds of our people those who were dear to us and have passed hence, for they are celebrating—and with good cause—the anniversaries of their deaths. Was it not in France, in the 19th century, that there was born that philosophy which placed in the rank of the foremost duties of mankind gratitude towards those generations who have preceded us to the grave, and have left us the fruits of their thoughts and of their labors? Indeed, ancestral worship prevails in all climes and at all periods; in fact, with certain Oriental nations it is the only religion. But in what country is the link between the dead and the living so strong as it is in France—the rites at the same time so solemn and so intimate? With us, as a rule, our dead, beloved and venerated, never entirely depart from the homes in which they have dwelt, but take up their abode in the hearts of the living who imitate them, consult them, pay heed to them.

I recollect, too vaguely to make full use of it here, a beautiful scene from the heroic song, "Girart de Roussillon," I think it is, where one is shown a king's daughter, one night after a battle, gazing across the battlefield where lay the innumerable warriors who had fallen in the fight. "She felt a desire," said the poet, "to embrace them all." And from the depths of my far-away memories this apparition of the daughter of a royal house arises before me as an image of our France to-day, weeping for the flower of our race so abundantly cut down.

My object in writing these lines is not to exhort my fellow-citizens to commemorate to-day our noble dead, according to immemorial custom, but to honor as a united people those who have

sacrificed their lives for their country and to meditate upon the lesson that comes to us from their scattered burial places.

First, with the memory of our own, let us with all piety associate the memory of those brave ones who have shed their blood under all the Allies' standards, from the streams of the Yser to the banks of the Vistule; from the mountains of Frioul to the defiles of Morava, and on the vast seas.

Then, let us offer our choicest flowers of memory to the innocent victims of an atrocious cruelty, to the women, to the child martyrs, to that young English nurse, guilty only of generosity, whose assassination aroused the indignation of the entire universe.

And our dead, our beloved dead! May a grateful country open wide enough its great heart to contain them all, the humblest as well as the most illustrious, the heroes fallen with glory to whom have been erected monuments of bronze and marble, who will live in history, and those simple ones who drew their last breath thinking of the green fields of home.

Blessed be all those whose blood has been shed for their country! Not in vain have they sacrificed their lives. At the glorious encounter at Artois, Champagne, and Argonne they repulsed the invader who could not advance one step farther on the ground made sacred by their fallen bodies. Some weep for them, all admire them, more than one envies them. Let us listen to them. They speak. Let us make every effort to hear them. Let us prostrate ourselves on this ground, torn up by shot and shell, where many of them sleep in their blood-dyed garments. Let us kneel in the cemetery at the foot of the flower-strewn graves of those who were brought back to their country, and there listen to the whispers, scarcely audible but powerful, which mingle through the night with the murmur of the breeze and the rustle of the falling leaves. Let

us make every effort to understand their inspired words. They say:

BROTHERS, live, fight, accomplish our work. Win victory and peace for the sake of your dead. Drive out the intruder who has already retreated before us, and bring back your plows into the fields now saturated with our blood.

Thus speak our dead. And they say, further:

FRENCHMEN, love one another with brotherly love, and, in order that you may prevail against the enemy, put into common use your possessions and your ideas. Let the greatest and strongest among you serve the weak. Be as willing to give your money as your blood for your country. Be willing that perfect equality shall exist amongst you. You owe this to your dead. Because of our example, you owe us the assurance that by your self-sacrifice ours will be the triumph in this holiest of all causes. Brothers, in order to pay your debt to us you must conquer, and you must do still more: you must deserve to conquer.

Our dead demand that we shall live and fight as citizens of a free country; that we shall march resolutely through the hurricane of steel toward Peace, which shall arise like a beautiful aurora over Europe freed from the menace of her tyrants, and shall see reborn, though weak and timid, Justice and Humanity, for the time being crushed through the crime of Germany.

Thus are the French, detached from the vanities and progress of the age, drawn nearer to our dead and inspired by them.

ANATOLE FRANCE

Translation by E. M. POPE.

MEMORY

By J. J. Van Ingen

From the Original Drawing

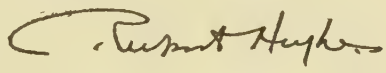
THE TRANSPORTS

Poetical Version of SULLY PRUD'HOMME'S *"Les Berceaux"*

THE long tide lifts each mighty boat
Asleep and nodding at the dock,
Of the little cradles they take no note
Which the tender-hearted mothers rock.

But time brings round the Day of Good-Byes
For it's women's fate to weep and endure,
While curious men attempt the skies
And follow wherever horizons lure.

Yet the mighty boats on that morning tide
When they flee away from the dwindling lands
Will feel the clutch of mother hands
And the soul of the far-off cradleside.



LA PRIÈRE DU POILU

(Written in the Trenches, before Verdun, December, 1915)

ET alors, le poilu, levant la tête derrière son parapet, se mit, dans la nuit froide de décembre, à fixer une étoile qui brillait au ciel d'un feu étrange. Son cerveau commença à remuer de loitaines pensées; son coeur se fit plus léger, comme s'il voulait monter vers l'astre; ses lèvres frémirent doucement pour laisser passer une prière:

"O Etoile, murmura-t-il, je n'ai pas besoin de ta lueur, car je connais ma route! Elle a pu me paraitre sombre au début, quand mes yeux n'étaient point accoutumés à ses rudes contours; mais, depuis un an, elle est pour moi éblouissante de clarté. On a beau me l'allonger chaque jour, on n'arrivera pas à me l'obscurcir. On a beau y multiplier les ronces et les pierres, après lesquelles je laisse de ma chair et de mon sang, on n'arrivera pas à m'y arrêter. Je sais que j'irai jusqu'au bout. Je vois devant moi la victoire. . . . Mais, là-bas, derrière moi, il y a une foule qui parfois s'inquiète dans les ténèbres. Au moment où la vieille année va tourner sur ses gonds vermoulus, elle repasse en son esprit agité les évènements qui la marquèrent. Elle songe aux peuplades barbares d'Orient que le Germain a entraînées derrière son char: Turcs et Bulgares, Kurdes et Malissores, et elle oublie les grandes nations qui s'enrôlèrent sous la bannière de la civilisation. Elle songe aux territoires que foule la lourde botte tudesque, et elle oublie les empires que nous détenons en gages: ici, l'ouest et l'est Africains, grands comme quatre fois toute l'Allemagne, avec leurs 5000 kilomètres de voies ferrées et leurs mines de diamants; là,

ces îles d'Océanie et cette forteresse d'Asie: Kiao-Tchéou, que le kaiser avait proclamé la perle de ses colonies. Elle s'alarme de toutes les pailles que, dans sa course désordonnée, ramasse l'Allemagne et ne voit pas les poutres énormes qui soutiennent la France. . . . Nous autres, qui sommes la poutre, nous savons mieux, nous voyons mieux.

"O Etoile, apprends à ceux qui ne sont pas dans la tranchée la confiance! . . .

"Le passé est là qui enseigne l'avenir. Chaque fois qu' une armée quelconque, prise de la folie de l'espace, a voulu s' enfoncer dans les terres lointaines et abandonner le berceau où elle puisait sa force et ses vivres, elle est morte de langueur et d'épuisement, elle s'est éffritée comme la pierre qu'on arrache de l'assemblage solide des maisons, elle n'est pas plus revenue que ne reviennent les grains de poussière qu'emporte le vent. . . . Voici plus d'un siècle que des légions ont tenté la conquète de l'Egypte et ces légions étaient les plus magnifiques du monde. Elles avaient des chefs qui s'appelaient Desaix, Kléber et Bonaparte; mais elles n'avaient pas la maitrise de la mer et rien ne revint des sables brulants du désert. Voici un siècle aussi qu'une armée la plus formidable d'Europe, conduite par le plus fameux conquérant qu'ait connu l'univers, tenta de submerger l'immense empire russe; mais l'empire était trop grand pour la grande armée et rien ne revint des solitudes glacées de la steppe. . . . Puisse, de même, aller loin, toujours plus loin, l'armée allemande déjà décimée, haletante, épuisée! Puisse-t-elle pousser jusqu'au Tigre, jusqu'à l'Euphrate, jusqu'à l'Inde! . . .

"O Etoile, apprends à ceux qui ne sont pas dans la tranchée, l'Histoire! . . .

"Certes ces nuits d'hiver sont longues. Et tous tes scintille-

ments, Etoile, ne valent pas le sourire de la femme aimée au logis. Cependant, tu as quelque chose de la femme, puisque tant d'hommes te suivent aveuglément: tu en as la grâce et l'éclat; et toi, au moins, nul couturier boche ne t'habilla jamais! . . . Tu possèdes même des vertus que ne possède pas toujours la femme: tu as la patience et le calme. Les nuages ont beau s'interposer entre tes adorateurs et toi, l'aurore a beau chaque matin éteindre tes feux, tu t'inclines devant la loi suprême de la nature et nulle révolte ne vint jamais de toi. . . . Tâche d'inspirer ta soumission à tes soeurs terrestres qui, dans les villes, attendent le retour des guerriers.

"O Etoile, apprends à celles qui ne sont pas dans les tranchées, la Discipline! . . .

"Que tous, que toutes sachent qu'il y a quelque chose au-dessus du Nombre, au-dessus de la Force, au-dessus même du Courage: et c'est la Persévérance. . . . Il y eut, une fois, un match de lutte qui restera à jamais célèbre dans l'histoire du sport: celui de Sam Mac Vea contre Joe Jeannette. Le premier, trapu, massif, tout en muscles: un colosse noir du plus beau noir. Le second, plus léger, plus harmonieux, tout en nerfs: un métis jaune du plus beau cuivre. Le combat fut épique: il se poursuivit pendant quarantedeux rounds et dura trois heures. Au troisième round, puis au septième, Sam Mac Vea jetait Joe Jeannette à terre et sa victoire ne paraissait plus faire de doute. Cependant, Joe Jeannette peu à peu revint à la vie, se cramponna, se défendit, vécut sur ses nerfs, puis attaqua à son tour. Au quarante-deuxième round, épaule contre épaule, haletants, ruisselants de sang, ils se portaient les derniers coups; mais le ressort de Sam Mac Vea était cassé et, devant l'assurance de son adversaire, il se sentit vaincu. . . . Alors on vit le grand géant noir lever les bras et s'écrouler en disant: *I guess I can not.* . . . (Je crois que je ne peux pas. . . .)

Ainsi, bientôt peut-être, verrons-nous s'écrouler l'Allemagne, en avouant: "Je ne peux pas. . . ."

"O Etoile, apprends à ceux qui ne sont pas dans la tranchée, la Boxe! . . ."

Stéphane Lauzanne

THE PRAYER OF "LE POILU"

THEN "Le Poilu," standing, in the cold December night, behind the breastworks, fixed his gaze upon a star that was shining with a strange brilliance in the sky above. His mind was stirred with thoughts of far away things. His heart grew lighter, as though it yearned to reach the star; his lips trembled, and softly he breathed a prayer.

"O Star," he murmured, "I need not thy glimmering light, for I know my way. The road may have appeared dark at first when my eyes were unaccustomed to its sharp turns, but for a year it has been divinely illumined for me. Even if it grow longer each day, it will never seem dark again. Although torn by thorns and cut by stones, nothing can make me turn back. I know that I shall go on, steadfast to the end. I behold before me Victory. . . . But there,—behind me, is a multitude sorely troubled in the darkness.

"Now, as the old year revolves on its rusty hinges, those who wait at home live over in their troubled hearts the events which marked its passing. They think of the barbarous hordes of the Orient which the German has caught in his train; Turcs and Bulgarians, Kurds and Malissores, and they overlook the great na-

tions enrolled under the banner of civilization. They brood over lands ground under the iron heel of the Teuton and overlook the Empires that we hold; here, West and East Africa, four times as large as all Germany, with their thousands of miles of railroads and their diamond mines; there, the Islands of Oceania and the fortress of Asia: Kiao-Tcheou, which the Kaiser has proclaimed the pearl of his colonies. They are alarmed at the chaff that Germany gathers in her lawless course and they do not see the mighty girders that stay France. But we who are the girders, we know better, we see farther.

"O Star, teach those who are not in the trenches. . . . Confidence!

"By the light of the past we behold the future. Whenever an army, seized with the frenzy of conquest, has forced its way into a far land, abandoning the cradle whence it drew its life and strength, it has wasted away, it has perished from utter exhaustion. Like stones loosened from a solid wall, it has disintegrated. Like the grain of dust which the wind has blown away, it has vanished never to return.

"More than a century ago legions attempted the conquest of Egypt. They were the most magnificent in the world. Their chiefs bore the names of Desaix, Kleber and Bonaparte. But they had not the mastery of the seas, and returned not from the burning sands of the desert. . . . Think also of the time when the most formidable army of Europe, led by the greatest conqueror the world has ever known, tried to overwhelm the vast Russian Empire. But the empire was mightier than the Great Army, and it returned not from the glacial solitude of the steppes. . . . So let it go far, ever farther on, that German army already decimated, panting, exhausted; let it reach the Tigris, the Euphrates, even far off India! It will not return.

"O Star, teach those who are not in the trenches. . . . History!

"Truly the winter nights are long, and all thy rays, O Star, are not worth the smile of the loved woman at the hearth. And yet, thou hast something of woman, since so many men follow thee blindly: thou hast her grace and splendor. Thou hast even virtues that women do not possess, for thou art patient and calm. Clouds come between thy worshipers and thee, dawn each morning extinguishes thy light, yet dost thou bow before the supreme law of nature without a murmur. I pray thee inspire with submission thy sisters of earth; teach them calmly and patiently to await the return of their warriors.

"O Star, teach those who are not in the trenches. . . . Discipline!

"Would that all men, that all women might know that there is something above Numbers, above Force, above even Courage, and that is *Perseverance!* A few years ago there was a boxing match between Sam Mac Vea and Joe Jeannette that will remain famous in the history of sport. Mac Vea was a heavy weight, strong, all muscle: a veritable black giant. Joe Jeannette, light, well proportioned, all nerve: a mongrel of the best sort. The match was epic. It went on for forty-two rounds and lasted three hours. At the third round, and again at the seventh, Sam Mac Vea threw Joe Jeannette, and his victory seemed assured. But little by little Joe Jeannette revived, pulled himself together, defended himself, and through sheer nerve, began to attack. At the forty-second round, shoulder to shoulder, panting, dripping wet and covered with blood they struck the last blow. The resources of Sam Mac Vea were exhausted, and through the very assurance of his adversary he felt himself beaten. . . . Suddenly the great giant lifted his arms and gave way, saying: 'I guess I cannot.' . . .

"Thus shall we soon see Germany fall to the earth, saying brokenly, 'I cannot.' . . .

"O Star, teach those who are not in the trenches . . . to be game!"

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

Translation by MADAME CARLO POLIFÈME.

A TRIBUTE TO ENGLAND

IT MAY be said of this war, as the master mind of all the ages said of adversity, that "its uses are sweet," even though they be as a precious jewel shining in the head of an ugly and venomous toad. While the world-war has brutalized men, it has as a moral paradox added immeasurably to the sum of human nobility. Its epic grandeur is only beginning to reveal itself, and in it the human soul has reached the high water mark of courage and honor.

The war has enriched our language with many new expressions, but none more beautiful than that of "Somewhere in France." To all noble minds, while it sounds the abysmal depths of tragic suffering, it rises to the sublimest heights of heroic self-sacrifice.

The world has paid its tribute to the immortal valor of France, and no words could pay the debt of appreciation which civilization owes to this heroic nation; but has there been due recognition of the equal valor and the like spirit of self-sacrifice which has characterized Great Britain in this titanic struggle?

When the frontier of Belgium was crossed, England staked the existence of its great empire upon the issue of the uncertain struggle. It had, as figures go in this war, only a small army. If it had been niggardly in its effort to defend Belgium, and save France in her hour of supreme peril, England might have said, without violating any express obligation arising under the *Entente Cordiale*, that in giving its incomparable fleet it had rendered all the service that its political interests, according to former standards of expediency, justified; and it could have been plausibly suggested that the ordinary considerations of prudence and the instinct of self-preservation required it, in the face of the deadly assault by

the greatest military power in the world, to reserve its little army for the defense of its own soil. England never hesitated, when the Belgian frontier was crossed, but moved with such extraordinary speed that within four days after its declaration of war its standing army was crossing the channel, and within a fortnight it had landed upon French soil the two army corps which constituted the backbone of her military power.

What follows will be remembered with admiration and gratitude by the English speaking races as long as they endure, for nothing in the history of that race is finer than the way in which the so called "contemptible little British Army," as the Kaiser somewhat prematurely called it—outnumbered four to one, and with an even greater disproportion in artillery—withstood the powerful legions of Von Kluck at Mons. Enveloped on both flanks they stood as a stone wall for three days against an assault of one of the mightiest armies in recorded history, and only retreated when ordered to do so by the high command of the Allied forces in order to conform to its strategic plans. The English were not defeated at Mons. It was a victory, both in a technical and moral sense.

The retreat from Mons to the Marne was one of terrible hardship and imminent danger. For nearly fourteen days, in obedience to orders, the British soldiers,—fighting terrific rear guard actions, which, in retarding the invaders, made possible the ultimate victory,—slowly retreated, never losing their morale, although suffering untold physical hardships and the greater agony of temporary defeats, which they could not at that time understand, and yet it is to their undying credit, in common with their brave comrades of the French Army, that when the moment came to cease the retreat and to turn upon a foe, which flushed with unprecedented victory still greatly outnumbered the retreating armies, the British

soldier struck back with almost undiminished power. The "miracle of the Marne" is due to Tommy Atkins as well as to the French Poilu.

Even more wonderful was the defense of Ypres. There was a time in the first battle of Ypres when the British high command, denuded of shells, were allotting among their commands, then engaged in a life-and-death struggle, ammunition which had not yet left England. So terribly were the "first seven divisions" of glorious memory decimated in this first battle of Ypres, that at a critical time, the bakers, cobblers and grooms were put into the trenches to fill the gaps made by the slain soldiers in that great charnel house. The "thin red line" held back—not for days, but for weeks,—an immensely superior force, and the soldiers of England unflinchingly bared their breasts to the most destructive artillery-fire that the world at that time had ever known. They held their ground and saved the day, and the glory of the first and second battles of Ypres, which saved Calais, and possibly the war itself, will ever be that of the British Army.

Over four million Britons have volunteered in the war, and although very few of them had ever had any previous military experience, yet their stamina and unconquerable courage were such that the youth of the great Empire, on more than one occasion, when called upon, as on the Somme, to attack as well as defend, swept the famed Prussian guard out of seemingly impregnable positions, as for example at Contalmaison.

Will the world ever forget the children of the Mother Empire who came so freely and nobly from far distant Canada, who wrenched Vimy and Messines ridges from a powerful foe?

I hear still the tramp of marching thousands in the first days of the war, as they passed by night through the streets of Winchester en route to France via Southampton, singing with cheer and joy,

"It is a long, long way to Tipperary." Alas! It is indeed a "long, long way," and many a gallant English boy has fallen in that way of glory.

To-day, from the Channel to the Vosges, there are hundreds of thousands of graves where British soldiers keep the ghostly bivouac of the dead. They gave their young lives on the soil of France to save France, and when the great result is finally accomplished, a grateful world will never forget the "fidelity even unto death" of the British soldier. Their place on Fame's eternal camping ground is sure.

What just man can fail to appreciate the work of the English sailor? It has been said by Lord Curzon, that never has a British mariner in this war refused to accept the arduous and most dangerous service of patrolling the great highways of the deep. No soldier can surpass in courage or fortitude the mine sweepers, who have braved the elemental forces of nature, and the most cruel forces of the Terror, which lurks under the seas.

The spirit of Nelson still inspires them, for every mariner of England has done his duty in this greatest crisis of the modern world.

And how can words pay due tribute to the work and sacrifices of the women and children of England? They have endured hardships with masculine strength, and have accepted irreparable sacrifices with infinite self-sacrifice.

When the three British cruisers were sunk early in the war by a single submarine, and many thousand British sailors perished, the news was conveyed to a seaport town in England, from which many of them had been recruited, by posting upon a screen the names of the pitifully few men who had survived that terrible disaster. Thousands of women, the wives and daughters of those who had perished, waited in the open square in the hope, in most

cases in vain, to see the name of some one who was dear to them posted among the survivors; and yet when the last names of the rescued were finally posted, and thousands of English women, there assembled, realized that those who were nearest and dearest to them had perished beneath the waves, these women of England, instead of lamentations or tears, in the spirit of loftiest and most sacred patriotism united their voices and sang "Britannia rules the waves," and re-affirmed their belief that, notwithstanding all the powers of Hell, that "Britons never would be slaves."

Who shall then question England's right to a conspicuous place in this worldwide tournament of Fame? In all her past history, there has never been any page more glorious. Without her, as without France, civilization would have perished. To each nation be lasting honor!

The spirit of Shakespeare has animated his people, and that mighty spirit still says to them in his own flaming words—

"In God's name, cheerily on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war."

James M. Beck

UNITY AND PEACE

GREAT BRITAIN and the United States were politically separated nearly a century and a half ago, because Britain was not in those days governed by the will of the people as she has been for the last eighty years and more. But the ideals of the two nations have been for many generations substantially the same. Both have loved Liberty ever since the time when their common ancestors wrested it from feudal monarchs. A time has now come when both nations are called to defend, and to extend in the world at large, the freedom they won within their own countries. America has harkened to the call. Renouncing her former isolation, she has felt that duty to mankind requires her to contend in arms for the freedom she has illustrated by her example. The soldiers of Britain and France welcome the stalwart sons of America as their comrades in this great struggle for Democracy and Humanity. With their help, they look forward confidently to a decisive victory, a victory to be followed by a lasting peace.

Bryce

OUR COMMON HERITAGE

NOT very long ago I happened to be dining in The Savoy Restaurant in London one evening at a table close to the screen, when suddenly there was a stir. People looked away from their dinners. The band abruptly stopped the air it was playing, and after an instant's pause struck up another. Every one in the crowded restaurant stood up. And then there came in slowly from the outer hall a procession of serious looking men in uniform, who, walking in couples, made their way to a large table almost in the middle of the room. They gained their places. The air ceased. The new comers sat down. And we all went on with our dinners and our interrupted conversations.

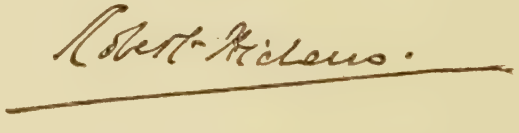
What did we talk about? Well, I will dare forswear that at all the tables the same subject was discussed. And that subject was —America. For the air we had heard was "The Star Spangled Banner," and the men we had seen were General Pershing, commanding the first American contingent to France, and his Staff, who had landed that day in England. It was a great moment for Britishers, and those of us who were there will probably never forget it. For it meant the beginning of a New Era, and, let us hope, of a new sympathy and a new understanding.

Since then we have learnt something of what America is doing. We know that ten millions of men have registered as material for the American army, that a gigantic aircraft scheme and a huge shipbuilding program are in process of realization; that enormous camps and cantonments have been established for the training of officers and men, that American women have crossed the Atlantic, in spite of the great danger from submarines, to act as nurses at the front, that the regular army has been increased to thrice its former

size, that the volunteer militia has been doubled through voluntary enlistment, and that an immense expenditure has been voted for war purposes. We know all this and we are glad, and thankful that hands have been held out to us across the sea.

True sympathy and true understanding are very rare in this world. Even between individuals they are not easy to bring about, and between nations they are practically unknown. Diversity of tongues builds up walls between the peoples. But the Americans and the British ought to learn to draw near to each other, and surely the end of this war, whenever it comes, will find them more inclined for true friendship, for frank understanding, than they have ever been yet, less critical of national failings, less clearsighted for national faults. The brotherhood of man, which the idealistic Russian sighs for, may only be a far away dream, but the brotherhood of those who speak one language, have one great aim, and fight side by side for freedom against force, law against lawlessness, justice against persecution, right against evil, is a reality, and must surely endure long after the smoke of the world war has faded into the blue sky of peace, and the roar of the guns has died away into the silence of the dawn for which humanity is longing.

The happy warriors lead us. Let us follow them and we shall attain a goodly heritage.



POETIC JUSTICE

I

THE blow fell without warning, and a typewritten notice informed the Poet that the Cabinet Committee on Accommodation required the tiny, thread-bare chambers in Stafford's Inn, where he had lived unobtrusively for seven happy, insolvent years.

" 'There was no worth in the fashion; there was no wit in the plan,' " murmured the Poet. The rooms were too small even for a Deputy-Director-General, and he knew that not one of the silk-stockinged, short-skirted, starling-voiced young women with bare arms and regimental badges, who acted as secretaries to Deputy-Director-Generals, would consent to walk up four flights of creaking, uncarpeted stairs to the dusty sparrows' nest on the housetop that was his home.

For a while he scented a vendetta, but—deleterious poetry apart—he had injured no man, and the personnel of the Cabinet Committee was as little known to him as his poetry to the Cabinet Committee. In general, too, he was the object of a certain popularity and pitying regard; the Millionaire sent him presents of superfluous game each year, the Iron King invited him at short notice to make a fourteenth at dinner and the Official Receiver unloaded six bottles of sample port wine when the Poet succumbed to his annual bronchitis. Even the notice of eviction was politely worded and regretful; it was also uncompromising in spirit, and the Poet made his hurried way to four house-agents. No sooner had he stated his requirements to be a bed-sitting-room (with use of bath) within the four-mile radius than all four agents offered him a Tudor manor house in Westmoreland; further, they refused to offer him

anything else, but on his own initiative he discovered a studio in Glebe Place and a service-flat in Victoria Street.

"I saw in the paper that you'd been turned out," said the Millionaire that night, when the Poet trudged home, footsore and fretful, to find his chambers occupied by the Iron King, the Private Secretary, the Lexicographer, the Military Attaché and their friends. "What are you going to do about it?" he continued with the relentlessness of a man who likes a prompt decision, even if it be a wrong one. "You know nothing about business, I'm sure; leases, premiums, insurance, all that sort of thing. You're in a hole; I don't see what more there is to be said."

So far the Poet, his mind wavering wearily between Glebe Place and Victoria Street, had said nothing; he turned silently to the Iron King, wondering how, without being rude, to indicate his desire for bed.

"I saw rather a decent place that might suit you," drawled the Private Secretary, smoothing a wrinkle out of his shapely silk socks. "It's next to my Chief's in Belgrave Square. Of course, I don't know what rent they want for it . . ."

The Iron King shook his head.

"He couldn't afford it," he said, speaking through and round and over the Poet. "Now I'm told that there are some very comfortable and cheap boarding-houses near Kensington Palace Gardens. . . ."

The Poet drew the cork of a fresh bottle of whisky and collected four unbroken tumblers, a pewter mug and two breakfast cups without handles. As so often before, his destiny seemed to be slipping out of his control into the hands of the practical, strong-voiced men who filled his sitting-room to overflowing and would not let him go to bed. The Military Attaché knew of a maisonnette in Albemarle Street; the Official Receiver had been recently brought

into professional contact with a fine Georgian property in Buckinghamshire, where they could all meet for a week-end game of golf at Stoke Pogis. Somewhere in Chelsea—not Glebe Place—the Lexicographer had seen just the thing, if only he could be quite sure about the drains . . . With loud cheerfulness they accepted the Millionaire's postulate that the Poet knew nothing of business; unselfishly they placed all their experience and preferences at his disposal.

"Of course, there's the servant problem," an undistinguishable voice remarked two hours later; and the Poet, settling to an uneasy sleep in his chair, mentally ruled out the Chelsea studio.

"The ordinary surveyor's no use," broke in the Lexicographer, pursuing his own line of thought. "What you want is a drainage expert."

"I know these good, honest, middle-aged couples," cried the Iron King with the bitterness of an oft-defrauded widower. "The woman always drinks, and the man always steals the cigars . . ."

"I have nothing but gas in my place," said the decorous voice of the Private Secretary, "and I have it on pretty good authority that there'll be a great coal shortage this winter. I don't want that to go any further, though . . ."

The Millionaire rose to his feet with a yawn.

"He must get an experienced woman-friend to help him with things like carpets and curtains," he ordained with mellow benevolence. "When my wife comes back from Wales . . . How soon do you have to turn out, Poet?"

The Poet woke with a start and looked at the clock. The time was a quarter to two, and he still wanted to go to bed.

"Ten days," he murmured drowsily.

"Jove! You haven't much time," said the Millionaire. "Now, look here; the one thing *not* to do is to be in a hurry. Any place

you take now will probably have to serve you for several years, and you'll find moving a lot more expensive than you think. If you can get some kind of shake-down for a few days,—" he turned expansively to his friends—"we may be able to give you a few hints."

The Poet became suddenly wakeful and alert.

"Do I understand that you're offering me a bed until you find me permanent quarters?" he enquired with slow precision.

"Er—yes," said the Millionaire a little blankly.

"Thank you," answered the Poet simply. "I say, d'you men mind if I turn you out now? It's rather late, and I haven't been sleeping very well."

II

A WEEK later the Poet walked up Park Lane, followed by an elderly man trundling two compressed cane trunks on a barrow with a loose wheel. It was a radiant summer afternoon, and taxis stood idle in long ranks, when they were not drawing in to the curb with winning gestures. The Poet, however, wished to make his arrival dramatic, and it was dramatic enough to make the Millionaire's butler direct him to the tradesmen's entrance, while the Millionaire, remembering little but suspecting all, hurried away by a side door, leaving a message that he was out of England for the duration of the war. The lot fell on the Millionaire's wife to invent such excuses as would rid the house of the Poet's presence before dinner. The Millionaire's instincts were entirely hospitable, but that night's party had been arranged for the entertainment and subsequent destruction of four men with money to invest and, like the Poet, "no knowledge of business, investments, all that sort of thing."

"No, we have not met before," explained the Poet coldly and

uncompromisingly, abandoning the rather gentle voice and caressing manners which caused women to invite him to dinner when they could think of no one else. "Your husband and one or two of our common friends have kindly undertaken to find me new quarters, and I have been invited to stay here until something suitable has been found."

There was silence for a few moments, and the Millionaire's wife looked apprehensively at the clock, while the Poet laid the foundations of a malignantly substantial tea.

"H-how far have you got at present?" she asked with an embarrassed laugh.

"Your husband told me to leave it to him," answered the Poet, "and I've left it to him. There was a general feeling that I didn't know what I wanted—house or flat, north or south of the Park, all the rest of it—; they said there would be a scandal if I employed a young maid, I couldn't afford two, and an old one would pawn my clothes to buy gin. I am quoting your husband now; I know nothing of business. Every one agreed, too, that I must have a drain of some kind. Would you say it took long to find a bed-sitting room with use of bath?"

The Millionaire's wife hurriedly pushed back her chair.

"My husband's going abroad for the duration of the war," she said in loyal explanation, "but it's just possible that he hasn't started yet."

The Millionaire, returning on tip-toe from the loft over the garage, had sought asylum in the library, where he was smoking a cigar and reading the evening paper. As his wife entered he looked up with welcoming expectancy.

"How did you get rid of him?" he asked.

The Millionaire's wife pressed her hands to her temples.

"My dear! What *have* you been promising him?" she cried.

The Millionaire swore softly, as the truth sank into his brain.

"Have another place laid for dinner," he ordered; "book two seats for a music-hall and take him out to supper afterwards. I can't afford to be disturbed to-night. To-morrow I must get in touch with the Iron King . . . I don't see what more there is to be said."

Four weeks later the Poet drove in a six-cylinder car from Park Lane to Eaton Square on an indeterminate visit to the Iron King. He was looking better for the month's good wine and food, in which the Millionaire's house abounded; but now the Millionaire, who based his fortune on knowing the right people in every walk of life, was arranging to have his house taken over by the Red Cross authorities. In a week's time the house was to be found unsuitable and restored to him, but henceforth the Iron King was to have the honor of entertaining the Poet.

"How you ever came to make such a promise!" wailed the Millionaire's wife for the twentieth time, as they drove to Claridge's. "London's so full that you might have known it's impossible to get *any*thing."

"I feel that we have exhausted this subject," answered the Millionaire with the bruskness of a man whose nerves have worn thin; with the menace, too, of one who, having divorced his first wife, would divorce the second on small provocation.

The Iron King was not at home when the Poet arrived in Eaton Square, but a pretty, young secretary, cultured to the point of transforming all her final "g's" into "k's" received him with every mark of welcome. She admired the Iron King romantically and was in the habit of writing his surname after her own Christian name to see how the combination looked; and, when he had departed each morning to contest his latest assessment for excess profits, she would wander through the house, planning little changes in the ar-

rangement of the furniture and generally deploring the sober, colorless taste of the first Iron Queen. So far her employer returned none of her admiration. He addressed her loosely as "Miss—er" and forgot her name; he never noticed what clothes she was wearing or the pretty dimples that she made by holding down the inside flesh of her cheeks between her eye-teeth; further, he criticized her spelling spitefully and, on the occasion of the Millionaire's second marriage, had dictated a savage half sheet, beginning, "A young man may marry once, as he may get drunk once, without the world thinking much the worse of him; habitual intemperance is, on first principles, to be deplored. . . ."

The pretty young secretary knew from fiction and the drama that the Iron King would never appreciate her until he stood in danger of losing her. She welcomed the Poet as a foil and misquoted his poetry twice before tea was over; then she invited him to accompany her to a picture palace, but the Poet, once inside the citadel, was reluctant to leave it until his position was more firmly established.

Securely entrenched at Claridge's, the Millionaire telephoned derisively to the city, so that the Iron King returned home half an hour before his usual time, prepared to deal with the Poet as he dealt with querulous or inquisitive shareholders at General Meetings. The Poet, however, was long and painfully accustomed to combat with enraged editors and lost no time in assuming the offensive, demanding indignantly in a high head-voice, before the Iron King had crossed his own threshold, why no quarters had been found for him and how much longer any one imagined that he would put up with the indignity of being bandied from one wretched house to another.

The flushed cheeks and hysterical manner put the Iron King temporarily out of countenance.

"My dear fellow!" he interrupted ingratiatingly.

"I'm not a business man," continued the Poet hotly. "You all of you told me that, and I'm disposed to say: 'Thank God, I'm not.' "

The Iron King put his hat carefully out of reach and forced a smile.

"You mustn't take it like that, old chap," he said soothingly. "I—we—all of us are doing our best. Now we won't bother about dressing; let's go straight in and thrash the thing out over a bottle of wine."

Instructing his butler very audibly to open a bottle of the 1906 Lanson, he slipped his arm through the Poet's and led him, sullenly murmuring, into the dining-room. With the second bottle of champagne, his guest ceased to be aggrieved and became quarrelsome; when the port wine appeared, he had the Iron King cowed and broken in moral.

"If you find fault with everything, why do you come here, why stay here?" complained the Iron King with a last flickering effort to recover his independence.

"Why don't you find me some other place to go to, as you promised?" the Poet retorted, as he made his way to the morning-room and sat down to order a month's supply of underclothes from his hosier.

III

THE Iron King always boasted that honesty was the best policy and that he was invariably willing to put his cards on the table. The Millionaire had once professed himself likely to be satisfied if the Iron King would only remove the fifth ace from his sleeve, and a certain coolness between the two men resulted. In general, however, he had the reputation of a frank, bluff fellow.

On the morrow of the Poet's arrival, he remained in bed and announced in the quavering pencil-strokes of a sick man, that he was suffering from anthrax, which, he might add, was not only painful but infectious. The Poet scrawled across one corner of the note that anthrax was usually fatal, but that, as he himself had twice had it, he would risk taking it a third time in order to be with his friend. Thereupon the Iron King departed to the city, leaving the Poet to dictate blank verse to the pretty young secretary, who curled both feet round one leg of her chair, told him that she "loved his potry more'n anythink she'd ever read" and asked how all the hard words like "chrysoprase" and "asphodel" were spelt. That night a telegram arrived shortly before dinner, and the Iron King announced that the Ministry of Munitions was sending him to America to stabilize iron prices.

"Why can't you finish one thing before starting another?" demanded the Poet hectoringly. "You haven't *yet* found me any quarters, and you call yourself a business man. I shall of course stay on here till your return . . ."

The Iron King shook his head gravely.

"That's impossible," he interrupted. "My young secretary . . ."

"You must take her with you," answered the Poet obstinately.

The subject was not pursued, but at bed time the Iron King roundly asked the Poet how much he would take to go away.

"I require a home," answered the Poet frigidly, remembering the weary day spent by him in discovering the Glebe Place studio and the weary night spent by the Iron King in recommending Kensington boarding houses. "I do not want your money."

"We shan't fall out over a pound or two," urged the Iron King with a meaning motion of the hand towards his breast pocket.

"A thing is either a promise or it is not a promise," replied the

Poet, as he turned on his heel. "I know nothing of business or what people are pleased to term 'commercial morality.' "

Four weeks later the Poet left Eaton Square for the Private Secretary's rooms in Bury Street. He looked thin and anemic after his month of privations, for the Iron King, improving in morale and recapturing something of the old strike-breaking spirit, had counter-attacked on the third day of the Poet's visit. The chauffeur, butler and two footmen, all of military age, had been claimed on successive appeals as indispensable, but on their last appearance at the Tribunal the Iron King had unprotestingly presented them to the Army. This he followed by breakfasting in bed, lunching in the city, dining at his club and leaving neither instructions nor money for the maintenance of the household. For a time the Poet was saved from the greater starvation by the care of the pretty young secretary, but without an Iron King there was no need for a foil. Sharp words were exchanged one morning over the propriety of grounds in coffee; the pretty young secretary declared that she would "have nothink more to do with him or his old potry"; and in the afternoon he packed his trunks with his own hands and with his own hands dragged them downstairs on to the pavement, leaving the pretty young secretary biting viciously at the corner of a crumpled handkerchief drenched in "White Rose."

The Private Secretary received him in a manner different from that adopted by either the Millionaire or the Iron King. The two men were of nearly the same age, but in a deferential, if mis-spent, life the Private Secretary had learned to be non-committal. Well he knew that he had but one bedroom; well he knew that, on admitting it, the Poet would claim it from him.

"A spare bed?" he echoed, when the Poet dragged his trunks into the middle of a tiny sitting room. "Really, I have no statement to make."

"At least you will not deny," said the Poet with truculent emphasis, "that you undertook to find me suitable accommodation and to supply me with a bed until it was found."

"I must refer you to the reply given to a similar question on the twenty-third ultimo," answered the Private Secretary loftily. For a rich reward he could not have said where he had been or what he had done on the twenty-third ultimo, but to the Poet the reply was new and disconcerting.

"Where's my flat anyway?" he pursued doggedly.

"I have no statement to make," reiterated the Private Secretary.

After an awkward silence, during which neither yielded an inch of ground, the Poet dragged his trunks destructively downstairs and drove to the flat of the Official Receiver. Glowing with the consciousness of victory, the Private Secretary dressed for dinner and started out to his club. His good-humor was impaired, when he observed in his hall a pendant triangle of wall-paper flapping in the draught of the open door through which the Poet had dragged his trunks. Further on, the paint was scarred on the stairs, and the carpet of the main hall was rucked and disordered; there was also a lingering suggestion of escaping gas, and the Secretary observed a bracket hanging at a bibulous angle.

"This," he murmured through grimly set teeth, "is sheer frightfulness."

Returning to his rooms, he drawled a friendly warning by telephone to the Millionaire, who instantly gave orders that no one of any sex or age was to be admitted. Next he called up the Iron King and repeated the warning; then the Lexicographer, the Official Receiver and the Military Attaché were similarly placed on their guard, and there was nothing to do but to proceed to his belated dinner.

The Great War, which had converted staff officers into popular

preachers, novelists into strategical experts and every one else into a Minister of the Crown, had left the Poet (in name, at least) a poet and in nothing else anything at all. He acted precisely as the Private Secretary had intended him to act, driving first to the Lexicographer's house, where he was greeted by a suspiciously new "TO LET" board, and thence to the Official Receiver's flat, where a typewritten card informed him that this bell was out of order. Embarrassed but purposeful, he directed his four-wheeler to Eaton Square, but the blinds were down, and a semblance of mourning draped the Iron King's house. In Park Lane a twenty-yard expanse of straw, nine inches thick, prayed silence for the Millionaire's quick recovery.

"I don't know where to go to next," murmured the Poet dejectedly.

"Well, I'm blest if I do," grumbled the driver. "And it's past my tea-time. Doncher know where yer live?"

"Years ago I had rooms in Stafford's Inn," began the Poet. "Then the Cabinet Committee . . ."

The cabman descended from his box for a heart to heart conversation.

"Now you look 'ere," he said. "I got a boy at 'ome the livin' image of you . . ."

"But how nice!" interrupted the Poet, wondering apprehensively whether an invitation was on its way to him.

The cabman sniffed.

"Not quite right in 'is 'ead 'e ain't. *There*fore I don't want to be 'arsh with yer. Jump inside, let me drive yer ter Stafford's Inn, pay me me legal fare and a bob ter drink yer 'ealth—and we'll say no more abaht it. If yer don't—" He made a threatening gesture towards the Poet's precariously strapped trunks—"I'll throw

the blinkin' lot on ter the pivement, and yer can carry 'em 'ome on yer 'ead. See?"

"I couldn't, you know," objected the Poet gently.

"Jump inside," repeated the cabman.

One hope was as forlorn as another, and the Poet was too sick with hunger to think of resistance. In time the four-wheeler rumbled its way to Stafford's Inn; in time and by force of habit the Poet was mounting the bare, creaking, wooden stairs; in time he found himself fitting his unsurrendered latch key into his abandoned lock.

Beyond an eight weeks' layer of dust on chairs and table, the threadbare rooms were little changed. A loaf of bread, green and furred with mold, lay beside an empty marmalade pot from which a cloud of flies emerged with angry buzzing; a breakfast cup without a handle completed the furniture of the table, and in the rickety armchair was an eight-week-old *Morning Post.*

"The Cabinet Committee has neglected its opportunities," grumbled the Poet, surveying with disfavor the dusty, derelict scene.

Then his eye was caught by a long envelope, thrust half-way under the door, from the Cabinet Committee itself. An indecipherable set of initials, later describing itself as his obedient servant, was directed to inform him on a date two months earlier that it had been decided not to requisition the offices and chambers of Stafford's Inn. The formal notice was accordingly to be regarded as canceled.

The Poet, who knew nothing of business, wrote instructing his solicitors to claim for two months' disturbance from the Defense of the Realm Commission on Losses and to include all legal costs in the claim.

IV

THREE weeks later the Private Secretary was strolling across the Horse Guards' Parade on his way to luncheon, when he caught sight of the Poet. Since their last altercation his conscience had been as uneasy as a Private Secretary's conscience can be, and he strove to avoid the meeting. The Poet, however, was full of sunshine and smiles.

"I've not seen you for weeks!" he cried welcomingly. "How's everybody and what's everybody doing? Is the Millionaire all right again? I understand he's been ill."

The Private Secretary eyed his friend suspiciously.

"He has not left his house for three weeks," he answered.

"And the Iron King?"

"He has not either."

The Poet's eyes lit up with dawning comprehension.

"What about the Lexicographer and the Official Receiver?" he asked. "The same? What an infernal nuisance! I wanted to call round and see whether they had got me a flat."

The Private Secretary shook his head.

"It's not the least use," he said emphatically. "None of them has been outside his front door for three weeks, no one knows when they'll come out again, no one is allowed inside. Last night I had a box given me for the theater, and I tried to make up a party; all their telephones were disconnected, and, when I drove round in person, I couldn't even get the bell answered." He paused and then enquired carelessly, "By the way, have you got into your new quarters yet? They would be interested to know."

"I haven't got any new quarters," answered the Poet. "You remember that you and the others were going to find them for me.

I know nothing of business—and I'm not likely to get new rooms until I see the Millionaire and the Iron King."

At the steps of his club the Private Secretary paused, as though wondering whether to say that the Poet was unlikely to see the Iron King or the Millionaire until he had got his new rooms. This prolonged voluntary self-internment was a source of inconvenience, for in the peaceful days before the Cabinet Committee on Accommodation had stepped in, there were pleasant parties in Eaton Square and Park Lane. Now the Private Secretary was reduced to paying for his own dinners more often than was agreeable. He said nothing, however, for fear of concentrating the Poet's fire on himself.

"It must be simply wrecking their business," said the Poet to himself, as he walked to Bedford Row to see how the claim for disturbance was progressing. "It serves them right, though, for talking drains when I wanted to go to bed."

STEPHEN MCKENNA

THE SPELL OF THE KILTIES

WHAT made the crowds turn out in their applauding thousands in New York, Boston, Chicago, Brooklyn, and wherever the "Kilties" from Canada appeared during their visit to the United States of America on their British Recruiting Mission, during the summer of 1917?

Or why do the inhabitants of Paris single out the kilted regiments when a March Past of the forces of the Allies is held on a National Fête Day, and press upon the soldiers with showers of flowers and tokens of admiration?

Is it simply because the dress worn is somewhat out of the common, giving a touch of color to these gray times, and bringing associations of days of old, as the men swing along, with a swish of their kilts, to the skirl of the Pipes?

Or is there not a deeper meaning in this spontaneous welcome which comes so evidently from the hearts of the onlookers, and one which is reflected in the popularity of Colonel Walter Scott's New York kilted Highlanders, and by the many fine bodies of men turned out—mostly at their own expense—by the Scottish Clan and Highland Dress Associations, in various cities of the U. S. A.?

The truth is that deep down in the hearts of the majority of the human race there exists a profound attachment to the ideals of gallantry and chivalry which were nourished by the stories we loved in childhood, and by the tales of Scottish prowess, in prose and poetry, selected for the school-books in use by the children of the English-speaking peoples.

Scotland has indeed been blessed by the possession of poets and bards who have preserved her annals and sung the deeds of her patriot heroes in so alluring a form, that her sons and daughters

are assured of a welcome in any part of the world, and start with the great asset of being always expected to "make good" in every land of their adoption. Wherever they may roam, we find them occupying positions of influence, and still cherishing and promulgating the traditions and the customs of the Land of the Heather, which impel to high thinking, resolute doing, and the upholding of old standards, such as build up the lives both of individuals and of nations.

And thus, when the moment of emergency arrives when "to every man and nation comes the moment to decide" you will find the men and women of Scottish descent to the forefront in every fight for liberty and righteousness in every part of the globe.

And in the midst of the clash and din of arms you will catch ever and anon the sound of the up-lifting cadence of some grand old Scottish Psalm tune, bringing comfort, and courage, and calm, —and then the call of the Pipes, inspiring war-worn troops to accomplish impossible tasks, such as the feats which have made the Gordon Highlanders and their Pipers immortal—as at Dargai, and have brought fresh glory to many a Scottish Regiment in this great war—aye, and to many a regiment of brother Gaels from Ireland also, of whose exploits we have heard as they rushed into the fray, preceded by their Irish War-Pipes.

A few weeks ago, a young widow with her two months' old baby in her arms, was following the remains of her husband to his warrior's grave "somewhere in France." She was dry-eyed and rebellious in her youthful despair, as she walked at the head of the sad little procession of her husband's comrades;—and then the party met a Highland Pipe Band, whose Pipe-Major, quick to understand the situation, halted his men, wheeled them round, and gave the signal to play the lovely Lament: "Lochaber no more!"

At the sound of the familiar strains the founts of sorrow were

unsealed, and weeping, but comforted, the child-wife mother was able to commit her dead hero's dust to the grave in sure and certain confidence of a glorious re-union, and turned to face life again with his little son, with strength and faith renewed.

This is but a little incident, but it illustrates the hold that the music of the Gael has on the hearts of its children, and of its power to evoke memories and associations full of inspiration both in joy and in sorrow.

And is not this the interpretation of the spell of the "Kilties"?

Is Mise Aberdeen a Ceann

SHERSTON'S WEDDING EVE

IN THE gathering twilight a man stood at the eastern window of a room which formed the top story of one of the houses in Peter the Great Terrace—that survival from the early nineteenth century which forms a kind of recess in the broad thoroughfare linking Waterloo Bridge with the Strand. The man's name was Shirley Sherston, and among the happy, prosperous few who are concerned with such things, he was known for his fine, distinguished work in domestic architecture.

It was the evening of October 13, 1915, and Sherston was to be married to-morrow.

Now, for what most people would have thought a puerile reason, that with him 13 had always proved a lucky number, he had much wished that to-day should be his wedding day. And Helen Pomeroy, his future wife, who never thought anything he did or desired to do puerile or unreasonable, had been quite willing to fall in with his fancy. The lucky day had actually been chosen. Then a tiresome woman, a sister of Miss Pomeroy's mother, had said she could not be present at the marriage if it took place on the thirteenth, as on that day her son, who had been home on leave, was going back to the Front. She had also pointed out quite unnecessarily, that 13 is an unlucky number.

Staring out into the gathering darkness, Sherston's stormy, eager heart began to quiver with longing, with regret, and with the half-painful rapture of anticipation. He had suddenly visioned—and Sherston was a man given to vivid visions—where he would have been now, at this moment, had his marriage indeed taken place this morning. He saw himself, on this beautiful starlit, moonless night, standing, along with his dear love, on the plat-

form of a medieval tower, which, together with the picturesque farmhouse which had been tacked on to the tower about a hundred years ago, rose, close to the seashore, on a lonely stretch of the Sussex coast.

But what was not true to-night would be true to-morrow night, twenty-four hours from now.

He had bought tower and house three years ago, and he had spent there many happy holidays, boating and fishing, alone, or in company of some man chum. Sherston had never thought to bring a woman there, for the morrow's bridegroom, for some six to seven years past, had had an impatient contempt for, as well as a fear of, women.

Sherston was a widower, though he never used the word, even in his innermost heart, for to him the term connoted something slightly absurd, and he was sensitive to ridicule.

Very few of the people at present acquainted with the brilliant, pleasantly eccentric architect, knew that he had been married before. But of course the handful of old Bohemian comrades whom he had faithfully kept from out of the past, were well aware of the fact. They were not likely to forget it either, for whenever he was mentioned, each of them at once remembered that which at the time it had happened, Sherston had every reason to tell rather than to conceal, namely, that the woman who had been his wife had gone down with the *Titanic*.

But how long ago that now seemed!

The outbreak of war, which caused so much unmerited misfortune to English artists and their like, and which at one moment had threatened to wreck his own successful opening career, had brought to Shirley Sherston a piece of marvelous good fortune.

Early in that memorable August, 1914, at a time when the fabric

of his life and work seemed shattered, and when the lameness which he had so triumphantly coped with during his grown up life as to cause those about him scarcely to know it was there, made it out of the question for him to respond to his country's first call for men, the architect happened to run across James Pomeroy, a cultivated millionaire with whom he had once had a slight business relation. Acting on a kindly impulse which even now Mr. Pomeroy hardly knew whether to remember with pleasure or regret, the older man had pressed the younger to spend a week in a country house which he had taken for the summer near London.

That was now fourteen months ago, but Sherston, standing there, remembered as if it had happened yesterday, his first sight of the girl who was to become his wife to-morrow. Helen Pomeroy had been standing on a brick path bordered with hollyhocks, and she had smiled, a little shyly and gravely, at her father's rather eccentric-looking guest. But on that war-summer morning she had appeared to the stranger as does a mirage of spring water to a man who is dying of thirst in the desert.

Up to that time Sherston had always supposed himself to be attracted to small women. He was a big, fair man, with loosely hung limbs, and his wife—poor little baggage—had been a tiny creature, vixenish at her worst, kittenish at her best. But Helen Pomeroy was tall, with the noble proportions and tapering limbs of a goddess, and gradually—not for some time, for all social life was dislocated in England during that strange summer—Sherston became aware, with a kind of angry revolt of soul, that he was but one of many worshipers at the shrine.

Following an irresistible impulse, he early in their acquaintance told Helen Pomeroy more of himself than he had ever told any other human being; and his confidences at last included a bowdler-

ized account of his wretched marriage. But though they soon became friends, and though he went on seeing a great deal of her, all through that autumn and winter, Sherston feared to put his fate to the touch, and he was jealous—God alone knew how hideously, intolerably jealous—of the khaki-clad soldiers who came and went in her father's house in town.

And then, one day, during the second summer of their acquaintance, a word let drop by Mr. Pomeroy, who had become fond of the odd, restless fellow, opened a pit before Sherston's feet. It was a word implying that now, at last, Helen's father and mother hoped she would "make up her mind." A very distinguished soldier, whom she had refused as a girl of twenty, had come back unchanged, after six years, from India, and Helen, or so her parents hoped and thought, was seriously thinking of him.

Sherston had kept away. He had even left two of her letters—the rather formal letters which had come to mean so very much in his life—unanswered. A fortnight had gone by, and then there had reached him a prim little note from Mrs. Pomeroy, asking him why he had not been to see them lately. There was a postscript: "If you do not come soon, you will not see my daughter. She has not been well, and we are thinking of sending her up to Scotland, to friends who are in Skye, for a good long holiday."

He had gone to Cadogan Square (it was August 13th) as quickly as a taxi could take him, and by a blessed stroke of luck he had found Miss Pomeroy alone. In a flash all had come right between them. That had only been nine weeks ago, and now they were to be married to-morrow . . .

Sherston had been standing a long time at that casement of his which commanded the huge gray mass of Somerset House, when

at last he turned round, and went quickly across the room to the other, western, window.

Even in the gathering darkness what a faëry view was there! Glad as he was to know that after to-night he would never again see this living room in its present familiar guise—for he had arranged with a furniture dealer to come and take everything left in it away, within an hour of his departure—he told himself that never again could he hope to live with such a view as that on which he was gazing out now.

The yellowing branches of the trees which have their roots deep in the graveyard of the old Savoy Chapel formed, even in mid-October, a delicious screen of living, moving leaves. Far below, to his left, ran the river Thames, its rushing waters full of a mysterious, darksome beauty, and illumined, here and there, with the quivering reflection of shadowed white, green and red lights. Sherston in his heart often blessed the Zeppelin scare which had banished the monstrous, flaring signs which, till a few months ago, had so offended his eyes each time that he looked out into the night, towards the water.

The lease of a fine old house in Cheyne Walk had been chosen by Mr. Pomeroy as his daughter's wedding gift, and already certain of Sherston's personal possessions had been moved there. But he was taking with him as little as was possible, and practically nothing from this memory-haunted room.

It was the big, light, airy, loft-like apartment which had attracted him in these chambers fifteen years ago, when he had first come to London from the Midlands, at the age of three-and-twenty. It was here, five years later, that he had come straight back from the Soho Registry Office with the young woman whom he had quixotically drawn up out of a world—the nether world—where she had been happier than she could ever hope to become with him. For

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Kitty Brawle—her very surname was symbolic—was one of those doomed creatures who love the mud, who never really wish to leave the mud—who feel scraped and sad when clean.

Unhappy Sherston! The noblest thing he had ever done, or was ever likely to do, in his life, proved, for a time at least, his undoing. Kitty had made him from generous mean, from unsuspecting suspicious, and during the wretched year they had spent together she had had a disastrous effect on his work. At last, acting on the shrewd advice of one of those instinctive men of the world of which Bohemia is full, he had bought her a billet in a theatrical touring company. There, by an extraordinary chance, Kitty made a tiny hit—sufficiently of a hit to bring her from an American impresario a creditable offer, contingent on her fare being paid to the States.

Gladly, how gladly only he himself had known—Sherston had taken her passage in the *Titanic*, Kitty's own characteristic choice of a boat. And he had done more. Though short of money, he had given Kitty a hundred pounds.

Four days after their parting had come the astounding news of the sinking of the liner, followed, for Sherston, by a period of strange, painful suspense, filled with the eager scanning of lists, cables to and from America, finally terminated by an official intimation that poor Kitty had gone down in, and with, the ship.

Sherston's imagination was inconveniently vivid, and for a few poignant weeks his wife's horrible end haunted him. But after a while he forced himself to take a long holiday in Greece, and from there he came back with his nerves in better order than they had ever been.

Fate, which so seldom interferes with kindly intention in the lives of men, had cut what had become a strangling knot, and Kitty, from a dreadful, never-forgotten burden, had become a

rather touching, piteous memory, growing ever dimmer as first the months, and then the years, slipped by.

Even so, her ghost sufficiently often haunted this large room, and the other apartments which composed Sherston's set of chambers, to make him determine that Miss Pomeroy should never come there. And she, being in this as unlike other, commonplace, young woman as she was in everything else, had never put him to the pain of finding an insincere excuse for his unwillingness to show her the place in which he lived and worked. . . .

The coming night stretched long and bleak before to-morrow's bridegroom. There were fourteen hours to live through before he could even see Helen, for the time of the marriage had been fixed for eleven o'clock.

Sherston was not looking forward to the actual ceremony—no man ever does; and though it was to be a war wedding, a great many people, as he was ruefully aware, had been bidden to the ceremony. But it was comfortable to know that none of the guests had been asked to go back to the house from which he and his bride were to start for Sussex at one o'clock, in the motor which was Mrs. Pomeroy's marriage gift to her daughter.

Suddenly Sherston discovered that he was very hungry! He had lunched in Cadogan Square at a quarter to two, but he had felt too inwardly excited in that queer atmosphere of tears and laughter, of trousseau and wedding presents, to eat.

Even the least earthly of Romantics cannot forget for long the claims of the flesh, and so, smiling a little wryly in the darkness, he now told himself that the best thing he could do was to go out and get some supper. Acquainted with all the eating houses in the region, he was glad indeed that after to-night he would never have to enter one again.

Pulling down the green blind in front of him, Sherston walked across the room and pulled down the blind of the other window, for the London lighting orders had become much stricter of late. Then he turned on the electric light switch, took up his hat and stick, and went out into the little lobby.

Before him was a narrow aperture which opened straight on to the steep, short flight of steps connecting his chambers with the stone staircase of the big old house. This latter-like set of steps had a door top and bottom, but the lower door, which gave on to the landing, was generally left open. Turning out the light in the lobby, Sherston put his left hand on the bannister and slid down in the darkness, taking the dozen steps as it were in one stride.

As he reached the bottom he suddenly became aware that the door before him, that giving on to the landing, was shut, and that some one, almost certainly a child—for there was not room on the mat for a full-grown person—was crouching down just within the door.

Sherston felt sharply, perhaps unreasonably, irritated. Known in the neighborhood as open-handed and kindly, it had sometimes happened, but generally only in wintry weather, that he had come home to find some poor waif lying in wait for him. Man, woman or child who had wandered in, maybe, before the big door downstairs was closed, or who, if still blessed with some outer semblance of gentility, had managed cunningly to get past the Cerberus who lived in the basement, and whose duty it was to open the front door, after eight at night, to non-residents.

He felt in his pocket for half-a-crown, and then, pretending still to be unaware that there was any one there, he fumbled for the spring lock.

The door burst open—he saw before him the shaft of glimmering whiteness shed by the skylight, for since the Zeppelin raid of

the month before, the staircase was always left in darkness—and the figure of his unknown guest rolled over, picked itself up, and stood revealed, a woman, not a child, as he had at first thought. And then a feeling of sick, shrinking fear came over Sherston, for there fell on his ears the once horribly familiar accents—plaintive, wheedling, falsely timorous—of his dead wife's voice . . .

"Is that you, Shirley? I didn't know that you was at home. The windows were all dark, and—" In an injured tone this: "I've been waiting here ever so long for you to come in!"

The wraith-like figure before him was only too clearly flesh and blood, and, as he stepped forward, it moved quickly across, and stood, barring his way, on the top stone step of the big staircase.

Sherston remained silent. He could think of nothing to say. But his mind began to work with extraordinary rapidity and lucidity.

There was only one thing to do, here and now. That was to give the woman standing there a little money—not much—and tell her to come back again the next day. Having thus got rid of her—he knew that on no account must she be allowed to stay here the night—he must go at once to Mr. Pomeroy and tell him of this terrible, hitherto unimaginable, calamity. He told himself that it would be, if not exactly easy, then certainly possible to arrange a divorce.

Determinedly, in these tense, terrible moments, he refused to let himself face the coming anguish and dismay of the morrow. It was just a blow, straight between the eyes from fate—that fate who he had foolishly thought had been kind.

"Well? Are you going to let me stand here all night?"

"No, of course not. Wait a minute—I'm thinking." He spoke in a quick, hoarse tone, a tone alas! which Kitty at one time in their joint lives had come to associate with deep feeling on his part,

in those days when she used to come and tell the lonely man of her sorrows, of her temptations, and of her vague, upward aspirations. . . .

She lurched a little towards him. Everything was going far better than she could have hoped; why, Sherston did not seem angry, hardly annoyed, at her unheralded return!

Suddenly he felt her thin, strong arms closing round his body, in a horrible vice-like grip—

"Don't touch me!" he cried fiercely; and making a greater physical effort than he would have thought himself capable of, he shook himself violently free.

He saw her reel backwards and fall, with a queer grotesque movement, head over heels down the stone steps. The dull thud her body made as she fell on the half landing echoed up and down the bare well of the staircase.

Sherston's heart smote him. He had not meant to do *that*. Then he reminded himself bitterly that drunkards always fall soft. She could not have hurt herself much, falling that little way.

He waited a few moments; then, as she made no effort to raise herself, he walked down, slowly, unwillingly, towards her. From the little he could see in the dim light cast from above, Kitty was lying very oddly, all in a heap, her head against the wall.

He knelt down by her side.

"Kitty," he said quietly. "Try and get up. I'm sorry if I hurt you, but you took me by surprise. I—I—"

But there came no word, no moan even, in answer.

He felt for her limp hand, and held it a moment, but it lay in his, inertly. Filled with a queer, growing fear, he struck a match, bent down, and saw, for the first time that night, her face. It looked older, incredibly older, than when he had last seen it, five years ago! The hair near the temples had turned gray. Her

eyes were wide open—and even as he looked earnestly into her face, her jaw suddenly dropped. He started back with an extraordinary feeling of mingled fear and repugnance.

Striking match after match as he went, he rushed up again into his chambers, and looked about for a hand mirror. . . . He failed to find one, and at last he brought down his shaving glass.

With shaking hands he laid it close against that hideous, gaping mouth, for five long dragging minutes. The glass remained clear, untarnished.

Putting a great constraint on himself, he forced himself to move her head. And then the truth came to him! In that strange short fall Kitty had broken her neck. For the second time he was free. But this time her death, instead of cutting a knot, bound him as with cords of twisted steel to shame, and yes, to deadly peril.

Slowly he got up from his knees. Unless he went and jumped over the parapet of the Embankment into the river—a possibility which he grimly envisaged for a few moments—he knew that the only thing to do was to go off at once for the police, and make, as the saying is, a clean breast of it. After all he was innocent—innocent of even a secret desire of encompassing Kitty's death. But would it be possible to make even the indifferent, when aware of all the circumstances, believe that? Yes, there was one such human being—and as he thought of her his heart glowed with gratitude to God for having made her known to him. Helen would believe him, Helen would understand everything—and nothing else really mattered. It was curious how the thought of Helen, which had been agony an hour ago, now filled him with a kind of steadfast comfort.

As Sherston turned to go down the staircase, there came the distant sound of the bursting of a motor tire, and the unhappy

man started violently. His nerves were now in pieces, but he remembered, as he went down the stone steps, to feel in one of his pockets, to be sure he had what he so seldom used, a card-case on him.

On reaching the front door he was surprised to find it open, and to see just within the hall, their white caps and pale faces dimly illumined by the little light that glimmered in from outside, two trained nurses with bags in their hands. They were talking eagerly, and took no notice of him as he passed.

For a moment Sherston wondered whether he ought to tell them of the terrible accident which had just happened upstairs—but after a momentary hesitation he decided that it would be better to go straight off to the Police Station. Already his excited brain saw a nurse standing in the witness-box at a trial where he himself stood in the dock on a charge of murder. So, past the two whispering women, he hurried out into the darkness.

Even in the grievous state of mental distress in which he now found himself, Sherston noticed that the street lamps were turned so low that there only shone out, under their green shades, pallid spots of light. And as he stumbled across the curb of the pavement, he told himself, with irritation, that that was really rather absurd! More accidents proceeded from the absence of light than were ever likely to be caused by Zeppelins.

Perforce walking warily, he hastened towards the Strand. There was less traffic than usual, fewer people, too, on the pavement, but it was just after nine o'clock, the quietest time of the evening.

Suddenly a huge column of flame shot up some thirty yards in front of him, and then (it seemed to all to happen in a moment) a line of men, police and special constables, spread across the thoroughfare in which he now was, barring off the Strand.

Sherston quickened his footsteps. For a moment his own disturbed and fearsome thoughts were banished by the extraordinary and exciting sight before him. Higher and higher mounted the pillar of fire, throwing a sinister glare on the buildings, high and low, new and old, round about it. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed involuntarily. "Is that the Lyceum on fire?" A policeman near whom he was now standing, turned round and said shortly, "Can't say, I'm sure, sir."

He witnessed in the next few minutes a strange scene of confusion, of hurrying and scurrying hither and thither. Where there had been almost pitch darkness, was now a glittering, brilliant bath of light, in which the figures of men and women, moving swiftly to and fro, appeared like animated silhouettes. But even as he stared before him at the extraordinary Hogarthian vision, the roadway and the pavements of the Strand became strangely and suddenly deserted, while he began to hear the hoot, hoot of the fire-engines galloping to the scene of the disaster. Before him the line of police and of special constables remained unbroken, and barred his further progress.

"I don't want to go past the theater," he whispered urgently. "I only want to get to Bow Street, as quickly as possible, on a very important matter." He slipped the half-crown he had meant to give the waif he had taken Kitty to be, into a policeman's hand, and though the man shook his head he let him through.

Sherston shot down the Strand, to his left. Almost filling up the steep, lane-like street which leads down to the Savoy Hotel, were rows of ambulances, groups of nurses, and Red Cross men, and absorbed though he was once more in his own sensations, and the thought of the terrible ordeal that lay in front of him, Sherston yet found himself admiring the quickness with which they had been rushed hither.

On he went, and crossed the empty roadway. How strange that so little attention was being paid to the fire! Instead of a hurrying mob of men and women, the Strand was now extraordinarily empty, both of people and of vehicles, and now and again he could hear the sound of knocking, of urgent knocking, as of some one who has been locked out, and is determined to be let in.

He strode quickly along, feeling his way somewhat, for apart from the reflection of the red sky, it was pitch dark in the side streets, and soon he stood before the Police Station. The big old-fashioned building was just within the outer circle of light cast by the huge fire whose fierceness seemed to increase rather than diminish, and Sherston suddenly espied an Inspector standing half in the open door. "I've some very urgent business," he said hurriedly. "Could you come inside for a moment, and take down a statement?"

"What's your business about?" said the man sharply, and in the wavering light Sherston thought his face looked oddly distraught and pale.

"There's a woman lying dead at No. 19 Peter the Great Terrace," began Sherston curtly—

The man bent forward. "There's many women already lying dead about here, sir, and likely to be more—babies and children too—before we're through with this hellish business!" he said grimly. "If she's dead, poor thing, we can do nothing for her. But if you think there's any life left in her—well, you'll find plenty of ambulances, as well as doctors and nurses, down Strand way. But if I was you, I'd wait a bit before going back. They're still about—" and even as he uttered the word "about" he started back into the shelter of the building, pulling Sherston roughly in with him as he did so, and there came a loud, dull report, curiously analogous to that which a quarter of an hour ago—it

seemed hours rather than minutes—Sherston had taken for the bursting of a motor tire. But this time the sound was at once followed by that of shattered glass, and of falling masonry.

"Good God!" he cried. "What's that?"

"A goodish lot of damage this time, I should think," said the Inspector thoughtfully. "Though they're doing wonderfully little considering how they—"

"*They?*"

"Zeppelins, of course, sir! Why, didn't you guess that? They say there're two over us if not three." Then in a voice, so changed, so charged with relief, that his own mother would not have known it for the same, the man exclaimed, "Look up, sir—there they are! And they're off—the hellish things!" And Sherston, throwing up his head, did indeed see what looked to his astonished eyes like two beautiful golden trout swimming across the sky just above him.

As he stood awestruck, fascinated at the astounding sight, he also saw what looked like a falling star shoot down from one of the Zeppelins, and again there fell on his ears that strange explosive thud.

The man by his side uttered a stifled oath. "There's another —let's hope it's the last in this district!" he exclaimed. "See! They're off down the river now!"

Even as he said the words the space in front of the Police Station was suddenly filled with a surging mass of people, men, women, even children, making their way Strandward, to see all that there was to see, now that the immediate danger was past.

"If I were you, sir, I think I'd stay here quietly a bit, till the crowd has thinned, and been driven back. I take it you can't do that poor woman of whom you spoke just now any good— I take it she's dead, sir?" the Inspector spoke very feelingly.

"Yes, she certainly is dead," said Sherston dully.

"Well, I must be going now, but if you like to stay here a while, I'm sure you're welcome, sir."

"No," said Sherston. "I think I'll go out and see whether I can do anything to help."

The two passed out into the roadway, and took their place among the slowly moving people there, the Inspector making a way for himself and his companion through the excited, talkative, good-humored Cockney crowd. "There it is! Can't you see it? Up there just like a little yellow worm." "There's naught at all! You've got the cobble-wobbles!" and then a ripple of laughter.

Sherston was borne along with the human stream, and with that stream he suddenly found himself stopped at the westward end of Wellington Street. Over the heads of the people before him—they were, oddly enough, mostly women—he could see the column of flame still burning steadily upwards, and scarcely affected at all by the huge jets of water now playing on it.

It seemed to start from the ground, a massive pillar of fire, and all round it was an empty space—a zone no human being could approach for fear of being at once roasted and shriveled up to death. "The bomb got down to the big gas main," observed a voice close to him. "It'll be days before they get *that* fire under!"

He, Sherston, felt marvelously calm. This strange, awful visitation had made for him a breathing space in which to reconsider what he had better do, and suddenly he decided that he would go and consult Mr. Pomeroy. But before doing that he must force himself to go back and fetch certain documents which fortunately he had kept. . . .

He made his way, with a great deal of difficulty—for it was as if all London had by now flocked to this one afflicted area—by a

circuitous way to the Strand. Tramping through a six-inch-deep flood of broken glass he made his way by the Embankment and the Waterloo Bridge steps to the upper level, that leading to, and past, Peter the Great Terrace.

A vast host was now westward from over the river, and he felt the electric currents of joyous excitement, retrospective fear, and, above all, of eager, almost ferocious, curiosity, linking up rapidly about him. The rough and ready cordon of special constables seemed powerless to dam the human tide, and caught in that tide's eddies, Sherston struggled helplessly.

"Let me through," he shouted at last. "I *must* get through!"

"You can't get through just here—there's a house been struck in Peter the Great Terrace! 'Twas the last bomb did it!"

Sherston uttered a groan—Ah! If only that were true! But he had just now glanced up and seen the row of big substantial eighteenth century houses, of which his was the end one, solidly outlined against the star-powdered sky, though every pane of glass had been blown out.

Then some one turned round. "It's the corner house been struck. Bomb fell right through the skylight. They've sent for the firemen to see what damage was done. You can't see anything from this side."

Through the skylight?

Sherston was a powerful man. He forced his way, he did not know how, blindly, to the very front of the crowd.

Yes, there were two firemen standing by the low, sunk-in door, that door through which he had come and gone hundreds, nay thousands, of times, in his life. So much was true, but everything else was as usual. "I live here," he said hoarsely. "Will you let me through?"

The fireman shook his head. "No, sir. I can't let any one

through. And if I did 'twould be no good. The staircase is clean gone—a great big stone staircase, too! It's all in bits, just like a lot of rubble. The front of the house ain't touched, but the center and behind—well, sir, you never did see such a sight!"

"Any one hurt?" asked Sherston in a strangled tone. He felt a most extraordinary physical sensation of lightness—of—of—was it dissolution?—sweep over his mind and body. He heard as in a far away dream the answer to his question.

"There was no one in the house at all, from what we can make out. The caretaker had a lucky escape, or he'd be buried alive by now, but he and his missus had already gone out to see the sights."

A moment later the fireman was holding Sherston in his big brawny arms, and shouting "An ambulance this way—send along a nurse please—gentleman's fainted!" The crowd parted eagerly, respectfully. "Poor feller!" exclaimed one woman in half piteous, half furious tones. "Those damned Germans—they've gone and destroyed the poor chap's little all. I heard him explaining just now as what he lived here!"

Hilaire Belloc Lucas

A CANADIAN SOLDIER'S DOMINION DAY AT SHORNCLIFFE

"IS THERE a holiday next Thursday?" inquired a Canadian officer of an English confrére.

"A holiday? Not that I know of. Why should there be?"

"Why? Because it's Dominion Day."

"Dominion Day?" blankly echoed the English Officer.

"Yes! Did you never hear of it, you benighted Islander?"

"I really am afraid not," replied the English Officer, convicted by the Canadian's tone of nothing less than crime. "Just what is it?"

"Perhaps you have never heard of Canada?"

"Well, *rather,* we hear something of Canada these days."

Then, as the light began to break in on his darkened soul, "Ah, I see, that is your Canadian National Day, is it not?"

"It is. And the question is 'Are we going to have a holiday?' "

"Well, you see the King specially requested that there be no holiday on his birthday."

"The King's birthday! Oh, that's all right—but this is different, you see."

The Englishman looked mildly surprised.

"Oh, the King's all right," continued the Canadian, answering the other's look, "we think a lot of him these days. But—you know—Dominion Day—"

"I hope you may get it, old chap, but I fancy we are in for the usual grind."

The Canadian officer had little objection to the grind nor had his men. The Canadians eat up work. But somehow it did not seem right that the 1st of July slide past without celebration of any

kind. He had memories of that day, of its early morning hours when a kid he used to steal down stairs to let off a few firecrackers from his precious bunch just to see how they would go. Latterly he had not cared for the fireworks part of it except for the Kiddies. But somehow he was conscious of a new interest in Canada's birthday. Perhaps because Canada was so far away and the Kiddies would be wanting some one to set off their crackers. It was good to be in England, the beautiful old motherland, but it was not Canada and it did not seem right that Canada's birthday should be allowed to pass unmarked. So too thought the Commandant of the Shorncliffe Camp, a right good Canadian he.

"I have arranged a Tattoo for the evening," he announced in conversation with the Canadian Officer the day before the First.

"What about a holiday, Colonel?" The Commandant shook his head.

"Well, then, a half-holiday?"

"No. At least," remembering the officer's ancestry and that he was a Canadian Highlander, "not officially, whateffer."

"Shall I get a rope for the Tug of War, do you think?"

"I think," replied the Commandant slowly with a wink in his left eye, "you might get the rope."

This was sufficient encouragement for the 43rd to go on with and so the rope was got and vaulting pole and standards with other appurtenances of a day of sports. And the preparations went bravely on. So also went on the Syllabus which for Dominion Day showed, Company Drill, Instruction Classes, Lectures, Physical for the forenoon, Bayonet fighting and Route marching for the afternoon.

"All right, let her go," and so the fields and plains, the lanes and roads are filled with Canadian soldiers celebrating their Dominion Day, drilling, bayonet fighting, route marching, while overhead

soars thrumming the watchful airship, Britain's eye. For Britain has a business on hand. Just yonder stretches the misty sea where unsleeping lie Britain's men of war. Beyond the sea bleeding Belgium has bloodsoaked ground crying to Heaven long waiting but soon at length to hear. And France fiercely, proudly proving her right to live an independent nation. And Germany. Germany! the last word in intellectual power, in industrial achievement, in scientific research, aye and in infamous brutality! Germany, the mighty modern Hun, the highly scienced barbarian of this twentieth Century, more bloody than Attila, more ruthless than his savage hordes. Germany doomed to destruction because freedom is man's inalienable birthright, man's undying passion. Germany! fated to execration by future generations for that she has crucified the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame. Germany! for the balking of whose insolent and futile ambition, and for the crushing of whose archaic military madness we Canadians are tramping on this Dominion Day these English fields and these sweet English lanes 5,000 miles from our Western Canada which dear land we can not ever see again if this monstrous threatening cloud be not removed forever from our sky. For this it is that 100,000 Canadian citizens have left their homes with 500,000 eager more to follow if needed, other sons of the Empire knit in one firm resolve that once more Freedom shall be saved for the race as by their sires in other days.

But the Tattoo is on—the ground chosen is the little plateau within the lines of the 43rd just below the Officers' tents, flanked on one side by a sloping grassy hill on the other by a row of ancient trees shading a little hidden brook that gurgles softly to itself all day long. On the sloping hill the soldiers of the various battalions lie stretched at ease in khaki-colored kilts and trews, caps and bonnets, except the men of the 43rd who wear the dark blue Glen-

garry. In the center of the plateau a platform invites attention and on each side facing it rows of chairs for officers and their friends, among the latter some officers' wives, happy creatures and happy officers to have them so near and not 5,000 miles away.

The Commandant has been called away on a sad business, a soldier's funeral, hence the Junior Major of the 43rd as chairman of that important and delicately organized Committee of the Bandmasters and Pipe Majors of the various battalions is in charge of the program. Major Grassie is equal to the occasion, quiet, ready, resourceful. With him associated is Major Watts, Adjutant of the 9th, as Musical Director; in peaceful times organist and choir master of a Presbyterian congregation in Edmonton far away.

Bang! Bang! Bang!
Bang! Bang! Bang!

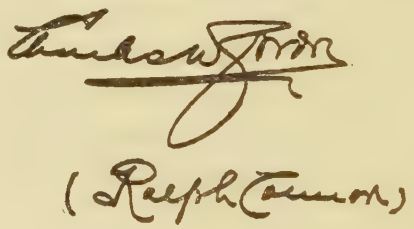
The drums in the distance begin to throb and from the eastern side of the plain march in the band of the 9th playing their Regimental march, *Garry Owen*, none the less. From the west the band of the 11th, then that of the 12th, finally (for the 43rd Band is away on leave, worse luck) the splendid Band of the 49th, each playing its own Regimental march which is taken up by the bands already in position. Next comes the massed buglers of all the regiments, their thrilling soaring notes rising above the hills, and take their stand beside the bands already in place. Then a pause, when from round the hill shoulder rise wild and weird sounds. The music of the evening, to Scottish hearts and ears, has begun. It is the fine pipe band of the 42nd Royal Highlanders from Montreal, khaki clad, kilts and bonnets, and blowing proudly and defiantly their "Wha saw the Forty-twa." Again a pause and from the other side of the hill gay with tartan and blue bonnets, their great booming drones gorgeous with flowing streamers and silver

mountings, in march the 43rd Camerons. "Man, wouldn't Alex Macdonald be proud of his pipes to-day," says a Winnipeg Highlander for these same pipes are Alex's gift to the 43rd, and harkening to these great booming drones I agree.

Ah these pipes! These Highland pipers! Truly as one of them said, "Pipers are no just like other people!" Blowing their *Pilrock of Donald Dhu* they swing into line, mighty and magnificent. Last comes the brave little pipe band of the 49th. This battalion has one Scotch company from Edmonton, which insisted on bringing its pipe band along. Why not? *The Blue Bonnets* is their tune and finely they ring it out. Now they are all in place, Bands, Bugle and Pipes. The massed Bands strike up our National Song, and all the soldiers spring to their feet and sing *Oh, Canada.* A little high but our hearts were in it. And so the program goes on. Single bands and massed bands with solos from French Horns, Trombones and Cornets, varied delightfully with the Highland Fling by Pipe Major Johnson of the 42nd, and the Sword Dance by Piper Reid of the 43rd followed by an encore, the *Shean Trheubs* which I defy any mere Sassenach to pronounce or to dance, at least as Piper Heid of the twinkling feet danced it that night. For he did it "in the style of Willie Maclennan," as a piper said, "the best of his day and they have not matched him yet." The massed pipe bands play *The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar.* Forty-one pipers and every man blowing his best. "Aye man, it is grand hearing you," said a man from the north. Colonel Moore of the 9th, on a minute's warning, makes a fine speech instinct with patriotic sentiment and calls for three cheers for Canada. He got three and a tiger and "a tiger's pup." Major Grassie in another speech neat and to the point thanks those who had helped to celebrate our Dominion Day and once more calls for cheers and gets them. Then the *First Post* warns us that we are soldiers and

under orders. The massed bands play *Nearer My God to Thee.* Full and tender the long drawn notes of the great hymn rise and fall on the evening air, the soldiers joining reverently. The Chaplain of the 43rd congratulates the Commandant upon the happy suggestion of a Tattoo, the Chairman upon his very successful program and all the Company upon a very happy celebration of our national holiday—then a word about our Day and all it stands for, a word about our Empire, our Country, our Kiddies at home, another word of thanks to the Committee for the closing hymn so eminently appropriate to their present circumstances and then God bless our King, God bless our Empire, God bless our Great Cause and God bless our dear Canada. Good night.

The *Last Post* sounds. Its piercing call falls sharp and startling upon the silent night. Long after we say "Good night" that last long-drawn note high and clear with its poignant pathos lingers in our hearts. The Dominion Day celebration is over.



SIMPLE AS DAY

IT WAS among the retorts and test-tubes of his physical laboratory that we were privileged to interview the Great Scientist. His back was towards us when we entered. With characteristic modesty he kept it so for some time after our entry. Even when he turned round and saw us his face did not react off us as we should have expected.

He seemed to look at us, if such a thing were possible, without seeing us, or, at least, without wishing to see us.

We handed him our card.

He took it, read it, dropped it into a bowlful of sulphuric acid, and then, with a quiet gesture of satisfaction, turned again to his work.

We sat for some time behind him. "This then," we thought to ourselves (we always think to ourselves when we are left alone) "is the man, or rather is the back of the man, who has done more" (here we consulted the notes given us by our editor) "to revolutionize our conception of atomic dynamics than the back of any other man."

Presently the Great Scientist turned towards us with a sigh that seemed to our ears to have a note of weariness in it. Something, we felt, must be making him tired.

"What can I do for you?" he said.

"Professor," we answered, "we have called upon you in response to an overwhelming demand on the part of the public—"

The Great Scientist nodded.

"—to learn something of your new researches and discoveries in—" (here we consulted a minute card which we carried in our pocket) "—in radio-active-emanations which are already be-

coming—" (we consulted our card again) "—a household word—"

The professor raised his hand as if to check us—

"I would rather say," he murmured, "helio-radio-active—"

"So would we," we admitted, "much rather—"

"After all," said the Great Scientist, "helium shares in the most intimate degree the properties of radium. So, too, for the matter of that," he added in afterthought, "do thorium, and borium!"

"Even borium!" we exclaimed, delighted, and writing rapidly in our note book. Already we saw ourselves writing up as our headline *Borium Shares Properties of Thorium.*

"Just what is it," said the Great Scientist, "that you want to know?"

"Professor," we answered, "what our journal wants is a plain and simple explanation, so clear that even our readers can understand it, of the new scientific discoveries in radium. We understand that you possess more than any other man the gift of clear and lucid thought—"

The Professor nodded.

"—and that you are able to express yourself with greater simplicity than any two men now lecturing."

The Professor nodded again.

"Now, then," we said, spreading our notes on our knee, "go at it. Tell us, and, through us, tell a quarter of a million anxious readers just what all these new discoveries are about."

"The whole thing," said the Professor, warming up to his work as he perceived from the motions of our face and ears our intelligent interest, "is simplicity itself. I can give it to you in a word—"

"That's it," we said. "Give it to us that way."

"It amounts, if one may boil it down into a phrase—"

"Boil it, boil it," we interrupted.

"—amounts, if one takes the mere gist of it—"

"Take it," we said, "take it."

"—amounts to the resolution of the ultimate atom."

"Ha!" we exclaimed.

"I must ask you first to clear your mind," the Professor continued, "of all conception of ponderable magnitude."

We nodded. We had already cleared our mind of this.

"In fact," added the Professor, with what we thought a quiet note of warning in his voice, "I need hardly tell you that what we are dealing with must be regarded as altogether ultra-microscopic."

We hastened to assure the professor that, in accordance with the high standards of honor represented by our journal, we should of course regard anything that he might say as ultra-microscopic and treat it accordingly.

"You say, then," we continued, "that the essence of the problem is the resolution of the atom. Do you think you can give us any idea of what the atom is?"

The professor looked at us searchingly.

We looked back at him, openly and frankly. The moment was critical for our interview. Could he do it? Were we the kind of person that he could give it to? Could we get it if he did?

"I think I can," he said. "Let us begin with the assumption that the atom is an infinitesimal magnitude. Very good. Let us grant, then, that though it is imponderable and indivisible it must have a spacial content? You grant me this?"

"We do," we said, "we do more than this, we *give* it to you."

"Very well. If spacial, it must have dimension: if dimension

—form: let us assume *ex hypothesi* the form to be that of a spheroid and see where it leads us."

The professor was now intensely interested. He walked to and fro in his laboratory. His features worked with excitement. We worked ours, too, as sympathetically as we could.

"There is no other possible method in inductive science," he added, "than to embrace some hypothesis, the most attractive that one can find, and remain with it—"

We nodded. Even in our own humble life after our day's work we had found this true.

"Now," said the Professor, planting himself squarely in front of us, "assuming a spherical form, and a spacial content, assuming the dynamic forces that are familiar to us and assuming—the thing is bold, I admit—"

We looked as bold as we could.

"—assuming that the *ions*, or *nuclei* of the atom—I know no better word—"

"Neither do we," we said.

"—that the nuclei move under the energy of such forces what have we got?"

"Ha!" we said.

"What have we got? Why, the simplest matter conceivable. The forces inside our atom—itself, mind you, the function of a circle—mark that—"

We did.

"—becomes merely a function of π!"

The Great Scientist paused with a laugh of triumph.

"A function of π!" we repeated in delight.

"Precisely. Our conception of ultimate matter is reduced to that of an oblate spheroid described by the revolution of an ellipse on its own minor axis!"

"Good heavens!" we said, "merely that."

"Nothing else. And in that case any further calculation becomes a mere matter of the extraction of a root."

"How simple," we murmured.

"Is it not?" said the Professor. "In fact, I am accustomed, in talking to my class, to give them a very clear idea, by simply taking as our root F,—F being any finite constant—"

He looked at us sharply. We nodded.

"And raising F to the log of infinity;—I find they apprehend it very readily."

"Do they?" we murmured. Ourselves we felt as if the Log of Infinity carried us to ground higher than what we commonly care to tread on.

"Of course," said the Professor, "the Log of Infinity is an Unknown."

"Of course," we said, very gravely. We felt ourselves here in the presence of something that demanded our reverence.

"But still," continued the Professor, almost jauntily, "we can handle the Unknown just as easily as anything else."

This puzzled us. We kept silent. We thought it wiser to move on to more general ground. In any case, our notes were now nearly complete.

"These discoveries, then," we said, "are absolutely revolutionary."

"They are," said the Professor.

"You have now, as we understand, got the atom—how shall we put it?—got it where you want it."

"Not exactly," said the Professor with a sad smile.

"What do you mean?" we asked.

"Unfortunately our analysis, perfect though it is, stops short. We have no synthesis."

The Professor spoke as in deep sorrow.

"No synthesis," we moaned. We felt it was a cruel blow. But in any case our notes were now elaborate enough. We felt that our readers could do without a synthesis. We rose to go.

"Synthetic dynamics," said the Professor, taking us by the coat, "is only beginning—"

"In that case—" we murmured, disengaging his hand—

"But wait, wait," he pleaded, "wait for another fifty years—"

"We will," we said, very earnestly, "but meantime as our paper goes to press this afternoon we must go now. In fifty years we will come back."

"Oh, I see, I see," said the Professor, "you are writing all this for a newspaper. I see."

"Yes," we said, "we mentioned that at the beginning."

"Ah!" said the Professor, "did you? Very possibly. Yes."

"We propose," we said, "to feature the article for next Saturday."

"Will it be long?" he asked.

"About two columns," we answered.

"And how much," said the Professor in a hesitating way, "do I have to pay you to put it in?"

"How much which?" we asked.

"How much do I have to pay?"

"Why, Professor," we began quickly. Then we checked ourselves. After all was it right to undeceive him, this quiet, absorbed man of science with his ideals, his atoms and his emanations? No, a hundred times no. Let him pay a hundred times.

"It will cost you," we said very firmly, "ten dollars."

The Professor began groping among his apparatus. We knew that he was looking for his purse.

"We should like also very much," we said, "to insert your picture along with the article—"

"Would that cost much?" he asked.

"No, that is only five dollars."

The Professor had meantime found his purse.

"Would it be all right," he began, "—that is, would you mind if I pay you the money now? I am apt to forget."

"Quite all right," we answered. We said good-by very gently and passed out. We felt somehow as if we had touched a higher life. "Such," we murmured, as we looked about the ancient campus, "are the men of science: are there, perhaps, any others of them round this morning that we might interview?"

Stephen Leacock

THE EPIC STANDPOINT IN THE WAR

AFTER more than three years of the War, we are only now beginning to see it, as it is, in its epic immensity. On the eastern front it has been too far from us; on the western front it has been too near us, and we have been too much a part of it, to get any sight at all of that series of monotonous and monstrous battles, a series punctuated only by names: Liège, Antwerp, Mons, Ypres, Verdun and Arras. And if nothing had happened besides the Titanic conflict of material armaments I believe that we should not yet be anywhere near realizing its vastness and its significance.

If we are aware of it now it is because, in the last few months, three events have happened which are of another order: the abdication of Constantine, King of Greece, the Russian Revolution, and the coming of America into the War.

These three events have adjusted and cleared our vision by giving us the true perspective and the scale.

From the standpoint of individuals, even of those few who have lost nothing personally, who are alive and safe, who have never been near the trenches, never watched an air-raid, or so much as seen the inside of a hospital, the War is a monstrous and irreparable tragedy.

But from the epic standpoint, it would not have mattered if all the civilians in Great Britain had been starved to death by submarines, or burned alive in our beds, so long as the freedom of one country, even a small country like Greece, was secured forever, let alone the freedom of a great country like Russia—and let alone the saving of America's soul.

For that is what it comes to.

Somewhere about the sad middle of the War, an American

woman, who is one of the finest of American poets, discussed the War with me. She deplored America's attitude in not coming in with us.

I said, politely and arrogantly, "Why should she? It isn't *her* War. She'll do us more good by keeping out of it."

The poet—who would not have called herself a patriot—answered, "I am not thinking of *your* good. I am thinking of the good of America's soul."

Since August 4th, 1914, England has been energetically engaged in saving her own soul. Heaven knows we needed salvation! But, commendable as our action was and is, the fact remains that it was our own soul that we were saving. We thought, and we cared, nothing about America's soul.

In the beginning of the War, when it seemed certain that America would not come in, we were glad to think that America's body was untouched, that, while all Europe rolled in blood, so vast a territory was still at peace, and that the gulf of the Atlantic kept American men, American women and children, safe from the horror and agony of war. This was a comparatively righteous attitude.

Then we found that it was precisely the Atlantic that gave Americans a taste of our agony and our horror. The Atlantic was no safe place for the American men and women and children who traveled so ingenuously over it.

And when for a long time we wondered whether America would or would not come in, we were still glad; but it was with another gladness. We said to ourselves that we did not want America to come in. We wanted to win the War without her, even if it took us a little longer. For by that time we had begun to look on the War as our and our Allies' unique possession. To fight in it was a privilege and a glory that we were not inclined to share.

"America," we said, "is very much better employed in making munitions for *us*. Let her go on making them. Let her help our wounded; let her feed Belgium for us; but let her not come in now and bag the glory when it is we who have borne the burden and heat of the battle."

And this attitude of ours was not righteous. It was egoistic; it was selfish; it was arrogant. We handed over to America the material rôle and hung on tight to the spiritual glory. It was as if we had asked ourselves, in our arrogance, whether America was able to drink of the cup that we drank of, and to be baptized with the baptism of blood which we were baptized withal?

We had left off thinking even of America's body, and we were not thinking at all about her soul.

Then, only a few months ago, she came in, and we were glad. Most of us were glad because we knew that her coming in would hasten the coming of peace. But I think that some of us were glad because America had saved, before everything, her immortal soul.

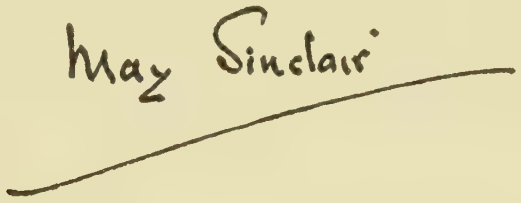
And by our gladness we knew more about ourselves then than we had suspected. We know that, under all our arrogance and selfishness, there was a certain soreness caused by America's neutrality.

We did not care much about Spain's or Scandinavia's or Holland's neutrality, though the Dutch and Scandanavian navies might have helped enormously to tighten the blockade; but we felt America's neutrality as a wrong done to our own soul. We were vulnerable where her honor was concerned. And this, though we knew that she was justified in holding back; for her course was not a straight and simple one like ours. No Government on earth has any right to throw prudence to the winds, and force war on a country that is both divided and unprepared.

Yet we were vulnerable, as if our own honor were concerned.

That is why, however much we honor the men that America sends out now, and will yet send out, to fight with us, we honor still more her first volunteers who came in of their own accord, who threw prudence to every wind that blows, and sent themselves out, to fight and to be wounded and to die in the ranks of the Allies. It may be that some of them loved France more than England. No matter; they had good cause to love her, since France stands for Freedom; and it was Freedom that they fought for, soldiers in the greatest War of Independence that has ever been.

The coming in of America has not placed upon England a greater or more sacred obligation than was hers before:—to see to it that this War accomplishes the freedom, not only of Belgium and Russia and Poland and Serbia and Roumania, but of Ireland also, and of Hungary, and, if Germany so wills it, of Germany herself. It is inconceivable that we should fail; but, if we did fail, we should now have to answer to the soul and conscience of America as to our own conscience and our own soul.



ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS AND THE GREEK SPIRIT

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS, the foremost statesman of Greece, the man to whom in fact she owes that growth in territory and influence that has come as a result of the first and second Balkanic wars, continues to exert paramount influence in the solution of the Eastern question, in spite of the we believe mistaken policy of the Triple Entente which permitted King Constantine of Greece for so long a time to prevent the direct application of the power of Greece to and in the successful termination of the war against Germany. Venizelos has never lost faith in the mission of Greece in the eastern Mediterranean. He insists that a balance of power in the Balkans will prevent an all powerful Bulgaria from selling herself and her neighbors to the Pan-German octopus which has stretched its tentacles toward Constantinople and on to the Persian Gulf.

Manfully defending the rights of the Greeks in Macedonia and Asia Minor as he for long years supported those of the Greeks in Crete, he demands no aggrandizement of territory by right of conquest, but only the legitimate control and administration of lands that have been for ages inhabited by men of Greek blood, of Greek religion, and (until efforts were made to enforce other speech) of Greek language. He hates as only Greeks can hate, oppression of all sorts whether by Turk or Bulgarian or Teuton, and desires to see democratic principles finally established the world over. Holding this attitude, he could hardly bring himself to believe that King Constantine could really be abridging the constitutional right of the Greeks to control their own external as well as their domestic policy. When fully convinced that this was the King's intention, Venezelos cast the die that gave Greek freedom a new birth in Thessaloniki and the Islands. This movement

tardily supported though it was by the Entente, has at last borne fruit in a United Greece which will do her share in making the East as well as the West safe for Democracy. The people that fought so nobly in the revolution of 1821 will know how to give a good account of itself under the leadership of a sane, courageous and farsighted statesman like Venizelos.

The passage which I have chosen to translate is from the closing words of the speech delivered before the Greek Chamber of Deputies October 21, 1915. In the first portion of the speech Venizelos defends the policy of the participation in the campaign against the Dardanelles, which he had in vain advocated, and the support of Serbia as against Bulgaria in accordance with the defensive alliance concluded with that country.

"I must now once more, and for the last time declare to the Government which to-day occupies these seats, that it assumes the very heaviest of responsibilities before the Nation, in undertaking once more to administer the Government of Greece and to direct its fortunes in this, the most critical period of its national existence, with those antiquated conceptions which, if they had prevailed in 1912, would have kept Greece within her old narrowly confined borders. These old ideas have been radically condemned not only by the will of men, but by the very force of circumstances.

"It is most natural, Gentlemen, that with those conceptions under which that older political world of Greece acted, a political world which even to-day by its voting majority controls these seats of Government, it is natural, I repeat, that such a Government should be unable to adapt itself to the great, the colossal problems which have risen since Greece, ceasing to be a small state, and enlarging its territories, has taken a position in the Mediterranean which, while exceptionally imposing, is at the same time peculiarly subject to envy, and is on this account especially dangerous.

"How dare you, with those old conceptions assume the responsibility for the course which you have taken, a course which departs widely from the truth, from the traditional policy of that older Greek Government, which realized that it is impossible to look for any really successful Greek policy which runs counter to the power that controls the sea.

"How is it possible that you can wish to impose on the country such conceptions in the face of the repeatedly expressed opinion of the representatives of the people, and with the actual results of the recent past before you, a past which, with the sincerity that distinguishes you, my dear fellow-citizens, you have not hesitated to condemn, in order to show clearly that in your heart of hearts you would regard us as better off if we were within the old boundaries of 1912!

"But, sirs, the life of individuals and the life of Nations are governed by one and the same law, the law of perpetual struggle. This struggle, which is even keener between nations than between men, is regulated among men by the internal laws of the country, by the penal code, the police and in general the whole organization of the state, which, insofar as it is able, defends the weak against the strong. Although we have to confess that this organization falls far short of perfection, it does at any rate tend gradually toward the attainment of its ultimate ideal. But in the struggle of nations, where there exists an international law, the pitiful failure of which you have come to know, not only in the immediate past, but especially during this European war, you must perceive that it is impossible for small nations to progress and expand without a perpetual struggle. May I carry this argument one step further and say that this growth and expansion of Greece is not destined to satisfy moral requirements alone or to realize the national and patriotic desire to fulfil obligations toward our enslaved brothers,

but it is actually a necessary pre-requisite to the continued life of the state.

From certain points of view I might have recognized in accordance with the conceptions of my worthy fellow-citizen that if it had been a matter of continuing to have Turkey as our neighbor in our northern frontier, as she formerly was, we could have continued to live on for many years, especially if we could have brought ourselves to endure from her from time to time without complaint certain humiliations and indignities. But now that we have expanded and become a rival to other Christian powers, against whom, in case of defeat in war, we can expect no effective intervention on the part of other nations, from that moment, Gentlemen, the establishment of Greece as a self-sufficing state, able to defend itself against its enemies, is for her a question of life and death.

Unfortunately, after our successful wars, while we were developing our new territories and organizing this Greater Greece into a model new state, as far as lay within our power, we did not have time to secure at once for the people all the advantages and all the benefits that should result from extending our frontiers. Our unfortunate people up to the present has seen only sacrifices to which it has been subjected for the sake of extending the boundaries of the state. It has experienced the moral satisfaction of having freed its brothers, and the national gratification of belonging to a state which is greater than it was before. From the material point of view however, from the point of view of economic advantage, it has not yet been able to clearly discern what profit it has obtained from the enlargement of the state. It is natural then that to-day as well, we can only hold before our people the sacrifices that are once more required of it. These sacrifices, Gentlemen, according to my personal convictions which are as firmly held as—humanly speaking—convictions can be, these sacrifices, as I see them, are

destined to create a great and powerful Greece, which will bring about not an extension of the state by conquest, but a natural return to those limits within which Hellenism has been active even from prehistoric times.

"These sacrifices are to create, I insist, a great, a powerful, a wealthy Greece, able to develop within its boundaries a live industrialism competent, from the interests which it would represent, to enter into commercial treaties with other states on equal terms, and able finally to protect Greek citizens anywhere on earth: for the Greek could then proudly say 'I am a Greek,' with the knowledge that, happen what may, the state is ready and able to protect him, no matter where he may be, just as all other great and powerful states do, and that he will not be subjected to prosecution and be forced to submit to, the lack of protection as is the Greek subject to-day.

"When you take all these things into account, Gentlemen, you will understand why I said a few moments ago, that I and the whole liberal party are possessed by a feeling of deepest sadness because by your policy, you are leading Greece, involuntarily, to be sure, but none the less certainly, to her ruin. You will induce her to carry on war perforce, under the most difficult conditions and on the most disadvantageous terms.

"The opportunity to create a great and powerful Greece, such an opportunity as comes to a race only once in thousands of years, you are thus allowing to be lost forever."

(*Translation, with Notes, by* CARROLL N. BROWN)

HER ANSWER

By Charles Dana Gibson

From the Original Sketch

A TRIBUTE TO ITALY

EVEN now, few Americans understand the great service which Italy has done to the Allied Cause. We have expected some sensational military achievements, being ourselves unable to realize the immense difficulty of the military task which confronted the Italians. The truth is that the Terrain over which they have fought is incredibly difficult. By the sly drawing of the frontier when in 1866 Austria ceded Venetia to the Italians, every pass, every access, from Italy into Austria was left in the hands of the Austrians. Some of those passes are so intricate and narrow that an Austrian regiment could defend them against an army. And yet, in two years' fighting the Italians have advanced and have astonished the world by their exploits in campaigning above the line of perpetual snow and among crags as unpromising as church steeples.

On lower levels they have captured Gorizia, a feat unparalleled by any thus far accomplished by the English and French on the West. The defense of Verdun remains, of course, the supreme and sublime achievement of defensive action, but the taking of Gorizia is thus far the most splendid work of the Allied offensive.

I do not propose, however, to speak in detail of the Italians' military service. Suffice it to say that they have proved themselves excellent fighters who combine the rare qualities of dash and endurance. I wish to speak of the vital contribution Italy has made from the beginning of the War to the Great Cause—the cause of Democracy and of Civilization.

When Italy at the end of July, 1914, refused to join Austria and Germany she announced to the world that the war which the Teutons planned was an aggressive war, and by this announcement

she stamped on the Pan-German crimes that verdict which every day since has confirmed and which will be indelibly written on the pages of history.

For Italy was a partner of Germany and Austria in the Triple Alliance and she knew from inside evidence that the Teutonic Powers were not acting on the defensive. Accordingly, her decision had the greatest significance, and when before the actual outbreak of the war she privately informed France that she had no intention of attacking that country she relieved the French of great suspense. If Italy had joined the Teutons the French would have been required to guard their southeastern frontier by a large force, perhaps not less than a million men, which were now set free to oppose the German attack in the north.

The world did not understand why Italy waited until May, 1915, before declaring war on Austria, but the reason was plain. Exhausted by their war in Tripoli the Italians had neither munition nor food and their soldiers even lacked uniforms. It took nine months, therefore, to prepare for war. Another year passed before Italy could undertake to face Germany; for the Germans had so thoroughly honeycombed Italy's commerce, industry and finances that it took two years for the Italians to oust the Germans and to train men to replace them.

By these delays, which seemed to the outside world suspicious, Italy did another service. If she had plunged in prematurely as the Allies and her friends besought her to do she would have been speedily overwhelmed. Imagine what a blow that would have been to the Allied Cause, especially coming so early in the War. Her prudence saved Europe this disaster. Had Northern Italy become enslaved the Teutonic forces could have threatened France on the southeast, and with Genoa as a port they could have made the Mediterranean much more perilous for the Allied ships and

transportation. It is not for the United States, a country of over one hundred million population, and yet checked if not intimidated by a small body of German plotters and their accomplices, to look scornfully on Italy's long deferred entrance into the War. The Pro-German element in Italy was relatively stronger than here and the elements which composed it—the Blacks, the Germanized financiers and business men, many nobles and the Vatican—openly opposed making war on the Kaiser. In spite of all these difficulties, in spite of the very great danger she ran, because if the Germans win they threaten to restore the Papal temporal power, and the Austrians, Italy stood by the Allies.

For her to be untrue to the cause of Democracy would be almost unthinkable; the great men who made her a united nation were all in different ways apostles of Democracy. Mazzini was its preacher; Garibaldi fought for it on many fields, in South America, in Italy and in France; Victor Emmanuel was the first democratic sovereign in Europe in the nineteenth century; Cavour, beyond all other statesmen of his age, believed in Liberty, religious, social, and political and applied it to his vast work of transforming thirty million Italians out of Feudalism, and the stunting effects of autocracy into a nation of democrats.

It was impossible also for Italy, the ancient home of Civilization, the mother of arts and refinement, to accept the standard of the Huns which the Germans embraced and imposed upon their allies. The conflict between the Germans and the Italians was instinctive, temperamental. For a thousand years it took the form of a struggle between the German Emperors and the Italian Popes for mastery. The Germans strove for political domination, for temporal power; the Italians strove, at least in ideal, in order that the spiritual should not be the vassal of the physical. It was soul force against brute force. Looking at it as deeply as possible we see that the

Italians, a race sprung out of ancient culture, mightily affected but not denatured by Christianity, repudiated the Barbarian ideals of Teutonism. Men whose ancestors had worshiped Jupiter and Apollo, and who were themselves worshiping the Christian God, Madonna and the great saints, had no spiritual affinity with men whose ancestors could conceive of no Deities higher than Thor, Odin and the other rough, crude, and unmannered denizens of the Northern Walhalla. So Italy stood by Civilization. Her risk was great, but great shall be her guerdon in the approval of her own conscience and the gratitude of posterity.

William Roscoe Thayer

Sept. 1, 1917.

AL GENERALE CADORNA

"Io ho quel che ho donato."

QUESTO che in Te si compie anno di sorte,
l'Italia l'alza in cima della spada
mirando al segno; e la sua rossa strada
ne brilla insino alle sue alpine porte.
Tu tendi la potenza della morte
come un arco tra il Vodice e l'Hermada;
varchi l'Isonzo indomito ove guada
la tua Vittoria col tuo pugno forte.
Giovine sei, rinato dalla terra
sitibonda, balzato su dal duro
Carso col fiore dei tuoi fanti imberbi.
Questo, che in te si compie, anno di guerra
splenda da te, avido del futuro,
e al domani terribile ti serbi.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

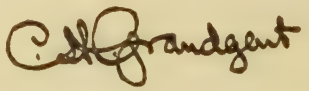
TO GENERAL CADORNA

ON HIS 69TH BIRTHDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1917

"What I have given, that have I."

THIS fateful year which thou fulfillest so,
Our Italy, her cherisht goal in sight,
Exalts upon her sword; and gleameth bright
Her ruddy pathway to the gates of snow.
The power of death thou bendest like a bow
'Twixt Vodice and bleak Hermada's height;
And Victory, guided by thy hand of might,
Thro' wild Isonzo forth doth fording go.
Reborn from lands of drought, a youth art thou,
Upheaved by rugged Carso suddenly
With all the lads of thine advancing throng.
This bloody year which thou fulfillest now,
O may it, onward pressing, shine with thee
And keep thee for the fearful morrow strong!

Poetical Version by



THE VOICE OF ITALY

IN THE great turmoil of nations it rings with a tone peculiarly true: for Italy is the country that found herself confronted, at the outbreak of the great war, by perhaps the most perplexing situation of any of the present allies. If she had chosen to follow the way which lay open and easy before her, the war would have long since been decided in favor of the Central Powers. Italy had entered the Triple Alliance as a clean contract, for an honest defensive purpose. It was never intended for a weapon of aggression. When Austria and Germany decided upon the outrage to Serbia that was the cause of the conflagration, they did not consult Italy about it, knowing well that Italy would not have consented; in fact, would have denounced it to the world. But they hoped that by surprising her with the *fait accompli*, she would have to yield and follow. Italy chose the long hard trail instead, incredibly long, inconceivably hard, but morally right, and it has been made clear once more in the history of humanity, that "Latin" and "barbaric" are two incompatible terms.

True enough, Italy felt in her own heart the cry of her long-oppressed children from Istria, the Trentino and Dalmatia ringing just as loud as that of the children of Belgium and the women of Serbia; but who can blame her if history had it so, that the sudden outrage on other nations was but the counterpart of the long-continued provocation to the Italian nationality, when in the Italian provinces subject to Austrian rule, the mere singing of a song in the mother-language brought women to jail and children to fustigation; and a bunch of white, red and green flowers might cause an indictment of high treason? National aspirations and international honor equally called forth to Italy, and Italy leaped

forth in answer as soon as she could make her way clear to the fight. She took it up where the political pressure brought to bear upon her in the name of European peace in 1866 had compelled the fathers of the present leaders to retire from combat.

General Luigi Cadorna leads the offensive of 1917 where his father Count Raffaele Cadorna found it stopped by diplomatic arrangements in 1866; Garibaldi's nephew avenges on the Col di Lana his *obbedisco* from the Trentino; Francesco Pecori-Giraldi's son repels from Asiago the sons of those Austrians who wounded him at Montanara and imprisoned him at Mantova. Gabriele d'Annunzio, mature in years and wonderfully youthful in spirit, takes up the national ideals of the great master Giosuè Carducci (who died before he could see the dream of his life realized with the reunion of Trento and Trieste, Istria and the Italian cities of Dalmatia, to the Motherland); and becomes the speaker of the nation expectant in Genoa and assembled in Rome to decree the end of the strain of Italian neutrality which has to its credit the magnificent rebellion to the unscrupulous intrigues of Prince von Bülow, and the releasing of five hundred thousand French soldiers from the frontier of Savoy to help in the battle of the Marne.

In D'Annunzio's "Virgins of the Rocks" the protagonist expresses his belief that oratory is a weapon of war, and that it should be unsheathed, so to speak, in all its brilliancy only with the definite view of rousing people to action. Surely no man ever had a better chance of wielding the brilliant weapon than D'Annunzio, in his triumphal progress through Italy during that fateful month of May, 1915, when he uttered against neutralism and pacifism, germanophilism and petty parliamentarism, the "quo usque tandem" of the newest Italy.

Nor can we forget how Premier Antonio Salandra in his memorable speech from the Capitol, expressed the living and the

fighting spirit of Italy, a spirit of strength and humanity, when he said: "I cannot answer in kind the insult that the German chancellor heaps upon us: the return to the primordial barbaric stage is so much harder for us, who are twenty centuries ahead of them in the history of civilization." To support his, came the quiet utterances of Sonnino (whose every word is a statement of Italian right and a crushing indictment of Austro-German felony) "proclaiming still once the firm resolution of Italy, to continue to fight courageously with all her might, and at any sacrifice, until her most sacred national aspirations are fulfilled alongside with such general conditions of independence, safety and mutual respect between nations as can alone form the basis of a durable peace, and represent the very *raison d'être* of the contract that binds us with our Allies."

This is the voice of right: the voice of victory which upholds it is registered frequently in the admirable war-bulletins of General Cadorna, than which nothing more Cæsarian has been written in the Latin world since the days of Cæsar. The simple words follow with which the taking of Gorizia was announced to the nation.

"*August ninth.*

. . . "Trenches and dugouts have been found, full of enemy corpses: everywhere arms and ammunition and material of all kinds were abandoned by the routed opponent. Toward dusk, sections of the brigades Casale and Pavia, waded through the Isonzo, bridges having been destroyed by the enemy, and settled strongly on the left bank. A column of cavalry and 'bersaglieri ciclisti' was forthwith started in pursuit beyond the river."

Now, the voice of Italy is thundering down from the Stelvio to the sea, echoed by forty thousand shells a day on the contested San Gabriele: a mighty thing indeed, the voice of Italy at war; a

thing of which all Italians may well feel proud. And yet, there is another thing of which they are perhaps even prouder in the depths of the national heart: the voice of the children of Italy "redeemed." All along the re-claimed land, from Ala to Grado and from Darzo to Gorizia, sixteen thousand children of Italian speech and of Italian blood, for whom Italian schools and Italian teachers have been provided even under the increasing menace of the Austrian aircraft or gunfire, join daily and enthusiastically in the refrain which the soldiers of Italy are enforcing, but a few miles ahead:

"Va fuora d'Italia, va fuora ch'e' l'ora,
va fuora d'Italia, va fuora, stranier!" [1]

Amy A. Bernardy

[1] From the Inno di Garibaldi: "Get out of Italy, it's high time; get out of Italy, stranger, get out!"

JAPAN'S IDEALS AND HER PART IN THE STRUGGLE

THE PEOPLE of the world, whether engaged in open resistance to German rapacity, or as onlookers, do well to see, as indeed they have seen since its beginning, that modern civilization is at stake. On every continent, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and both the Americas, recognition of this great fact was instinctive. It was obvious everywhere that, if Germany with its sinister aims, shamelessly avowed, and its terrible methods, relentlessly carried out, was to prevail, all the progress that had been made out of her barbarism and savagery would not only be imperiled but lost.

It was clear that humanity would have to begin anew its weary struggle out of the difficulties it had slowly overcome. Everything of a high order that had been done from the beginning, under great, devoted, far-seeing religious leaders, and by unknown millions who had fought for liberty, would have to be given up. Recognition of the potency of peaceful methods in government and industry; the contribution of the individual to his own progress and that of mankind; the gradual triumph of an ordered freedom over tyranny and anarchy; all the achievements, that have gradually made the world over, would have had to be undertaken again, and that, too, without the free contribution from every quarter, which, in the varied history of men, had assured the one great triumph which is civilization. The dream of individual and national conquest—the cause of so much suffering and bloodshed—was again to be repeated. This attack has demanded thus far, as it will demand until the end, the united efforts of practically all the people of the earth in order to defeat this the most desperate attempt at conquest, undertaken under the most favorable conditions,

and after the most perfect preparation known to history. If hesitation or treachery had arisen at any important point the well-laid plot would have succeeded.

Nothing in the history of Europe, or of all the peoples that sprang from it in other parts of the world, is more creditable to humanity than the united resistance which this attempt aroused. All that it meant was attacked without mercy or shame. Its religious teachings and practises, the result of many centuries of growth and experience were defied by one of the nations professing the same creed. Its political development, the result of struggle under which industry, family, and social growth had proceeded in regular order was defied. Its humane policies were to be replaced by the dictates of might—mercilessly executed. Its small peoples were to be crushed, and its greater ones reduced to the status of vassals. In a word, all its civilization was to be thrown away.

But, at the first cry of alarm every threatened people rose as if by magic. No surprise was effective, no lack of preparation deterred, no peril brought hesitation. One by one, all jealousies were dissipated, all past differences were forgotten, the common danger was recognized, and they united, as humanity had never done before, in that resistance to German ambitions which the world now sees as its one great event, past or present.

If this threat to civilization was thus met by Europe how much more serious was the aspect which it presented to us in Japan! We were more than mere participators in this civilization. We had grafted upon our own life, old, balanced, remote, isolated, the creator of great traditions, the newer and different ideas of Europe, assimilating the best of them without losing these that were strong and potent among our own. They had been fused into our life and, in the process, had enabled us to make an enlarged contribution to human progress. We had become so much a part of the

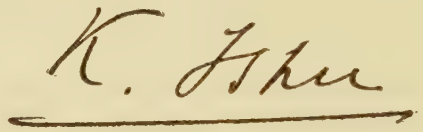
world that nothing in it was alien to us. We had always known, even from the earliest times, what our people were, what they meant and what they could do. We were in no wise ignorant of our own powers and achievements but this new knowledge was akin to the addition of a new sense.

When this threat against mankind came we also saw instinctively that it was even more of a peril to us than to Europe. We saw that civilization was not a thing of continents, or nations, or races, but of mankind, that in the evolution of human forces, men were one in purpose and need. If Europe was to be crushed, it was only a question of time until all that Europe had done for the world in America, or the Antipodes, or in the islands of the sea, would follow it. Then would come our turn, then all Asia would be thrown into tyranny's crucible, and the world must begin anew. It was not a mere diplomatic alliance that drew us into the contest. Our own struggles had not been those of aggression; but it was easy to see what ruthless conquest meant even if it seemed to be far away. Therefore, we acted promptly and we hope with efficiency and have since carried on the work in the sphere allotted to us by nature with a devotion that has never flagged. It has been our duty not to reason why, but to help in saving the world without bargains, or dickerings, or suggestions, thus bearing our part in the rescue of civilization from its perils.

As we see our duty, and the duty of the world, only one thing is left to do. It is to fight out this war which neither we nor any other people or nation, other than the aggressors, have sought. It must be fought to the end without wavering, without thought of national or individual advantages. The victors are to be victors for civilization and the world, not for themselves. The contest upon which we are unitedly engaged will not only end this war; upon its result will depend the extinction of all wars of aggression. No oppor-

tunity must ever come again for any nation or people, or any combination of nations or peoples, however strong or numerous, to seek that universal domination shown by experience to be impossible, which, if it were possible, would mean the destruction of human progress.

We are proud to be associated with America as Allies in so great a cause. Our duty thus keeps pace with our obligation and both are guided by our highest desires. We, like you, have enlisted until the war is settled and settled right; you, like ourselves, have no favors to ask, both merely ask that they may live their own lives, settle their own problems, smooth out their common differences or difficulties, and do their best, along with all other peoples, to make the world a better, not a worse, place to live in.



TROPICAL INTERLUDE

I TROPICAL MORNING

IN the mornings—Oh, the tropical mornings
When the bells are all so dizzily calling one to prayer!—
All my thought was to watch from a nook in my window
Indian girls from the river with flowers in their hair.

Some bore
Fresh eggs in wicker boxes
For the grocery store;
Others, baskets of fruit; and some,
The skins of mountain cats and foxes
Caught in traps at home.

They all passed so stately by, they all walked so gracefully,
Balancing their bodies on lithe unstable hips,
As if a music moved them that swelled in their bosoms
And was pizzicatti at their finger-tips.

II TROPICAL RAIN

THE rain, in Nicaragua, it is a witch they say;
She puts the world into her bag and blows the skies away;
And so, in every home, the little children gather,
Run up like little animals and kneel beside the Mother,
So frightened by the thunder that they can hardly pray.

"Sweet Jesu, you that stilled the storm in Galilee,
Pity the homeless now, and the travelers by sea;
Pity the little birds that have no nest, that are forlorn;

Pity the butterfly, pity the honey bee;
Pity the roses that are so helpless, and the unsheltered corn,
And pity me. . . ."

Then, when the rain is over and the children's prayer is said,
Oh, joy of swaying palm-trees with the rainbows overhead,
And the streets swollen like rivers, and the wet earth's smell,
And all the ants with sudden wings filling the heart with wonder,
And, afar, the tempest vanishing with a stifled thunder
In a glare of lurid radiance from the gaping mouth of hell!

III TROPICAL PARK

THE park in León is but a garden
Where grass and roses grow together;
It has no ordinance, it has no warden
Except the weather.

The paths are made of sand so fine
That they are always smooth and neat;
Sunlight and moonlight make them shine,
And so one's feet

Seem always to tread on magic ground
That gleams, and that whispers curiously,
For sand, when you tread it, has the sound
Of the sea.

Sometimes the band, of a warm night,
Makes music in that little park,
And lovers haunt, beyond the bright
Foot-paths, the dark.

You can almost tell what they do and say
Listening to the sound of the sand,—
How warm lips whisper, and glances play,
And hand seeks hand.

IV TROPICAL TOWN

BLUE, pink and yellow houses, and, afar,
The cemetery, where the green trees are.

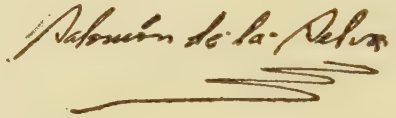
Sometimes you see a hungry dog pass by,
And there are always buzzards in the sky.
Sometimes you hear the big cathedral bell,
A blindman rings it; and sometimes you hear
A rumbling ox-cart that brings wood to sell.
Else nothing ever breaks the ancient spell
That holds the town asleep, save, once a year,
The Easter festival. . . .
I come from there,
And when I tire of hoping, and despair
Is heavy over me, my thoughts go far,
Beyond that length of lazy street, to where
The lonely green trees and the white graves are.

V TROPICAL HOUSE

WHEN the winter comes, I will take you to Nicaragua—
You will love it there!
You will love my home, my house in Nicaragua,
So large and queenly looking, with a haughty air
That seems to tell the mountains, the mountains of Nicaragua,
"You may roar and you may tremble for all I care!"

It is shadowy and cool,
Has a garden in the middle where fruit trees grow,
And poppies, like a little army, row on row,
And jasmine bushes that will make you think of snow
They are so white and light, so perfect and so frail,
And when the wind is blowing they fly and flutter so.

The bath is in the garden, like a sort of pool,
With walls of honeysuckle and orchids all around;
The humming birds are always making a sleepy sound;
In the night there's the Aztec nightingale;
But when the moon is up, in Nicaragua,
The moon of Nicaragua and the million stars,
It's the human heart that sings, and the heart of Nicaragua,
To the pleading, plaintive music of guitars!



LATIN AMERICA AND THE WAR

IN COMMON with many other parts of the world, even some of those immediately involved, Latin America received the outbreak of the European War with dismayed astonishment, with a feeling that it could not be true, with mental confusion as to the real causes and objects of the conflict. A survey of newspapers from Mexico to Cape Horn during August, 1914, to the end of that year shows plainly that for several months public opinion had not cleared up, that the conflict seemed to be a frightful blunder, a terrific misunderstanding, that might have been avoided, and for which no one nation in particular was to blame.

The deep love of Latin America for Latin Europe undoubtedly meant great sympathy for France; England, too, the great investor in and developer of South America, was watched with good feeling; but Germany too has done much for Latin American commerce and shipping facilities, a work performed with skilfully regulated tact, and very many sections of the southern republics were loth to believe that a nation so friendly and so industriously commercial had deliberately planned the war.

But as time went on evidence accumulated; the martyrdom of Belgium and North France, the use of poisonous gas, the instigation of revolts in the colonies of the Entente Allies, the sinking of the *Lusitania,* the shooting of Nurse Cavell, and above all the proofs of the enormous military preparations of Germany, slowly convinced Latin America that a great scheme had long been perfected; the book of Tannenburg which showed huge tracts of South America as part of the future world dominion of Germany was seen to be no crazy dream of an individual but the revelation of a widely held Teutonic ideal. Many incidents occurring in the

United States and Canada, such as explosions and fires in factories of war materials, exposure of spies and diplomatic intrigue, demonstrated a callous abuse of American hospitality which the more southerly lands took to heart as lessons; their dawning perception of the network of German effort was further clarified by the floods of Teutonic propaganda which covered every Latin American Republic and which was in many instances speedily ridiculed by the keen-witted native press.

Frank in their expression of opinion, no sooner had Latin Americans resolved in their own minds the question of responsibility for the war than they gave utterance to their opinions; journals avowed themselves pro-Ally, large subscriptions were raised in many sections for the relief of the European sufferers, particularly Belgium, and a number of young men joined the Entente armies. In Brazil, which was always supposed to have a German bias on account of her large German colonies, some of the foremost publicists and writers voluntarily formed the *Liga pelos Alliados* (League in favor of the Allies) with the famous orator, Ruy Barbosa, at its head, and the prince of Brazilian poets, Olavo Bilac, as one of its most active members; the League was organized early in 1915 and its meetings were characterized by the warmest pro-Ally utterances; many members of the Brazilian Congress joined it, and I never heard any Administrative protest on the score of neutrality.

Later in the same year Bilac, who is the object of fervent admiration, for Latin America often pays more attention to her poets than to her politicians, showed that he foresaw the entry of his country into the conflict by a passionate appeal to the youth of Brazil to fortify themselves by military discipline, in 1916 repeating his "call to arms" in a tour throughout that great country. By this time the whole of Latin America was lined up, the overwhelming

mass of press and people declaring pro-Ally, and especially pro-French, sympathies, while the few ranged in the opposite camp generally had special reasons for their choice, consisting of some individual Germanic link. The fact of the prevalence of pro-Ally feeling, long before any of the American countries became politically aligned is, I think, a remarkable tribute to the response of Latin America to the weight of genuine evidence; no propaganda was made by any one of the Allied governments, and the solidification of public opinion was due to Latin American feeling and not to outside pressure.

When, in April of this year, the United States was driven to a breach with Germany on account of the torpedoing of her ships and loss of her citizens' lives, she was the greatest material sufferer from German submarine aggression; if Latin America in general maintained at that date, and still in some sections maintains, diplomatic relations with the Central Powers, it is largely because they have endured no specific injury at German hands. Few Latin American States possess a merchant marine traversing the sea danger zones. But the entry of the United States was regarded with warm approval; her cause was acknowledged to be just and the Latin American press reflects nothing but admiration for her step. The Republics of Cuba, Panama, Guatemala, Honduras, and in an informal manner, Costa Rica, as well as the more or less American-controlled Nicaragua, Haiti and Santo Domingo, quickly aligned themselves with the United States, with whose fortunes their own are closely connected.

Brazil, revoking her decree of neutrality in June, 1917, was perhaps influenced to some degree by the action of the United States, but she had her own specific reason in the sinking of three of her merchant vessels by German submarines; Brazil possesses an enterprising and good mercantile marine, has been carrying

coffee and frozen meat to Europe during the war and her ships have thus been constantly exposed to risk. The sinking of her vessels raised a storm of anger, the popular voice warmly supporting the acts of the government. Nor is the alignment of Brazil a mere declaration; she has taken over the forty-six German and Austrian ships lying in her ports, and much of this tonnage, totalling 300,000 tons, is already in carrying service after three years' idleness, two of the vessels having been handed over to the use of the Allies. Brazil is also taking over the patrol of a big strip of the south-western Atlantic with fifteen units of her excellent navy.

Bolivia was another South American country which quickly followed the United States in breaking relations with Germany, and this was done not because Bolivia had suffered at the hands of the Teutonic powers but because she "wishes to show her sympathy with the United States and felt it the duty of every democracy to ally itself with the cause of justice." With no coast and therefore no mercantile marine, Bolivia is however greatly interested in the shipments of rubber and minerals which she sends abroad and some of which have been sent to the bottom of the sea by torpedoes; her sympathies with the Entente Allies are undoubted.

On October 6 relations with Germany were broken by Peru, the determining factor being the torpedoing of the Peruvian vessel *Lorton;* on October 7 the National Assembly of Uruguay voted for a breach with Germany, thus completing the attitude which she had frankly declared many months previously, when she protested against Germany's methods in submarine warfare. Paraguay, although still formally neutral, has expressed her sympathy with the United States.

Before I pass to a few quotations from Latin American sources on the subject of their spirit, it is well to look across the seas to the

Mother Countries, whose sentiments and actions have more effect upon Latin America than is always remembered. There is, for instance, no doubt that the entry of Portugal into the war on the side of her ancient ally, England, profoundly affected the Brazilian mind; the friendship between England and Portugal dates from 1147, and an unbroken political treaty has lasted since 1386—the longest in history; [1] Brazil as the child of Portugal inherited the English good feeling, her independence from the Mother Country was effected without any prolonged bitterness, and with the actual assistance of England. When, then, Brazil saw the people sprung from the cradle of her race fighting side by side with the ancient friend of both she was deeply stirred. Portuguese merchants prosper in large numbers in Brazil, Portuguese news daily fills space in the Brazilian newspapers; the cry of that great Portuguese, Theophilo Braga, found echoes in many a gallant Brazilian heart:

> *"And with what arms shall Portugal engage,*
> *So little as she is, in such great feats?*
> *They call on her to play a leading part*
> *Who know that in the Lusitanian heart*
> *Love beats!"*

In a corresponding degree there seems to be little doubt that the neutral attitude which Spain has maintained is partly responsible for the neutrality of several South American countries; they do not forget the bloody years of struggle before they attained independence from Spain, but they are wise enough to differentiate between the policy of Ferdinand VII and the heart of Spain. Dr.

[1] An English poet wrote in the Fourteenth Century:

> "Portingallers with us have troth in hand
> Whose marchandise cometh much into England.
> They are our friends with their commodities
> And we English passen into their countries."

Belisario Porras, the ex-President of Panama, and a distinguished scholar and writer said in May, 1917:

"For us of Central and South America, Iberianism is a matter of sentiment, affection and veneration, not a matter of politics. Spain is our Mother Country, whence we came, where the names we bear are also borne, where the memories and ashes of our ancestors are guarded, of whose deeds we are proud, whose tongue we speak, whose religion we share, whose heroic character and customs we admire. . . . Spain is our pole star, the star to which we raise our eyes when we are despairing and when we face a sacrifice for God, for a woman, a child, or our country."

Spain has had, of course, up to the present, no direct national injury to resent; she has on the other hand several reasons for remaining politically neutral and can at present do so with honor; although she is weak and poor, still exhausted by the long conflicts of her past, without resources, without any notable strength in army or navy, she is serving as an indispensable channel of communication. She, as well as many South American countries, can best aid the world by concentrating upon production; in addition to this, she is, in company with Holland, rendering excellent service in feeding unhappy Belgium, replacing American workers.

Spain is not intellectually neutral or unmindful of the effect of her attitude upon Latin America, and this is shown by the number of newspapers on the Allies' side, as *La Epoca* and *La Correspondencia de España.* An immediate response was given to the pro-Ally utterances of the Conde de Romanones, who said on April 17:

"Spain is the depository of the spiritual patrimony of a great race. She has historical aspirations to preside over the moral confederation of all the nations of our blood, and this hope will be definitely destroyed if, at a moment so decisive for the future

as this, Spain and her children are shown to be spiritually divorced."

If Spain fails in leadership the love of Latin America for France will be the more emphasized, is the conclusion one draws from the speeches and writings of Ibero-America. The degree to which South America feels herself involved in the fate of France is displayed in such dicta as this of Victor Viana, a Brazilian writer:

"In the great Latin family, France is the educator, the leader, the example, the pride. Thus Brazil, in common with all Latin countries, seeing in France the reservoir of mental energy, constantly renewed by her splendid intellectuals, has as much interest in the victory of French arms as France herself. The overthrow of France would have produced a generation of unbelievers and skeptics, and we, in another clime and a new country, should not have been able to escape this influence, because we share all the movements of French thought. The reaction of French energy which created the present generation spread throughout Brazil new sentiments of patriotism. . . . The entire world, except naturally the combatants on the other side, recognize the justice of the cause of France, which is the cause of all the other Allies, of Belgium which sacrificed herself, of England which pledges her all to save the right, of the United States, of the entire Americas."

While I have been writing these notes the political situation of Argentina in regard to the war has suddenly crystallized; extending over several months there has been a series of submarine attacks upon vessels of Argentina, indignant protests in each case being met by apologies and promises of indemnity on the part of Germany. There has been much irritation in spite of these promises, cumulative irritation, which however might have remained submerged had it not been for the revelations of the acts of Count

Luxburg, which have made the expression "spurlos versenkt" a byword. This exhibition of callous plotting against Argentine lives immediately resulted in the handing of passports to the German Ambassador to Argentina, and during the third week in September both houses of Congress voted by large majorities for a severance of relations with Germany. That this step was not, at the moment, consummated, was due to President Irigoyen's wish to accept the satisfaction offered by Germany; but the sentiments of Argentina as a whole have been fully demonstrated.

Their action plainly showed the temper of the Argentine people, who have certainly never been unsympathetic to the Entente Allies' cause although they have shown some restiveness under rather tactless attempts on the part of a section of the United States press to tutor them into line. The best thought of Argentina has all along been with the Allies and this is exemplified by an article, "Neutrality Impossible," widely published and applauded in June of this year by the brilliant Argentine writer and poet Leopoldo Lugones:

"Inevitably War knocks at our door. We are compelled to make a decision. Either we must respect the integrity of our past in the name of the American solidarity which is the law of life and honor for all the nations of the continent, revealing at the same time intelligence with regard to our own future, or we must submit ourselves, grossly cowardly, to the terrorism of despots."

CUBA

THE United States broke relations with Germany on April 6. On April 7 Dr. José Manuel Cortina, speaking before the Cuban House of Representatives, when the decree of war against Germany was passed, said:

"We have resolved to give our unanimous and definite consent to the proposition submitted to the House to declare a state of war between the Republic of Cuba and the German Empire, and to join, in this great conflagration of the world, our efforts to those of the United States of North America. We fight in this conflict, which will decide the trend of all morality and civilization in the universe, united to the great republic which in a day not long distant drew her sword and fired her guns over Cuban fields and seas in battle for our liberty and sovereignty. We go to fight as brothers beside that great people who have been ever the friends and protectors of Cuba, who aided us during the darkest days of our tragic history, in moments when opposed by enormous strength, we had nearly disappeared from the face of the earth, when we had no other refuge, no other loyal and magnanimous friend than the great North American people."

HAITI

SPEECH of the President of Haiti, M. Philippe Sudre Dartiguenave, on May 12, previous to Haiti's breach with Germany:

"What cause could be more holy than that defended at this moment, with unanimous and admirable enthusiasm by the people of the United States, by Cuba, by a great deal of Latin America, in moral coöperation with the Entente Powers! At Savannah, we fought with the soldiers of Washington for the independence of the country of Franklin, of Lincoln, of John Brown. . . . At the cry of distress of Bolivar, did we not throw ourselves into the South America's struggle for independence? The task before us in this supreme moment is worthy, glorious, because it is that of international justice, the liberty of nations, of civilization, of all Humanity."

CENTRAL AMERICA

As WE have seen above, four of the Central American Republics have aligned themselves with the United States since her entry into the war, Guatemala, Nicaragua and Honduras breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany very shortly after the definite action of the United States was known, the statement of Don Joaquin Mendez representing the prevalent feeling: "The rupture has aligned Guatemala *ipso facto* with those who are the defenders of the modern ideas of democracy and freedom." Small in size and limited in resources, it is not likely that any active part will be taken by Central America in the war; she is removed from the most dangerous zones and will not suffer, it is to be hoped, more than the inevitable and temporary economic embarrassments due to dislocation of the world's industrial systems. But her spirit is reflected in such announcements as this notice from the front page of a little daily paper published in S. Pedro Sula, Honduras:

"This periodical is Latin and as such professes its sympathy in favor of the Allied nations now struggling so nobly in defense of Liberty with, as their aim, the establishment of a lasting peace which will render impossible the future development of schemes of conquest."

The position of Costa Rica, informally aligned with the Allies and the United States, is peculiar in that she cannot formalize her position until her new government has received the recognition of these countries. Don Ricardo Fernandez Guardia, the foremost writer of Costa Rica, says that "The fact that we have offered the use of our ports, since April 9, 1917, to the navy of the United States, undoubtedly constitutes a breach of neutrality, and in consequence Costa Rica considers herself as enlisted in the ranks of the Allies *de facto*. There is an overwhelming sentiment of sym-

pathy with the Allies both on the part of the government and the great majority of the people of Costa Rica."

Panama, immediately following the news of the United States' breach with Germany, declared herself "ready to do all within her power to protect the Panama Canal"; Uruguay, although making no breach of relations with the Central Powers, supported United States action and denounced submarine warfare as carried on by Germany; Paraguay, too, expressed her sympathy with the United States which she said "was forced to enter the war to re-establish the rights of neutrals."

Thus the only Latin American nations which have rigidly preserved a neutral attitude are Mexico, whose own internal problems form an entirely sufficient reason; Ecuador, Venezuela and Colombia. They are still political neutrals, but no one who knows the Latin soul can doubt that there is in each of these lands a strong feeling of admiration for the vindication of Latin elasticity which France and Italy and Portugal have shown, and for the dogged might of England whose naval skill has prevented the strangulation of the commerce of the world; in this matter all these lands are interested, since all are raw-material producers shipping their products abroad. This sentiment was concisely expressed by Ruy Barbosa, the Brazilian orator, when on August 5 the *Liga pelos Alliados* held a meeting of "homage to England" on the third anniversary of her entry into war, and he declared it "an honor and pleasure to salute the great English nation to whom we owe in this war the liberty of the seas and the annihilation of German methods upon the ocean, without which European resistance to the German attack and the preservation of the independence of the American continent would be impossible."

Nothing would, I think, be more improper than that any nation should be urged to enter the war against her own feelings; but for

those who have taken or may yet take that step there is one very high consideration which cannot be forgotten—the effect upon the national spirit of To-morrow of a gallant and decisive attitude Today. Who has more finely expressed this sense of the formation of the heritage of ideas than the modern Portuguese poet Quental?

**Even as the winds the pinewood cones down cast*
Upon the ground and scatter by their blowing
And one by one, down to the very last,
The seeds along the mountain ridge are sowing.
Even so, by winds of time, ideas are strown
Little by little, though none see them fly—
And thus in all the fields of life are sown
The vast plantations of posterity.

Lilian F. Swift.

October 20, 1917.

**Odes Modernas*, by Anthero de Quental, translated by George Young.

DRILL

Williams College, April, 1917

ONE! *two, three, four!*
One! two, three, four!
One, two! . . .
It is hard to keep in time
Marching through
The rutted slime
With no drum to play for you.
One! two, three, four!
And the shuffle of five hundred feet
Till the marching line is neat.

Then the wet New England valley
With the purple hills around
Takes us gently, musically,
With a kindly heart and willing,
Thrilling, filling with the sound
Of our drilling.

Battle fields are far away.
All the world about me seems
The fulfilment of my dreams.
God, how good it is to be
Young and glad to-day!

One! two, three, four!
One, two, three! . . .

Now, as never before,
From the vastness of the sky,
Falls on me the sense of war.
Now, as never before,
Comes the feeling that to die
Is no duty vain and sore.
Something calls and speaks to me:
Cloud and hill and stream and tree;
Something calls and speaks to me,
From the earth, familiarly.
I will rise and I will go,
As the rivers flow to sea,
As the sap mounts up the tree
That the flowers may blow—
God, my God,
All my soul is out of me!

God, my God,
Your world is much too beautiful! I feel
My senses melt and reel,
And my heart aches as if a sudden steel
Had pierced me through and through.
I cannot bear
This vigorous sweetness in your air;
The sunlight smites me heavy blow on blow,
My soul is black and blue
And blind and dizzy. God, my mortal eyes
Cannot resist the onslaught of your skies!
I am no wind, I cannot rise and go
Tearing in madness to the woods and sea;
I am no tree,

I cannot push the earth and lift and grow;
I am no rock
To stand unmovable against this shock.
Behold me now, a too desirous thing,
Passionate lover of your ardent Spring,
Held in her arms too fast, too fiercely pressed
Against her thundering breast
That leaps and crushes me!

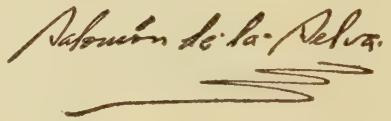
One! two, three, four!
One! two, three, four!
One, two, three! . . .

So it shall be
In Flanders or in France. After a long
Winter of heavy burthens and loud war,
I will forget, as I do now, all things
Except the perfect beauty of the earth.
Strangely familiar, I will hear a song,
As I do now, above the battle roar,
That will set free my pent imaginings
And quiet all surprise.
My body will seem lighter than the air,
Easier to sway than a green stalk of corn;
Heaven shall bend above me in its mirth
With flutter of blue wings;
And singing, singing, as to-day it sings,
The earth will call to me, will call and rise
And take me to its bosom there to bear
My mortal-feeble being to new birth
Upon a world, this world, like me reborn,

Where I shall be
Alive again and young again and glad and free.

One! two, three, four!
One! two, three, four!
One, two, three! . . .

All the world about me seems
The fulfilment of my dreams.



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THE PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE

"Let no free country be alien to the freedom of another country."

"PORTUGAL is going solemnly to affirm on the field of battle her adhesion to this precept, though uttered by German lips. In defense of it, Portuguese will fight side by side with Englishmen, as they fought with them at Aljubarrota, side by side with Frenchmen, who fought with them at Montes Claros. Were it necessary to appeal to a motive less disinterested than the noble ideal proclaimed by Schiller, we have this: the payment of an ancient debt to which our honor binds us. Let us go forward to defend territories of those who defended ours, let us maintain the independence of nations who contributed to the salvation of our own independence.

"But the objective is a higher one, I repeat. This has been made quite clear within the last few months, through the revolution in Russia, the participation of the United States, and the solidarity, more or less effective, of all the democracies. It is the people's struggle for right, for liberty, for civilization against the dark forces of despotism and barbarism. Portugal would betray her historic mission were she now to fold her arms, the arms which discovered worlds. When the earth was given to man, it was not that it should be peopled by slaves. The sails of Portuguese ships surrounded the globe like a diadem of stars, not as a collar of darkness to strangle it."

HENRIQUE LOPES DE MENDONÇA

of the Academy of Science of Lisbon, speaking at Lisbon in May, 1917.
Translation by L. E. ELLIOTT.

PORTUGAL

Lisbon, 18th August, 1917

I HAVE received your letter of August 2nd, in which you ask me, as representing Portugal, to send a message to the American people to be printed in the book "Defenders of Democracy," and state that a distinguished Portuguese official has been good enough to mention my name to you as that of "an authoritative writer on Portuguese affairs."

I am sensible of the honor done me, but not being a citizen of Portugal, I dare not presume to speak for that country.

A foreigner however, with friends in both the camps in which Portuguese society is divided, may perhaps be able to state some facts unknown to the American public and of interest at the present time.

And first let me remark that the entry of America into the war, which is a pledge of victory for the Allies, has been a surprise and a relief to the Portuguese, who are by nature pessimists. We Anglo-Saxons are considered to be mainly guided in our conduct by material considerations—did not Napoleon call the English "a nation of shopkeepers"?—and the saying "Time is money" is frequently quoted against us; hence hardly any Portuguese imagined that America would abandon the neutrality which seemed commercially profitable, and even after the decision had been taken, few thought that the United States were capable of raising a large army and of transporting it overseas.

Now that America and Portugal are fighting side by side, in a common cause, it is well that they should understand one another. For all their differences of race, religion and language, their ideas

are similar. The Portuguese being kindly, easy-going folk, hate militarism and the reign of brute force which is identified with German "Kultur." As they prize their independence and know their weakness, both inclination and necessity lead them to the side of the powers who may be supposed to favor the continuance of their separate existence and the retention by them of their colonies; as they have a keen sense of justice, and respect their engagements, they feel and have shown their sympathy with violated and outraged Belgium and with the other victims of German aggression. Why then, it may be asked, did they not support whole-heartedly the Government of the Republic when it determined to take part in the war? The answer is simple.

They felt that their first duty was to protect their colonies, threatened by the enemy, and that in a war where the combatants are counted by millions, the small contingent that Portugal could furnish would be of little weight on the battlefields of Europe. Unless treaty obligations and considerations of honor forced them to be belligerents, they considered that as Portugal was poor and had relatively to population almost the heaviest public debt of any European Country, they ought to remain neutral—that this view was mistaken is daily becoming clearer to them, thanks in part to the propaganda of the Catholic paper *Ordem* and the official Monarchist journal *Diario Nacional,* which have insisted as strongly as the Republican press on the necessity of Portuguese participation in the war, in accord with her ancient traditions. He who risks nothing, gains nothing. By her present heavy sacrifices for a great ideal, Portugal wins a fresh title to universal consideration, and by helping to vanquish Germany she defends her oversea patrimony, which the Germans proposed to annex.

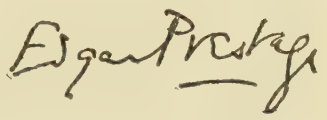
I have said that the ideas of the United States and Portugal are similar. But the pressing needs of Portugal are a competent ad-

ministration, public order and social discipline, which Germany possesses to a remarkable degree, and admiration of these has laid Portuguese Conservatives open to the charge of being pro-German. Many of them judge from experience that the desiderata I refer to cannot be secured in a democracy, while a few of them have gone so far as to desire a German triumph, because they foolishly thought that the Kaiser would restore the monarchy. None of them, I think, sympathize with German methods; but they have suffered from a century of revolutions, dating from 1820, and attribute these disasters to the anti-Christian ideas of the French Revolution. In America that great movement had beneficent results, as I understand, which only shows that one man's drink is another's poison.

Divergent ideals and other considerations led Portuguese Conservatives to throw their influence into the scale in favor of neutrality, but now that their country is at war, they have accepted the fact and can be trusted to do their duty. At the front political and other differences are forgotten and the soldiers, whatever their creed, are honoring the warlike traditions of their race and reminding us of the days when Wellington spoke of Portuguese troops as the "fighting-cocks" of his army.

By organizing with great efforts and sending a properly trained and equipped expeditionary force to France, the Government of the Republic has deserved well of the country and the Allies, and I believe that it has unconsciously been the agent of Divine Providence. The men, when they return will bring with them a firmer religious faith, the foundation of national well-being, and a higher standard of conduct than prevails here at present; they may well prove the regenerators of a land which all who know it learn to love, a land, the past achievements of whose sons in the cause of Christianity and civilization are inscribed on the ample page of

history. Portugal which produced so many saints and heroes, which founded the sea road to India and discovered and colonized Brazil, cannot be allowed longer to vegetate, for this in the case of a country means to die.



ROUMANIA

AN INTERPRETATION

A SERBIAN politician, conversing with a traveler from Western Europe, mentioned the words "a nice national balance"; and when the other, bored to death with the everlasting wrangle of the turbulent Balkans, tried to lead the conversation to Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses, away from Macedonia and Albania and *komitadjis* and Kotzo-Vlachs, the Serbian remarked with a laugh that the nice national balance of which he was speaking was not political, but economic and social.

"You see," he said, "we Serbians are born peasants, born agriculturists, men of the glebe and the plow. The Roumanian, on the other hand, is a born financier. Gold comes to his hand like fish to bait. He comes to Serbia to make money—and he makes it."

"But," said the Western European, "isn't that rather hard on the Serbian?"

"No! Not a bit! For it is the young Serbian who marries the Roumanian's daughter, and the young Serbian girl who marries the Roumanian's son. Thus the Serbian money, earned by the Roumanian, is still kept in the country. You know," he added musingly, "the Roumanians are a singularly handsome, a singularly engaging people. I myself married a Roumanian."

"A rich Roumanian's daughter, I suppose?"

"Heavens, no! A poor girl."

And he added with superb lack of logic:

"Who wouldn't marry a Roumanian—be she rich—*or* poor!"

Who wouldn't marry a Roumanian?

The secret of the Balkans is contained in that simple rhetoric question.

For, clear away from the days when the Slavs made their first appearance in Southern Europe and, crossing the Danube, came to settle on the great, green, rolling plain between the river and the jagged, frowning Balkan Mountains, then proceeded southwards and formed colonies among the Thraco-Illyrians, the Roumanians, and the Greeks, to the days of Michael the Brave who drove the Turks to the spiked gates of Adrianople and freed half the peninsula for a span of years; from the days when gallant King Mirtsched went down to glorious defeat amongst the Osmanli yataghans to the final day when the Russian Slav liberated the Roumanian Latin from the Turkish yoke, the Roumanian has held high the torch of civilization and culture.

Latin civilization!

Latin culture!

Latin ideals!

Straight through, he has been the Western leaven in an Eastern land.

Geographically, the Fates were unkind to him.

For he stood in the path of the most gigantic racial movements of the world. His land was the scene of savage racial struggles. His rivers ran red with the blood of Hun and Slav, of Greek and Albanian, of Osmanli and Seljuk. His fields and pastures became the dumping-ground of residual shreds of a dozen and one nations surviving from great defeats or Pyrrhic victories and nursing irreconcilable mutual racial hatreds.

But the old Latin spirit proved stronger than Fate, stronger than numbers, stronger than brute force. It proved strong enough to assimilate the foreign barbarians, instead of becoming assimilated

by them. It was strong enough to wipe out every trace of Asian and Slavic taint. It was strong enough to keep intact the Latin idea against the steely shock of Asian hordes, the immense, crushing weight of Slav fatalism, the subtleties of Greek influence.

The Roumanian is a Roman.

His cultural ideal was, and is, of the West, of Rome, of France —*and* of Himself; and he has kept it inviolate through military and political disaster, through slavery itself.

Roumania has remained a window of Europe looking toward Asia as surely and as steadily as Petrograd was a window of Asia looking toward Europe.

The Roumanian is proud of his Latin descent; and he shows his ancestry not only in his literature, his art, and his every day life, but also, perhaps chiefly, in his government which is practically a safe and sane oligarchy, modeled on that of ancient Florence, and, be it said, fully as successful as that of the Florentine Republic.

Latin, too, is his diplomacy. It is clean—*and* clever. It is the big stick held in a velvet glove. It is supremely able. He seeks a great advantage with a modest air, in contrast to the Greek who seeks a modest advantage with a grandiloquent air.

He seeks no *réclame*, but goes ahead serenely, unfalteringly, sure in his knowledge that he is the torch-bearer of ancient Rome in the savage Balkans.

RUSSIA'S STRUGGLE

By O. E. Cesare

From the Original Cartoon

THE SOUL OF RUSSIA

THERE is a strange saying in Russia that no matter what happens to a man, good results to him thereby. No matter what hair-breadth escapes he has, what calamities he faces, what hardships he undergoes, he emerges more powerful, more experienced from the ordeal. Danger and privation are more beneficial in the long run than peace and joy. A nation of some fifty different races gradually melting into one, a country covering a territory of one-sixth of the surface of the earth and a population of 185,000,000, the Russians have remained to the outside world the apaches of Europe, wild tribes of the steppes. In the imagination of an average American or Englishman, Russia was something Asiatic, something connected with the barbaric East, a country beyond the horizon. It was considered as lacking in culture and civilization, and as a menace to the West. "Nichevo, sudiba!"—(It doesn't matter, everything is fate) replies a Russian, crossing himself. The whole psychology of the Slavic race is crystallized in these two impressionistic words.

What John Ruskin said in his famous historic essay applies to Russia: "I found that all the great nations learned their truth of word and strength of thought in war." Every great Russian reform has taken place suddenly as a consequence of some nation-wide calamity. The Tartar invasion united Russia into one powerful nation; the Crimean War abolished the feudal system; the Russo-Turkish War gave the judicial reforms and abolished capital punishment; the Russo-Japanese War gave the preliminary form of Constitutional government in the Duma; the present war is opening the soul of Russia to the world by giving an absolute democratic form of government to the united Slavic race. The present

war will reveal that Russia the known has been the very opposite extreme of Russia the unknown.

The outside world is wondering how the Russian character will fit in with the aspirations of democracy. They cannot reconcile the Russia of pogroms and Siberia with the Russia of wonderful municipal theaters, great artists, writers, musicians and lovers of humanity. The world has known the tyrants like Plehve, Trepoff, Orloff and Stolypin, or others like Rasputin, Protopopoff and forgets that Russia has also produced geniuses like Dostoyewsky, Turgenieff, Tchaikowsky, Tolstoy, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Mendeleyeff and Metchnikoff. The world has looked at Russia as a land of uncultivated steppes, of frozen ground, hungry bears and desperate Cossacks, and forgets that in actuality this is the Russia of the past very extreme surface and next to it is a Russia of great civilization and the highest art, unknown yet to the West generally.

One of the strangest peculiarities of Russian life is that you will find the greatest contrasts everywhere. Here you will see the most luxurious castles, cathedrals, convents, villas and estates; there you will find the most desolate huts of the moujiks and lonely hermit caves in the wilds of Siberia. Here you will meet the most selfish chinovnik, the most fanatic desperado or reckless bureaucrat; there you face the noblest men and women, supermen, physically and mentally. You will find that all Russian life is full of such mental and physical contrasts.

This is the dualism that confronts like a sphinx the foreigners. In the same way you will find that the Russian homes are full of contrasting colors, bright red and yellow, white and blue. The Russian music is the most dramatic phentic art ever created; it reaches the deepest sorrow and the gayest hilarity and joy.

Dreamy, romantic, imaginary, simple, hospitable and childlike as an average moujik, is the soul of the people. Nowhere is there a hint of those qualities which are thrown up as dark shadows on the canvas of his horizon. While with one hand Russia has been conquering the world, with the other she has been creating the most magnificent masterpieces of humanity. In the same generation she produces a Plehve and a Tolstoy, both in a way, true to national type.

In the popular American imagination, which invariably seizes upon a single point, three things stand out as representative of Russia: the moujiks, the Cossacks and the Siberian penal system. The vast unknown spaces between these three have been filled in with the dark colors of poverty and oppression, so that a Russian is looked upon as an outcast of evolution, an exile of the ages.

The Russia of the dark powers is past; thus soon will pass the Russian chinovnik, the Russian spy and the Russian gloom, who have been a shadow of the Slavic race. From now all the world will listen to the majestic masterpieces of the Russian composers, see the infinite beauty of the Russian life and feel the greatness of the Russian soul. Not only has Russia her peculiar racial civilization, her unique art and literature, and national traditions, but she has riches of which the outside world knows little, riches that are still buried. The Russian stage, art galleries, archives, monastery treasuries and romantic traits of life remain still a sealed book to the outsiders. Take for instance, Russian music, the operas of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the plays of Ostrowsky and the symphonies of Reinhold Gliere or Spendiarov and you will have eloquent chapters of a modern living Bible. No music of another country is such a true mirror of a nation's racial character, life, passion, blood, struggle, despair and agony, as the Russian. One

can almost see in its turbulent-lugubrious or buoyant-hilarious chords the rich colors of the Byzantine style, the half Oriental atmosphere that surrounds everything with a romantic halo.

The fundamental purpose of the pathfinders of Russian art, music, literature and poetry was to create beauties that emanated, not from a certain class or school, but directly from the soul of the people. Their ideal was to create life from life. Though profound melancholy seems to be the dominant note in Russian music and art, yet along with the dramatic gloom go also reckless hilarity and boisterous humor, which often whirl one off one's feet. This is explained by the fact that the average Russian is extremely emotional and consequently dramatic in his artistic expressions. Late Leo Tolstoy said to me on one occasion: "In our folksong and folk art is evidently yearning without end, without hope, also power invisible, the fateful stamp of destiny, and the fate in preordination, one of the fundamental principles of our race, which explains much that in Russian life seems incomprehensible for the foreigners."

Thus the Russian art and soul in their very foundations are already democratic, simple, direct and true to the ethnographic traits of the race. In the same way you will find the Russian home life, the peasant communities, the zemstvo institutions, offsprings of an extremely democratic tendency, perhaps far more than any such institutions of the West. Instead of the rich or noblemen absorbing the land of the peasants, we find in Russia the peasant commune succeeding to the property of the baron. An average Russian peasant is by far more democratic and educated, irrespective of his illiteracy than an average farmer of the New World. He has the culture of the ages in his traditions, religion and national folk-arts. Russia has more than a thousand municipal theaters, more than a hundred grand operas, more than a hundred

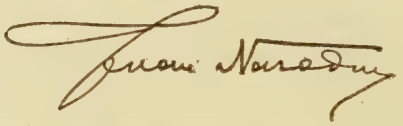
colleges and universities or musical conservatories. Russia has a well-organized system of coöperative banks and stores and a marvelous artelsystem of the working professional classes which in its democratic principles surpasses by far the labor union systems of the West. Herr von Bruggen, the eminent German historian writes of the Russian tendency as follows: "Wherever the Russian finds a native population in a low state of civilization, he knows how to settle down with it without driving it out or crushing it; he is hailed by the natives as the bringer of order, as a civilizing power."

I have always preached and continue to do so in the future, that Russia and the United States should join hands, know and love each other, the sooner the better. Russia needs the active spirit, the practical grasp of the things, which the people of the United States possess. Nothing will help and inspire an average Russian more than the sincere democratic hand of an American. A dose of American optimism and active spirit is the best toxin for free Russia. On the other hand, the American needs just as much Russian emotionalism, æsthetic culture and mystic romanticism, as he can give of his racial qualities.

The old system having gone, Russia is free to open her national, spiritual and physical treasuries. For some time to come neither Germany nor other European countries, will be able to go to Russia, for even if the war does not last long, its havoc will take years to repair. Endless readjustments will have to take place in each country affected by the war. Russia, being more an agricultural, intellectual-aristocratic country, will feel least of all the after effects the past horrors, therefore has the greatest potentialities. There is not only a great work, adventure and romance that waits an American pioneer in Russia, but a great mission which will ultimately benefit both nations. It should be understood that the

Russian democracy will not be based upon the economic-industrial, but æsthetic-intellectual principles of life. It is not the money, the financial power that will play the dominant rôle in free Russia, but the ideal, the dramatic, the romantic or mystic tendency. Money will never have that meaning in Russia which it has in the West. It will be the individual, the emotional, the great symbol of the mystic beyond, that will speak from future democratic Russia only in a different and more dynamic form, as it has been speaking in the past.

As Lincoln is the living voice of the American people, thus Tolstoy is and remains the glorified Russian peasant uttering his heart to the world. The voice of this man alone is sufficient to tell the outside world that the Russian democracy is a creation not of form and economics but of spirit and æsthetics.



Author of "Echoes of Myself," "The Dance," "The Art of Music," X Volume, etc.

THE AMERICAN BRIDE

PETKA had been for years a village tailor but he had never been able to save enough money to open a grocery-store. He hated his profession and hated to think that he could never get anything higher in the social rank of the place than what he was. While the name of a tailor sounded to him so cheap, that of a merchant flattered his ambition immensely. But there was no chance to earn the five hundred rubles, which, he thought, was necessary to change the profession.

"If I marry a poor peasant girl like Tina or Vera, I'll never get anywhere," soliloquized Petka and made plans for his future.

Petka knew a girl with two hundred ruble-dowry, but she was awfully homely and deaf; and he knew a widow with three hundred rubles, but she was twenty years older than himself. It was a critical situation.

One day Petka heard that the daughter of an old pedler had a dowry of five hundred rubles, exactly the amount he needed. After careful planning of the undertaking he hired a horse and drove to the lonely cottage of the rag pedler to whom he explained as clearly as he could, the purpose of his visit.

"My Liza ain't at home," the old man replied. "She is in that distant country called America. Good Lord, Liza is a lady of some distinction. If you should see her on the street you would never take her for my daughter. She wears patent-leather shoes, kid-gloves, corsets and such finery. Why, I suppose she has a proposal for her every finger, if not more. She is some girl, I tell you."

Petka listened with throbbing heart to the thrilling story of the old man, scratched his head and said:

"I suppose she is employed in some high class establishment or something like that?"

"Of course, she is," grunted the pedler proudly. "She might be employed or she might not. She has written to me that she is a lady all right."

"What is her special occupation?"

"She is employed as the waitress in a lunch-room on the so called Second Avenue corner in New York. And her salary reaches often thirty dollars a month, which represents a value in our money of something over sixty rubles. Now that is not a joke. She has all the food and lodging free. Why, it's a real gold-mine."

"Has she saved already much?"

"She has five hundred dollars in the savings bank, and she has all the hats and shoes, and gloves and such stuff that would make our women faint. So you see she is the real thing."

The happy father pulled the daughter's letter from the bottom of his bed and reached it over to the visitor. Petka read and reread the letter with breathless curiosity. In the letter which was also a small snap-shot picture of the girl. Petka looked at the picture and did not know what to say. To judge from her photograph, she was a frail spinster, with high cheekbones, a long neck and a nose like a frozen potato. But the trimming of her hair, her city hat with flowers, and her whole American bearing made her interesting enough to the ambitious tailor. For a long time he was gazing at the picture and thinking.

"Do you think that Liza would like to marry a man like me? I am a well known tailor. But I have now a chance to become a merchant in our village. I need some money to make up the difference, and why not try the luck? Liza might be a well known waitress in New York, but to be a merchant's wife is a different

thing. Don't you think she might consider my proposal seriously?"

The old pedler puffed at his pipe, walked to the window and back as if measuring the matter most seriously.

"It all depends—you know Liza is a queer girl—it all depends how you strike her with a strong letter. You could not go to New York and make the proposal personally. It has to be done by mail. It all depends how well the letter is written, how everything is explained and how the idea of being a merchant's wife strikes her. She is a queer girl, like all the American women are."

"Can your Liza read and write letters?"

"Of course, she can. Liza is a lady of some standing. She can write and read like our priest. She is a highly educated girl."

"So you think a strong letter will fix her up?"

"Exactly. And tell her everything you plan to do."

Petka took Liza's address, drank a glass of vodka to the success of the plan and left the old pedler still harping on his daughter. All the way home and many days afterwards Petka could think of nothing else. It seemed to him the greatest opportunity in the world to marry a girl from America. But now and then he got skeptical of his ability to get such a prize. However, he decided to try. He admitted that the whole success lay in the shaping of a strong and convincing letter and sending it to her properly. Petka knew how to write letters, but the question was would his style be impressive enough to influence a girl in America to come to Russia and marry a man whom she had never seen? However, Petka knew Platon, the village saloon-keeper, as the most gifted man for that purpose. But in a case like this he hated to take anybody into his confidence.

After arriving home Petka began to practise, writing a love-

letter every day. But nothing came of it. One letter was too mild, the other too extravagant. Finally he gave it up, and whispered his secret to the inn-keeper, saying:

"Now, old man, do me the great favor and I'll fix you up when I get her dowry. I want the letter to be strong and tender at the same time."

The inn-keeper consented. But Petka had to tell all the details and specifications. Even Platon admitted that it required some skill to write the letter. When he had thought the matter over carefully, made some notes and discussed the subject with Petka from every angle, he took a long sheet of paper, glued a rose in the corner and wrote as follows:

"Highly respected Mademoiselle Liza:— You have never been in our village, but it is a peach. I am the cream of the place. I have here all the girls I need. I have a house and my business. But the point is I want to open a store and need a wife with experience. We have all the money. But I need some capital to begin. As you have all that and besides, I have fallen in love with you, I lay the offer before your tender feet. Your beautiful image has haunted me day and night, and your wonderful eyes follow me in my dreams, oh, you lovely rose! If you are ready to marry a merchant like myself, do not waste any time, but come over and let's have a marriage ceremony as the world has never seen here. However, before you do come, send me an early reply with a rosy yes. Most affectionately and respectfully, Petka Petroff."

"It's bully, it's superb," praised the tailor. "But it lacks the tender touch. It lacks that style which the city women like."

"I put in the punch, but you can add a love poem from some school-book if you like," protested the inn-keeper. "The city girls are funny creatures. Sometimes they like the finger, other times

the fist. Who knows the taste of your Liza! The waitresses of big cities are usually broad-minded and highly educated."

After the poem was added and another rose glued on the corner of the letter, it was mailed, registered, with a note "highly urgent," and Petka breathed freely, like one who had survived a great ordeal.

Two months of heavy waiting passed and still no reply from Liza. Petka was like one on thorns. His strange romance was already known to his neighbors and now everybody was expecting the letter from America to furnish the most sensational news in all the world.

One afternoon as the tailor was sewing a pair of trousers the alderman of the village brought him a registered letter from America. Nearly half of the village population had gathered outside, curious to hear the content of the letter. Petka took tremblingly and greatly excited the letter and rushed to Platon, the inn-keeper, all the time followed by the crowd. All the audience gathered in the inn and Platon was instructed to read it aloud to the gathering. As it was a ceremonial event of rare occasion, the inn-keeper stood up, and began in a solemn voice:

"My dear Petka: I am most happy to reply to your valued letter of the fifteenth of July, that I am glad to accept your proposal. But everything must be all right. I can marry only a man of the merchant class. I know the business and I can supply you with the capital you need. But you must remember that I do not like to be fooled and marry a man beneath me. No peasant or tailor for me. I stand here very high and cannot ruin my name. You have not told me your age, but I suppose you are not an old fogey. I will follow this letter next month, so you fix the wedding ceremony, secure all the musicians and manage the meals, drinks and such necessities. If this is not agreeable cable me. Your Liza."

While Platon was reading the letter Petka gazed dreamily out of the window and built, not an air castle, but a large grocery store, with showy windows. It seemed as if he saw his store already opened, the people going and coming, the shelves filled with cans and packages. The sign "Merchant Petka" hung in his eyes.

The letter was like a bomb in the idyllic village. Plans were made of the wedding date and elaborate ceremony. The village Luga had never witnessed yet a marriage ceremony of this magnitude. The American bride was like a fairy princess of some ancient times. Petka was like one in a trance. But Vasska, the blacksmith, opposed to the idea of such a strange marriage, pounded his hand against the bar, exclaiming:

"Liza may be all right, but Petka should not marry her. What do we know about an American woman? What do we know about her habits? I've been told funny stories about such strange women. I've heard that nearly every American woman paints her cheeks, dyes her hair, wears false teeth, puts up bluffs and does everything to deceive a man. Spit at her capital. Besides, this American Liza is a woman whom nobody here knows."

The blacksmith's arguments were taken seriously by the others and a gloom came over the gathered gossips. But the inn-keeper, who was always optimistic, replied:

"American Liza must be a refined girl, and she has the money. That's what Petka wants, and that's what he will get. So we better let the wedding take place and see what will happen. I've heard that an American woman looks at the marriage as a business proposition, so we let her do what she pleases."

"Business or no business, but we take the marriage seriously. If a man makes up his mind that he likes a woman, he must marry her, and once he has married her, no ax or pike shall separate

them. No monkeying with married men or women thereafter," argued the serious blacksmith.

Petka turned the conversation to the subject of the wedding meals and music. The whole program of the ceremony was analyzed and discussed in detail, some maintaining that the American custom was to eat with forks and knives from the plates, others that only uncooked meat was eaten and frogs served as delicacies. Finally the entertainment was arranged and the blacksmith remarked:

"All city women like fun and don't care about serious affairs. They have the theaters and operas for amusements, so we better get a real amusement for American Liza. The best fun would be a huge hurdy-gurdy or something of that kind, an instrument with sensation. Our village violins and harps are too mild for women like that Liza."

After discussing the matter at length, the inn-keeper agreed to take care of the entertainment. A short cable was composed and sent to Liza and the wedding date clearly explained. All the village got alive with the news that Petka was to marry an American girl by mail.

The three weeks of preparation for the wedding festival passed like a dream. The Sunday, that was to be the final date, began bright and cheerful. Petka was hustling to and fro in his newly rented house, the front of which was to be arranged for the grocery store, strutted like a big rooster preparing the affairs of his flock. At the entrance of the house was hung a big flag. Long tables were arranged in all the rooms, covered with meats, drinks and delicacies, all prepared in the village. Women were still busy baking other foods, frying meats and boiling water for tea or drinks. Everybody was busy and everything looked most solemn and impressive. The host was dressed in a picturesque new suit of clothes with a silk scarf around his neck.

While the groom was busy with preparing his heart for joy, the inn-keeper was solving the problem of the entertainment. He had constructed, what he thought to be distinctly American, a huge music-box, which was to produce the most wonderful tones ever heard. This instrument had the appearance of a big wine-cask and yet a street-organ at the same time, and was an invention of the ingenious inn-keeper. It was practically a barrel, covered with illustrations of old Sunday newspapers and county-fair posters. To its side was fastened an improvised lever, made from a broken cart-wheel. Under this barrel, concealed so that no one could see within, were placed three most prominent musicians of the village, Ivan with his violin, Semen with his concertina and Nicholas with his drum. As soon as the conductor outside pulled a string, the lever began to turn around and the musicians in the barrel had to start to play. In the corner of the house this strange instrument looked like a mysterious engine, one knew not whether to expect it to develop into a flying or moving picture machine.

At last everything was ready. The guests began to arrive and the carriage was sent to the town to bring the bride. Everybody was in festival attire and all tuned to expect the utmost excitements the village had ever had. One could see the people in groups of three or four, discussing in a high pitch of voice the wonders of the wedding festival or venturing various guesses about the American bride. The village girls, who were not a little jealous, nudged each other and exchanged meaning glances, that Petka was to get in a fix he had never been before. All were anxious to see the arrival of the two thousand-ruble bride. The blacksmith and the inn-keeper were discussing something excitedly.

"Say what you want, but this kind of matrimonial affair is the limit," argued the blacksmith, pushing back his hat. "I can't see how a woman comes such a distance and so many weeks to marry

Petka, whom she has never seen, and how Petka gets the crazy thought to marry a city woman whom he does not know. Something is wrong somewhere. This is going to bust sooner or later."

"My dear Vasska, it's the education, the refinement and all that which I and you can do without," grunted the inn-keeper.

Vasska rubbed his fists and spat vigorously. The inn-keeper tried to mollify him by saying that he should not take the matter so seriously.

Suddenly the dogs began to bark and the boys shouted:

"The American bride! Here comes the lady from abroad!"

All the guests rushed out to see her. And there she was, in a big flower-trimmed hat, with a silk parasol, and all the wonderful fineries. She looked so elegant, so superior that the village women, accustomed to their rural simplicity, felt overawed. The groom hurrying with throbbing heart to open the gates of the front-yard bowed almost to the ground to the dazzling reality of his romantic dreams. He was so confused by this apparition that he did not know whether to shout or cry.

"My gracious, how she is made up!" whispered the women.

"What a wonderful dress!" whispered the girls.

"Ain't you Petka? You deary!" exclaimed the bride, affecting a foreign accent.

"Yes, mademoiselle, gracious yes," stammered the groom nervously, wiping the tears of joy from his eyes.

"Gee, Petka, you are a nice boy!" gushed the bride, trying to show the quality of her refinement.

She took his both hands and whispered that he should kiss them gracefully in the American manner. Then she leaned her head on his shoulder and sighed. These American manners so embarrassed the groom that he blushed and dropped his eyes. But

after all, was she not a highly educated American lady? And of course, she knew what was proper.

Though Liza looked ten years older than Petka, yet she had all the city air, the American manners and style, and most important of all, she had the capital. The first question Liza asked was whether they had a manicure, hair-dresser and boot-black in the village. No one had ever heard that such functionaries existed, so the groom explained excitedly that he would take her after the wedding to the town where she could get what she wanted. Petka carried the trunk and the five suit-cases into the house, implements which no one had ever seen. All the novelties and sensations were so great that the guests and the groom felt dazed for a moment.

"Have you got here champagne?" asked the bride, entering the house.

"We do not have such American drinks. We have kvas, beer, vodka and all the home-made cordials," stammered the groom.

"But you must have some high-balls or cocktails at least," went on the bride with an affected gesture.

"My gracious, there we are!" groaned the groom, and shrugged denyingly his shoulders. "We've never handled those things here, so you must forgive us."

"Mademoiselle Liza, I beg your pardon," interrupted the inn-keeper seriously. "We can arrange the balls and tails, but you see we are simple country people and keep our bowels in order. City amusements put our stomachs in a bad fix and don't agree with us."

The groom felt embarrassed and did not know what to do. He bowed apologetically before his bride and tried to please her in every possible way. He imitated her gestures and manners, her shrugs and voice. He even kept his hands on his breast, as was

Liza's manner. Finally the bride asked whether there was any entertainment prepared as she had asked. The groom gave the inn-keeper a hint and the latter said that he would do his best. The three musicians were already concealed with their instruments in the big barrel and the imposing organist began his function. Strains of an unique music issued from the decorated music-box. Everybody at once rushed into the room. All stared amazed at the strange contrivance which played at one and the same time concertina, violin and drum. It was like a miracle, gripping and inspiring.

"I bet you this would interest your American audiences," remarked the inn-keeper to the bride.

"It beats the Coney Island noise," stammered Liza, and took up the conversation with a village woman.

All the house now was jollity. The room was bursting of the powerful music, the laughter and the loud conversation of the guests. How it happened no one knows, but one of the women had placed a bowl with hot punch on the music box. Whether through an accident, or the excitement of the organist, the vessel broke, and the punch leaked through the cracks and holes into the instrument. Suddenly the music stopped, although the conductor was still industriously turning the lever. Then were heard mysterious voices and sounds as if of muffled exclamations. Everybody looked at the music-box, which began to quake and tremble as if a ghost were within. Then arose fierce yells and agonizing cries, mixed with loud curses. Before anybody could realize what had happened, three angry musicians leaped from the music instrument, the steaming punch dropping from their heads.

"Good Lord, what's this?" gasped the men while the women shrieked and fled. One of the musicians put his fist under the frightened organist and shouted:

"I'll pay for this joke, you scoundrel!"

"Semen, don't be a fool. I didn't do it. By Jove, I didn't do it," exclaimed apologetically the organist, trembling.

"Damn, who did it?" asked the groom excited.

No one replied. And when the people realized what had happened, everybody roared. No one who glanced at the overturned music instrument and at the musicians, with their punch-dropping heads could restrain their laughter. Even the pompous bride found it so funny that she laughed with the rest.

When the excitement was over and the dessert was ready the wedding guests once more took their seats at the table. The inn-keeper, thinking that this was the moment to settle the matter of dowry, before the actual marriage act could be performed by the priest, knocked upon the table for quiet. Then he arose, wiped his beard and began:

"Friends, this is a very unusual ceremony, our best known citizen and friend Petka, marrying a girl from America. Petka loves Liza, it is all right. But I know and so all our guests know, that Petka expected the bride to bring a fat dowry. Now we all would like to see the bride place her dowry upon the table before she is declared the wife of our friend, Petka. We think that in justice to the guests she ought to do that, because it was understood that she bring the money and we give her the husband. Don't you think, friends and guests, that I am right?"

Everybody shouted "Bravo, inn-keeper," only the groom and the bride sat silent with downcast eyes. Finally the bride glanced at Petka, pulled a bag from her dress, opened it and laid a bunch of green bills on the table. All eyes stared in awe at the money, and the guests were so silent that one could hear the beating of their hearts. Only the purring of the cats, looking curiously down from the big stove, was to be heard.

"Here is the dowry, right here. It is in American money, one thousand dollars, which is equal to two thousand rubles in your money. It's all in cash," exclaimed the bride proudly.

The inn-keeper took the bills, looked at them curiously, turned them over and over and shook his head. The blacksmith took one bill after the other, and did the same. For several minutes everybody was quiet. The "organist" who sat next to the inn-keeper, took the money, looked at it still more closely and then smelled it. Taking one of the bills in his hand, he rose and showed it to all the guests and asked:

"Friends, have you ever seen this kind of money?"

"No," was the unanimous reply of the guests.

"Can any one here read American?" asked the blacksmith.

No one replied.

"The money is all right. I rushed to reach the train so I had no time to exchange it into your rubles," replied the bride.

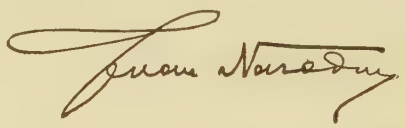
"It might be all right," replied the inn-keeper, "but what do we know about the American money and its value? I've been told many stories of American girls boasting they have money enough to buy their husband, but heaven knows. It's a country too far away and a language too complicated for us to understand. We like to have our stuff on the table before everything is all right."

The bride glanced at the groom. The groom took silently her hand, assuring her that he cared nothing for what her dowry was worth, if he had only her as his wife.

"What nonsense! I came on Petka's invitation, and I'll stay with him, do you let the priest marry us or not. We can go both to America and marry there, but never here," exclaimed the bride, tossing her head and snorting her indignation. As she rose, she took Petka by his hand and gave this parting thrust:

"Do you want or not, but I'll stay with Petka here. We don't care for your priest. I keep the American law and know what's what."

"Liza, Liza, listen. Don't make a scandal like that here. Let's better harness our horses and get to the priest as fast as we can," shouted the excited guests, all following the couple.



THE INSANE PRIEST

A PRIEST insane went many days without repose or sleep,
"My visions are a shadow world but love is real and deep."
He, like a prophet, staff in hand, sought out a distant shrine.
"As sacred ash are all my dreams, and fateful love is mine."
Long, long he knelt and prayed alone, his tears fell unrestrained.
"My visions are the snow-crowned heights, my love the flood unchained."
A sacrifice he laid upon that altar far away.
"My visions are a dream of dawn, my love the radiant day."
A knife he thrust into his heart, to seal the holy rite.
"My visions all resplendent glow, my love is like the night."
And on the altar falling prone, he then gave up his soul.
"My visions are the lightning's flash, my love the thunder's roll."
Upon the altar poured his blood, it formed a crimson pall.
"As his deliriums are my dreams, as death my love my all."

SERGEY MAKOWSKY

Translation by CONSTANCE PURDY

NOTE: To this poem MR. REINHOLD GLIERE has composed a magnificent musical setting with piano and orchestra accompaniment and dedicated it to a prominent Russian revolutionist.

WITHOUT A COUNTRY

ONE thought awakes us early in the morning,
One thought follows us the whole day long,
One thought stabs at night our breast:
Is my father suffering?

One sorrow awakes us at dawn like an executioner,
One sorrow is persecuting us ceaselessly,
One sorrow is swelling our breast the whole night long:
Is my mother alive?

A longing awakes us at daybreak,
A longing is continually hidden in our heart,
A longing is burning at night in our breast;
What of my wife?

A fear awakes us early like a funeral mass,
A fear persecutes us and darkens our eyes,
A fear fills at night our breast with hatred:
Our sisters are threatened with shame.

A pain awakes us in the morning like a trumpet,
With pain is filled every glass we drink
With pain is secretly weeping our breast:
Where are our children?

. . . Only one way will give an answer:
Through a river of blood and over a bridge of dead!

Woe! you will reach your home where the mother, who died of sorrow,
Does not wait for her son any more.

M. Boich

Note: M. Boich is a young Serbian poet, now about twenty-six years old, who already has a recognized place in modern Serbian Literature. The poem "Without a Country" was written after the well-known Serbian tragedy of 1915, and was published last year (March 28) in the official Serbian journal "Srpske Novine," which now appears at Corfu.

INDIAN PRAYER TO THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

LORD of the Mountain,
Reared within the Mountain
Young Man, Chieftain,
Hear a young man's prayer!

Hear a prayer for cleanness.
Keeper of the strong rain,
Drumming on the mountain;
Lord of the small rain
That restores the earth in newness;
Keeper of the clean rain,
Hear a prayer for wholeness.

Young Man, Chieftain.
Hear a prayer for fleetness.
Keeper of the deer's way,
Reared among the eagles,
Clear my feet of slothness.
Keeper of the paths of men,
Hear a prayer for straightness.

Hear a prayer for braveness.
Lord of the thin peaks,
Reared amid the thunders;
Keeper of the headlands
Holding up the harvest,

"BIG MOON"

BLACK FOOT CHIEF

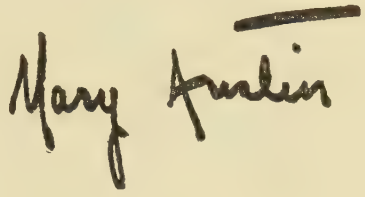
By John Sargent

From Original Drawing

Keeper of the strong rocks
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young Man, Chieftain,
Spirit of the Mountain!

Interpreted by



TO AMERICA—4 JULY, 1776

WHEN England's king put English to the horn,[1]
To England thus spake England over sea,
"In peace be friend, in war my enemy";
Then countering pride with pride, and lies with scorn,
Broke with the man [2] whose ancestor had borne
A sharper pain for no more injury.
How otherwise should free men deal and be,
With patience frayed and loyalty outworn?
No act of England's shone more generous gules
Than that which sever'd once for all the strands
Which bound you English. You may search the lands
In vain, and vainly rummage in the schools,
To find a deed more English, or a shame
On England with more honor to her name.

Respectfully submitted to
The Defenders of Democracy
H. Hewlett
(Westwitterung, Chichester,
England)

[1] To "put to the horn" was to declare an outlawry.
[2] The "man" is George III, his "ancestor," Charles I.

"A PROFILE"
By John Sargent
From Original Drawing

THE NEED OF FORCE TO WIN AND MAINTAIN PEACE

MUST, then, gentle and reasonable men and women give over their sons to the National Government to be trained for the devilish work of war? Must civilized society continue to fight war with war? Is not that process a complete failure? Shall we not henceforth contend against evil-doing by good-doing, against brutality by gentleness, against vice in others solely by virtue in ourselves?

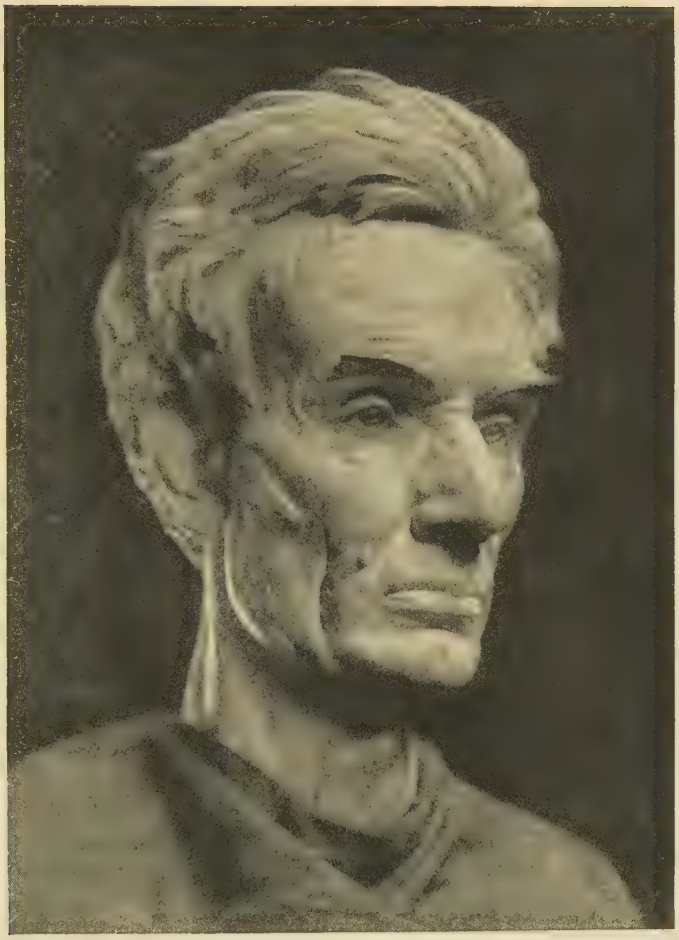
There are many sound answers to these insistent queries. One is the policeman, usually a protective and adjusting force, but armed and trained to hurt and kill in defense of society against criminals and lunatics. Another is the mother who blazes into violence, with all her little might, in defense of her child. Even the little birds do that. Another is the instinctive forcible resistance of any natural man to insult or injury committed or threatened against his mother, wife, or daughter. The lions and tigers do as much. A moving answer of a different sort is found in words written by Mme. le Verrier to the parents of Victor Chapman on her return from his funeral in the American Church in Paris—"It . . . has brought home to me the beauty of heroic death and the meaning of life."

The answer from history is that primitive Governments were despotic, and in barbarous societies might makes right; but that liberty under law has been wrung from authority and might by strenuous resistance, physical as well as moral, and not by yielding to injustice or practising non-resistance. The Dutch Republic, the British Commonwealth, the French Republic, the Italian and Scandinavian constitutional monarchies, and the American republics

have all been developed by generations of men ready to fight and fighting.

So long as there are wolves, sheep cannot form a safe community. The precious liberties which a few more fortunate or more vigorous nations have won by fighting for them generation after generation, those nations will have to preserve by keeping ready to fight in their defense.

The only complete answer to these arguments in favor of using force in defense of liberty is that liberty is not worth the cost. In free countries to-day very few persons hold that opinion.



George Barnard: Sculptor

WOMAN AND MERCY

WOMAN and Mercy—to think of one is to think of the other, and yet the suggestion of ideas is purely Christian. The ancient world knew of a few great women who transcended the conditions of society in those days and helped, each one her country, in some extraordinary way. Thus Deborah helped the people of God in a time of terrible difficulty. And even the Pagan world was not without its Semiramis and its Portia. When mercy came into the world with Christianity the dispensation of it was largely committed to the gentle hands of women, for since men have believed that God has taken a woman to be His human mother, the position of every woman has been that of a mother and of a queen. The wife has become the guardian of the internal affairs of the home as the husband is of its external affairs.

Whenever women have acted up to the noble ideals of womanhood preached by the Christian religion, they have received honor, respect, deference and almost worship from the ruder sex.

It gives me great pleasure to think that in our own country so many women have banded themselves together for such a noble ideal as that embodied in the very name of "The Militia of Mercy." Here in her true sphere, as nurse, woman will shed the gentle light of mercy over the gory battle field and amid the pain and wounds of the hospital wards; or, if she is not called to such active participation she will find means to hold up the hands of those more actively engaged, and in countless ways will she be able to mitigate the evils of this most terrible of all wars, and not least of all because of the gift of piety with which Almighty God has so generously endowed her. Her unceasing prayers will ascend to the throne of God for those engaged in this terrible struggle, and

mercies and blessings will be drawn down upon multitudes of people whom she has never seen.

I bid Godspeed to The Militia of Mercy, and I hope that every American woman who can will take part in this most womanly and most patriotic work.

J. Card. Gibbons

JOAN OF ARC—HER HERITAGE

I SAW in Orleans three years ago the celebration of the 487th Anniversary of the deliverance of the ancient city by Joan of Arc.

The flower of the French army passed before me, the glorious sunlight touching sword and lance and bayonet tip until they formed a shimmering fretwork of steel. Then came the City Fathers in democratic dress—and following them, the dignitaries of the Church, in purple and crimson and old lace, and a host of choir boys singing Glory to God in the Highest, and finally in his splendid scarlet robe, a cardinal symbolical of power and majesty and dominion.

In whose honor was all this gorgeous pageantry? In honor of a simple peasant girl, who saw or thought she saw visions—it is perfectly immaterial whether she did or not—and who heard or fancied she heard—it matters not—voices calling to her out of the silences of the night to go forth and save France. Soldiers and clergy and populace, Catholics and Protestants and pagans united in paying homage to the courage of a woman. And I thought as I watched that brilliant spectacle in the shadow of the old cathedral, that thousands of women in the twentieth century in England and America, and France and Germany and all the Nations are serving in a different way, it is true, from the way in which Joan of Arc served France, but none the less effectively. Aye, even more so, as they go forth clad not in mail, but in Christian love to help mankind. In the very forefront of this shining host are the trained nurses, following the standard uplifted by Florence Nightingale.

When I see a trained nurse in her attractive cap and gown I al-

ways feel that a richer memory, a finer intention has been read into life. Wherever they go they carry healing with them.

To maintain this army of militant good will and helpfulness, and to increase it as occasion requires is an obligation so imperative that it cannot be evaded.

Never was it as urgent as it is to-day, that there should be generous response to the appeal for nurses.

If we are often discouraged in our philanthropic work, it is not because we consider what we are doing in a detached way, independent of its world relationships. If we could only realize that we are part of the mighty army composed of all nationalities and races and creeds, an army of life, not of death, marching against disease and suffering and misery and sin, we would be inspired to wage the conflict with greater vigor, until our vision of the world freed from suffering, was realized.

When the realization comes, it will not come with shouting and tumult, but will come quietly and beautifully as the sun makes its triumphant progress through the heavens, gradually conquering the night until at last the earth is flooded with glorious warmth and light and all the formless shapes that loved darkness rather than light silently steal away and are forgotten.

JOHN LEWIS GRIFFITHS

NOTE: Although the above selection was part of an address delivered in London in 1911, its truth is more apparent today than ever before.

THINGS WHICH CANNOT BE SHAKEN

THERE are seasons in life when everything seems to be shaking. Old landmarks are crumbling. Venerable foundations are upheaved in a night, and are scattered abroad as dust. Guiding buoys snap their moorings, and go drifting down the channel. Institutions which promised to outlast the hills collapse like a stricken tent. Assumptions in which everybody trusted burst like air-balloons. Everything seems to lose its base, and trembles in uncertainty and confusion.

Such seasons are known in our personal life. One day our circumstances appear to share the unshaken solidity of the planet, and our security is complete. And then some undreamed-of antagonism assaults our life. We speak of it as a bolt from the blue! Perhaps it is some stunning disaster in business. Or perhaps death has leaped into our quiet meadows. Or perhaps some presumptuous sin has suddenly revealed its foul face in the life of one of our children. And we are "all at sea!" Our little, neat hypotheses crumple like withered leaves. Our accustomed roads are all broken up, our conventional ways of thinking and feeling, and the sure sequences on which we have depended vanish in a night. It is experiences like these which make the soul cry out with the psalmist, in bewilderment and fear,—"My foot slippeth!" His customary foothold had given way. The ground was shaking beneath him. The foundations trembled.

And such seasons are known in the life of nations. An easy-going traditionalism can be overturned in a single blast. Conventional standards, which seemed to have the fixedness of the stars, are blown to the winds. Political and economic safeguards go down like wooden fences before an angry sea. The customary

foundations of society are shaken. We must surely have had such experiences as these during the past weeks and months. What was unthinkable has become a commonplace. The impossible has happened. Our working assumptions are in ruins. Common securities have vanished. And on every side men and women are whispering the question,—Where are we? We are all staggered! And everywhere men and women, in their own way, are whispering the confession of the psalmist,—"My foot slippeth!"

Well, where are we? Amid all these violations of our ideals, and the quenching of our hopes, in this riot of barbarism and unutterable sorrow, where are we? Where can we find a footing? Where can we stay our souls? Where can we set our feet as upon solid rock? Amid the many things which are shaking what things are there which cannot be shaken?

"Things which cannot be shaken." Let us begin here: *The supremacy of spiritual forces cannot be shaken.* The obstrusive circumstances of the hour shriek against that creed. Spiritual forces seem to be overwhelmed. We are witnessing a perfect carnival of insensate materialism. The narratives which fill the columns of the daily press reek with the fierce spectacle of labor and achievement. And yet, in spite of all this appalling outrage upon the senses, we must steadily beware of becoming the victims of the apparent and the transient. Behind the unchartered riot there hides a power whose invisible energy is the real master of the field. The ocean can be lashed by the winds into indescribable fury, and the breakers may rise and fall in crushing weight and disaster; and yet behind and beneath all the wild phenomena there is a subtle, mystical force which is exerting its silent mastery even at the very height of the storm. We must discriminate between the phenomenal and the spiritual, between the event of the hour and the drift of the year, between the issue of a battle and the tendency of a

campaign. All of which means that "While we look at the things which are seen, we are also to look at the things which are not seen." Well, look at them.

The power of truth can never be shaken. The force of disloyalty may have its hour of triumph, and treachery may march for a season to victory after victory; but all the while truth is secretly exercising her mastery, and in the long run the labor of falsehood will crumble into ruin. There is no permanent conquest for a lie. You can no more keep the truth interred than you could keep the Lord interred in Joseph's tomb. You cannot bury the truth, you cannot strangle her, you cannot even shake her! You may burn up the records of truth, but you cannot impair the truth itself! When the records are reduced to ashes truth shall walk abroad as an indestructible angel and minister of the Lord! "He shall give His angels charge over thee," and truth is one of His angels, and she cannot be destroyed.

There was a people in the olden days who sought to find security in falsehood, and to construct a sovereignty by the aid of broken covenants. Let me read to you their boasts as it is recorded by the prophet Isaiah: "We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement: when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us, for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves." And so they banished truth. But banished truth is not vanquished truth. Truth is never idle; she is ever active and ubiquitous, she is forever and forever our antagonist or our friend. "Therefore thus saith the Lord God . . . your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand . . . and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding-places." Thus said the Lord! We may silence a fort, but we cannot paralyze the truth. Amid all the material convulsions

of the day the supremacy of truth remains unshaken. "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"Things which cannot be shaken!" What is there which cannot be shaken? *The passion of freedom* is one of the rarest of spiritual flames, and it can not be quenched. Make your appeal to history. Again and again militarism has sought to crush it, but it has seemed to share the very life of God. Brutal inspirations have tried to smother it, but it has breathed an indestructible life. Study its energy in the historical records of the Book or in annals of a wider field. Study the passion of freedom amid the oppressions of Egypt, or in the captivity of Babylon, or in the servitude of Rome. How does the passion express itself? "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, and may my right hand forget her cunning!" Study it in the glowing pages of the history of this country, that breath of free aspiration which no power of armament, and no menace of material strength was ever able to destroy. The mightiest force in all those days was not the power of threat, and powder, and sword, but that breath of invincible aspiration which was the very breath of God. And when we gaze upon stricken Belgium to-day, and look upon her sorrows, and her smitten fields, and her ruined cities, and her desolate homes, we can firmly and confidently proclaim that the breath of that divinely planted aspiration, her passion of freedom, will prove to be mightier than all the materialistic strength and all the prodigious armaments which seem to have laid her low. It is a reality which cannot be shaken.

There are other spiritual forces which we might have named, and which would have manifested the same incontestable supremacy: there is the energy of meekness, that spirit of docility which communes with the Almighty in hallowed and receptive awe: there is the boundless vitality of love which lives on through midnight after

midnight, unfainting and unspent: there is the inexhaustible energy of faith which hold on and out amid the massed hostilities of all its foes. You cannot defeat spirits like these, you cannot crush and destroy them. You cannot hold them under, for their supremacy shares the holy sovereignty of the eternal God. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord"; and these spirits, the spirit of truth, the spirit of freedom, the spirit of meekness and love, are in fellowship with the divine Spirit, and therefore shall they remain unshaken.

J. H. Jowett

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

"SOMEWHERE in France"—the day is tranquil, the sky unvexed, the green earth without a wound as I write; yet "somewhere in France" the day is torn with clamors, the sky is soiled with man's mounting hatred of man, and long, open wounds lie cruelly across the disputed earth. "Somewhere in France"—my mind goes back to remembered scenes: the crowd blocking the approach to a depot; white faces and staring eyes, eyes that alternately fear and hope, and in the crush a trickling gray line of returning *permissionaires.* "Somewhere in France"—on such a perfect day as this I see a little village street nestled among the trees, and hear the sound of the postman's reluctant feet tapping over the cobblestones—the postman that comes with the relentlessness of Fate—and at every house the horror of the black envelope. "Somewhere in France" the great immemorial cathedrals and the dotted, cool, moss-covered churches are filled with supplicating women and the black-framed, golden locks of children lifting their eyes before the Great Consoler as the sun breaks through the paling candle-flames. "Somewhere in France"—in its crowded stations I remember a proud womanhood, gray in the knowledge of sorrow, speeding its young sons and speaking the Spartan words. "Somewhere in France," in its thousand hospitals, the ministering white-clad angels are moving in their long vigils, calm, smiling, inspired. "Somewhere in France"—I see again imperishable fragments of remembered emotions; the women working in the vineyards of Champagne, careless of fate or the passing shells; the orphan children playing in the ruins of Rheims; a laughing child in bombarded Arras running out to pick up an exploded shell, a child in whom daily habit has brought fear into contempt; a skeleton of a

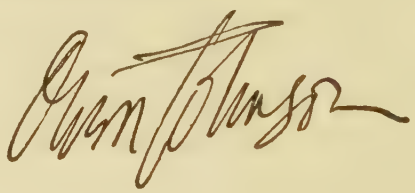
church in far-flung Bethany, that still lives in a sea of fire, where a black-coated priest of the unflinching faith was holding his mass among kneeling men before an altar hidden in the last standing corner from which the shredded ruins had been swept.

"Somewhere in France"—I remember the volcanic earth, the strewn ruin of all things, the prostrate handiwork of man mingled with the indignant bowels of the earth, and from a burrowed hole a *poilu* laughing out at us in impertinent greeting, with a gaiety which is more difficult than courage.

"Somewhere in France"—in bombarded Arras, was it not?—I remember an old woman, a very old woman, leaning on her cane as she peered from her cellar door within a hundred yards of the smoldering cathedral. I wonder if she still lives, for Arras will be struggling back to life now.

"Somewhere in France"—what thronged memories troop at these liberating words! And yet, through all the passing drama of remembered little things, what I see always before my eyes is the spiritual rise of Verdun. Verdun, heroic sister of the Marne; Verdun, the battling heart of France—whose stained slopes are anointed by the blood of a million men. Verdun! The very name has the upward fury and descending shock of an attacking wave dying against an immemorial shore. To have seen it as I was privileged to see it in that historic first week of August, 1915, at the turning of the tide, at the moment of the retaking of Fleury and Thiaumont, was to have stood between two great spectacles: the written page of a defense such as history has never seen, and the future, glowing with the unquenchable fire of undying France. When I think of the flaming courage of that heroic race, my imagination returns always to the vision of that defense—not the patient fortitude before famine of Paris, Sebastopol or Mafeking, but that miracle of patience and calm in the face of torrential rains of

steel which for months swept the human earth in such a deluge as never before had been sent in punishment upon the world. This was no adventure such as that gambling with fate which in all times and in all forms has stirred the spirit of man. Regiment after regiment marched down into the maw of hell, into the certainty of death. They went forward, not to dare, but to die, in that sublimest spirit of exaltation and sacrifice of which humanity is capable, that the children of France might live free and unafraid, Frenchmen in a French land. They went in regiment after regiment, division after division—living armies to replace the ghostly armies that had held until they died. Days without nights, weeks without a breathing spell—five months and more. They lie there now, the human wall of France, that no artillery has ever mastered or ever will, to prove that greater than all the imagined horror of man's instinct of destruction, undaunted before the new death that rocks the earth beneath him and pollutes the fair vision of the sky above, the spirit of man abides superior. Death is but a material horror; the will to live free is the immortal thing.



THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

IT IS worth while to explain how the world's news is gathered and furnished in a newspaper issued at one cent a copy. First, as to the foreign news, which is, of course, the most difficult to obtain and the most expensive. In normal times there are the four great agencies which, with many smaller and tributary agencies, are covering the whole world. These four agencies are, as above noted, the Reuter Telegram Company, Ltd., of London, which assumes responsibility for the news of the great British Empire, including the home land, every colony except Canada, and the Suzerain, or allied countries, as Egypt, Turkey, and even China and Japan; and the Agence Havas of Paris, taking care of the Latin countries, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Switzerland and South America as well as Northern Africa; and the Wolff Agency of Berlin, reporting the happening in the Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Slav nations. These three organizations are allied with The Associated Press in an exclusive exchange arrangement. Subordinate to these agencies is a smaller one in almost every nation, having like exchange agreements with the larger companies.

Thus it happens that there is not a place of moment in the habitable globe that is not provided for. Moreover, there is scarcely a reporter on any paper in the world who does not, in a sense, become a representative of all these four agencies. Not only are there these alliances, but in every important capital of every country, and in a great many of the other larger cities abroad there are "A. P." men, trained by long experience in its offices in this country. This is done because, first, the organization is naturally anxious to view every country with American eyes; and,

second, because a number of the agencies spoken of are under the influence of their Governments and, therefore, not always trustworthy. They are relied upon for a certain class of news, as for instance, accidents by flood and field, where there is no reason for any misrepresentation on their part. But where it is a question which may involve national pride or interest, or where there is a possibility of partisanship or untruthfulness, the "A. P." men are trusted.

Now, assume that a fire has broken out in Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, on the banks of the Ganges, and a hundred or a thousand people have lost their lives. Not far away, at Allahabad or at Calcutta, is a daily paper, having a correspondent at Benares, who reports the disaster fully. Some one on this paper sends the story, or so much of it as is of general rather than of local interest, to the agent of the Reuter Company at Calcutta, Bombay, or Madras; and thence it is cabled to London and Hongkong, and Sydney and Tokio. At each of these places there are Associated Press men, one of whom picks it up and forwards it to New York.

Thus the wide world is combed for news, and in an incredibly short time is delivered and printed everywhere. When Pope XIII died in Rome the fact was announced by an Associated Press despatch in the columns of a San Francisco paper in nine minutes from the instant when he breathed his last. And this message was repeated back to London, Paris, and Rome, and gave those cities the first information of the event. When Port Arthur was taken by the Japanese in the war of 1896 it came to us in New York in fifty minutes, although it passed through twenty-seven relay offices. Few of the operators transmitting it knew what the despatch meant. But they understood the Latin letters, and sent it on from station to station, letter by letter.

When Peary came back from his great discovery in the Arctic Sea he reached Winter Harbor, on the coast of Labrador, and from there sent me a wireless message that he had nailed the Stars and Stripes to the North Pole. This went to Sydney, on Cape Breton Island, and was forwarded thence by cable and telegraph to New York.

The organization is coöperative in its character. As a condition of membership, each one belonging agrees to furnish to his fellow-members, either directly or through the Association, and to them exclusively, the news of his vicinage, as gathered by him for his own paper. This constitutes the large fountain from which our American news supply is drawn. But, as in the case of the foreign official agencies, if there be danger that an individual member is biassed, or if the matter be one of high importance, our own trained and salaried staff men do the reporting. For this purpose, as well as for administrative work, there is a bureau in every leading city.

For the collection and interchange of this information we lease from the various telephone and telegraph companies, and operate with our own employees, something like fifty thousand miles of wires, stretching out in every direction through the country and touching every important center. To reach smaller cities, the telephone is employed. Everywhere in every land, and every moment of every day, there is ceaseless vigil for news.

People frequently ask what it costs thus to collect the news of the world. And we cannot answer. Our annual budget is between three and four million dollars. But this makes no account of the work done by the individual papers all over the world in reporting the matters and handling the news over to the agencies. Neither can we estimate the number of men and women engaged in this fashion. It is easy to measure the cost of certain specific

events; as, for instance, we expended twenty-eight thousand dollars to report the Martinique disaster. And the Russo-Japanese war cost us over three hundred thousand dollars.

Such is an outline of our activities in what we call normal times. But these are not normal times. When the great European war broke on us, eighteen months ago, all of the processes of civilization seemed to go down in an hour. And we suffered in common with others. Our international relations for the exchange of news were instantly dislocated. We had been able to impress the governments abroad with the value of an impartial and unpurchasable news service, as opposed to the venal type of journalism, which was too common on the European continent. And in our behalf they had abolished their censorships. They had accorded us rules assuring us great rapidity in the transmission of our messages over their government telegraph lines. They had opened the doors of their chancelleries to our correspondents, and told them freely the news as it developed.

All the advantages ceased. The German news agency was prohibited from holding any intercourse with the English, French, or Russian organizations. Simultaneously, like commerce was interdicted in the other countries. The virtue of impartial news-gathering at once ceased to be quoted at par. Everywhere, in all of the warring lands the Biblical rule that "he that is not with me is against me," became the controlling view. Government telegrams were obviously very important and there was no time to consider anywhere any of the promised speed in sending our despatches. Finally, censorships were imposed. This was quite proper in principle. Censorships are always necessary in time of war. But it is desirable, from every point of view, that they be intelligent, and this is not always the case.

Nevertheless, we have fared pretty well in the business of re-

Sincerely Yours
Melville E. Stone

porting this war. We have made distinct progress in teaching the belligerents that we hold no brief for any one of them, and, while each would much rather have us plead his cause, they are coming to see why we cannot and ought not to do so. And our men are everywhere respected and accorded as large privileges as, perhaps, in the light of the tension of the hour, could be reasonably asked.

Melville E. Stone

PAN AND THE POT-HUNTER

THEY are not many who are privileged to learn that the forces of the Wilderness are as gods, distributing benefits, and, from such as have earned them, taking even handed reprisals. Only the Greeks of all peoples realized this in its entirety, and them the gods repaid with the pure joy of creation which is the special prerogative of gods.

But Greenhow had heard nothing of Greeks save as a symbol of all unintelligibility, and of the gods not at all. His stock was out of England by way of the Tennessee mountains, drifting Pacific coastward after the war of the Rebellion, and he was a Pot Hunter by occasion and inclination. The occasion he owned to being born in one of the bays of the southerly Sierras where the plenitude of wild life reduced pot hunting to the degree of easy murder.

A Pot Hunter, you understand, is a business man. He is out for what he can get, and regards game laws as an interference with the healthful interactions of competition. Greenhow potted quail in the Temblors where by simply rolling out of his blanket he could bag two score at a shot as they flocked, sleek and slatey blue, down the runways to the drinking places. He took pronghorn at Castac with a repeating rifle and a lure of his red necktie held aloft on a cleaning rod, and packed them four to a mule-back down the Tejon to Summerfield. He shot farrow does and fished out of season, and had never heard of the sportsmanly obligation to throw back the fingerlings. Anything that made gunning worth while to the man who came after you was, by Greenhow's reckoning, a menace to pot hunting.

There were Indians in those parts who could have told him better—notable hunters who never shot swimming deer nor does with

fawn, nor any game unaware; who prayed permission of the Wuld before they went to hunt, and left offal for their little brothers of the Wilderness. Indians know. But Greenhow, being a business man, opined that Indians were improvident, and not being even good at his business, fouled the waters where he camped, left man traces in his trails and neglected to put out his fires properly.

Whole hillsides where the deer had browsed were burnt off bare as your hand in the wake of the pot hunter. Thus in due course, though Greenhow laid it to the increasing severity of game laws framed in the interests of city sportsmen, who preferred working hard for their venison to buying it comfortably in the open market, pot hunting grew so little profitable that he determined to leave it off altogether and become a Settler. Not however until he had earned the reprisal of the gods, of whom in a dozen years he had not even become aware.

In the Spring of the year the Tonkawanda irrigation district was opened, he settled himself on a spur of San Jacinto where it plunges like a dolphin in the green swell of the camissal, and throws up a lacy foam of chaparral along its sides. Below him, dotted over the flat reach of the mesa, the four square clearings of the Homesteaders showed along the line of the great canal, keen and blue as the cutting edge of civilization. There was a deep-soil level under the nose of San Jacinto—rabbits used to play there until Greenhow took to potting them for his breakfast—and a stream bubbled from under the hill to waste in the meadow.

Greenhow built a shack under a live oak there and fancied himself in the character of proprietor. He reckoned that in the three years before his vineyard came into bearing, he could pot-hunt in the hills behind his clearing for the benefit of the Homesteaders.

It was altogether a lovely habitation. Camise grew flush with the meadow and the flanks of San Jacinto shivered and sparkled

with the wind that turned the thousand leaves of the chaparral. Under the wind one caught at times the slow deep chuckle of the water. Greenhow should have been warned by that. In just such tones the ancient Greeks had heard the great god Pan laughing in the woods under Parnassus,—which was Greek indeed to the Pot Hunter.

Greenhow was thirty-four when he took out his preëmption papers and planted his first acre of vines. For reasons best known to the gods, the deer kept well away from that side of San Jacinto that year. Greenhow enlarged the meadow and turned up ground for a garden; he became acquainted with his neighbors and learned that they had prejudices in favor of game regulations, also that one of them had a daughter. She had white, even teeth that flashed when she laughed; the whole effect of her was as sound and as appetizing as a piece of ripe fruit. Greenhow told her that the prospect of having a home of his own was an incentive such as pot-hunting held out to no man. He looked as he said it, a very brother to Nimrod, for as yet the Pot had not marked him.

He stood straight; his eyes had the deep, varying blueness of lake water. Little wisps and burrs, odors of the forest clung about his clothing; a beard covered his slack, formless mouth. When he told the Homesteader's daughter how the stars went by on heather planted headlands and how the bucks belled the does at the bottom of deep cañons in October, she heard in it the call of the trail and young Adventure. Times when she would see from the level of her father's quarter section the smoke of the Pot Hunter's cabin rising blue against the glistening green of the live oak, she thought that life might have a wilder, sweeter tang there about the roots of the mountain.

In his second Spring when the camissal foamed all white with bloom and the welter of yellow violets ran in the grass under it

like fire, Greenhow built a leanto to his house and made the discovery that the oak which jutted out from the barranca behind it, was of just the right height from the ground to make a swing for a child, which caused him a strange pleasant embarrassment.

"Look kind o' nice to see a little feller playin' round," he admitted to himself, and the same evening went down to call on the Homesteader's daughter.

That night the watchful guardians of the Wild sent the mule-deer to harry the man who had been a pot-hunter. A buck of three years came down the draw by the watercourse and nibbled the young shoots of the vines where he could reach them across the rabbit proof fencing that the settler had drawn about his planted acres. Not that the wire netting would have stopped him; this was merely the opening of the game. Three days later he spent the night in the kitchen garden and cropped the tips of the newly planted orchard. After that the two of them put in nearly the whole of the growing season dodging one another through the close twigged manzanita, lilac, laurel and mahogany that broke upward along the shining bouldered coasts of San Jacinto. The chaparral at this season took all the changes of the incoming surf, blue in the shadows, darkling green about the heads of the gulches, or riffling with the white under side of wind-lifted leaves. Once its murmurous swell had closed over them, the mule-deer would have his own way with the Pot Hunter. Often after laborious hours spent in repairing the garden, the man would hear his enemy coughing in the gully behind the house, and take up his rifle to put in the rest of the day snaking through the breathless fifteen foot cover, only to have a glimpse of the buck at last dashing back the late light from glittering antlers as he bounded up inaccessible rocky stairs. This was the more exasperating since Greenhow had promised the antlers to the Homesteader's daughter.

When the surface of the camissal had taken on the brown tones of weed under sea water and the young clusters of the grapes were set—for this was the year the vineyard was expected to come into bearing—the mule-deer disappeared altogether from that district, and Greenhow went back hopefully to rooting the joint grass out of the garden. But about the time he should have been rubbing the velvet off his horns among the junipers of the high ridges, the mule-deer came back with two of his companions and fattened on the fruit of the vineyard. They went up and down the rows ruining with selective bites the finest clusters. During the day they lay up like cattle under the quaking aspens beyond the highest, wind-whitened spray of the chaparral, and came down to feast day by day as the sun ripened the swelling amber globules. They slipped between the barbs of the fine wired fence without so much as changing a leg or altering their long, loping stride; and what they left the quail took.

In pattering droves of hundreds they trecked in from the camise before there was light enough to shoot by, and nipped once and with precision at the ripest in every bunch. Afterward they dusted themselves in the chaparral and twitted the proprietor with soft contented noises. At the end of the October rut the deer came back plentifully to the Tonkawanda District, and Greenhow gave up the greater part of the rainy season to auditing his account with them. He spent whole days scanning the winter colored slope for the flicker and slide of light on a hairy flank that betrayed his enemy, or, rifle in hand, stalking a patch of choke cherry and manzanita within which the mule-deer could snake and crawl for hours by intricacies of doubling and back tracking that yielded not a square inch of target and no more than the dust of his final disappearance. Wood gatherers heard at times above their heads the discontented whine of deflected bullets. Windy mornings the quarry would

signal from the high barrens by slow stiff legged bounds that seemed to invite the Pot Hunter's fire, and at the end of a day's tracking among the punishing stubs of the burnt district, Greenhow returning would hear the whistling cough of the mule-deer in the ravine not a rifle shot from the house.

In the meantime rabbits burrowed under the wire netting to bark his young trees, and an orchardist who held the job of ditch tender along the Tonkawanda, began to take an interest in the Homesteader's daughter. Seldom any smoke went up now from the cabin under the dolphin's nose. Occasionally there rose a blue thread of it far up on the thinly forested crest of San Jacinto where the buck, bedded in the low brush between the bosses of the hills, kept a look out across the gullies from which Greenhow attempted to ambuscade him. Day by day the man would vary the method of approach until almost within rifle range, and then the wind would change or there would be the click of gravel underfoot, or the scrape of a twig on stiff overalls, and suddenly the long oval ears would slope forward, the angular lines flow into grace and motion and the game would begin again.

Greenhow killed many deer that season and got himself under suspicion of the game warden, but never *the* deer; and a very subtle change came over him, such a change as marks the point at which a man leaves off being hunter to become the hunted. He began to sense, with vague reactions of resentment, the personality of Power.

It was about the end of the rains that the *ditch tender* who was also an orchardist, took the Homesteader's daughter to ride on his unoccupied Sunday afternoon. He had something to say to her which demanded the wide, uninterrupted space of day. They went up toward the roots of the mountain between the green dikes of the chaparral, and he was so occupied with watching the pomegranite color of her cheeks and the nape of her neck where the sun

touched it, that he failed to observe that it was she who turned the horses into the trail that led off the main road toward the shack of the Pot Hunter. The same change that had come over the man had fallen on his habitation. Through the uncurtained window they saw the heaps of unwashed dishes and the rusty stove, and along the eaves of the leanto, a row of antlers bleaching.

"There's really no hope for a man," said the ditch tender, "once he gets *that* habit. It's worse than drink."

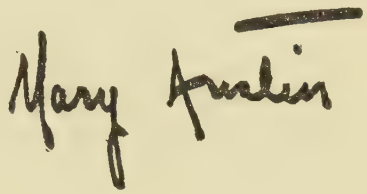
"Perhaps," said the Homesteader's daughter, "if he had had any one at home who cared . . . " She was looking down at the bindweed that had crept about the roots of a banksia rose she had once given the Pot Hunter out of her own garden, and she sighed, but the ditch tender did not notice that either. He was thinking this was so good an opportunity for what he had to say that he drew the horses toward the end of the meadow where the stream came in, and explained to her particularly just what it meant to a man to have somebody at home who cared.

The Homesteader's daughter leaned against the oak as she listened, and lifted up her clear eyes with a light in them that was like a flash out of the deep, luminous eye of day, which caused the ditch tender the greatest possible satisfaction. He did not think it strange, immediately he had her answer, to hear the titter of the leaves of the lilac and the sudden throaty chuckle of the water.

"I am so happy," laughed the ditch tender, "that I fancy the whole world is laughing with me."

All this was not so long ago as you would imagine to look at the Pot Hunter. As time went on the marking of the Pot came out on him very plainly. He acquired the shifty, sideling gait of the meaner sort of predatory creatures. His clothes, his beard, his very features have much the appearance that his house has, as if

the owner of it were distant on another occupation, and the camise has regained a considerable portion of his clearing. Owing to the vigilance of the game warden his is not a profitable business; also he is in disfavor with the homesteaders along the Tonkawanda who credit him with the disappearance of the mule-deer, once plentiful in that district. A solitary specimen is occasionally met by sportsmen along the back of San Jacinto, exceedingly gun wary. But if Greenhow had known a little more about the Greeks it might all have turned out quite differently.



MEN OF THE SEA

THE afternoon sun etched our shadows on the whitewashed wall behind us. Acres of grain and gorse turned the moorland golden under a windy blue sky. In front of us the Bay of Biscay burned sapphire to the horizon.

"You men of the sea," I said, "attain a greater growth of soul than do we whose roots are in the land. You are men of wider spiritual vision, of deeper capacity than are we."

The coastguard's weatherbeaten visage altered subtly.

"How can that be, Monsieur? Our sins stalk us like vast red shadows. We live violently, we men of the sea."

"But you really *live*—spiritually and physically. You attain a spiritual growth, a vision, an understanding, a depth seldom reached by us:—a wide kindness, a charity, a noble humanity outside the circumference of our experience."

He said, looking seaward out of vague, sea-gray eyes: "We drink too deeply. We love too often. We men of the sea have great need of intercession and of prayer."

"Not *you.*"

"There was a girl at Rosporden. . . . And one at Bannalec. . . . And others . . . from the ends of the earth to the ends of it . . . We Icelanders drank deep. And afterwards . . . in the China seas. . . ."

His gray Breton eyes brooded on the flowing sapphire of the sea; the low sun painted his furrowed face red.

"Not one among you but lays down his life for others as quietly and simply as he fills his pipe. From the rocking mizzen you look down calmly upon the world of men tossing with petty and complex passions—look down with the calm, kindly compre-

hension of a mature soul which has learned something of Immortal toleration. The scheme of things is clearer to you than to us; your pity, wiser; your faith more logical."

"We are children," he muttered, "we men of the sea."

"I have tried to say so—in too many words," said I.

My dog looked up at me, then with a slight sigh settled himself again beside the gamebag and tucked his nose under his flank. On the whitewashed walls of the ancient, ruined fort behind us our shadows towered in the red sunset.

I turned and looked at the roofless, crumbling walls, then at the coast where jeweled surf tumbled, stained with crimson.

These shores had been washed with a redder stain in years gone by: these people were forever stamped with the irradicable scar of suffering borne by generations dead. The centuries had never spared them.

And, as I brooded there, watching two peasants, father and son, grubbing out the gorse below us to make a place for future wheat, the rosy surf beyond seemed full of little rosy children and showy women, species of the endless massacres that this sad land had endlessly endured.

"They struck you hard and deep," I said, thinking of the past.

"Deep, Monsieur," he replied, understanding me. "Deep as your people's hatred."

"Oh, pour ça"—he made a vague gesture. "The dead are dead," he said, leaning over and opening my gamebag to look into it and sort and count the few braces of partridge, snipe and widgeon.

Presently, from below, the peasants at work in the gorse, shouted up to us something that I did not understand.

They were standing close together, leaning on mattock and spade, grouped around something in the gorse.

"What do they say?" I asked.

"They have found a soldier's body."

"A body?"

"Long dead, Monsieur. The skeleton of one of these who scourged this coast in the old days."

He rose and started leisurely down through the flowering gorse. I followed, and my dog followed me.

In the shallow excavation there lay a few bones and shreds and bits of tarnished metal.

I stooped and picked up a button and a belt buckle. The royal arms and the Regimental number were decipherable on the brasses. One of the peasants said:

"In Quimper lives a rich man who pays for relics. God, in his compassion, sends us poor men these bones."

The coastguard said: "God sends them to you for decent interment. Not to sell."

"But," retorted the peasant, "these bones and bits of brass belonged to one of those who came here with fire and sword. Need we respect our enemies who slew without pity young and old? And these bones are very ancient."

"The living must respect the dead, Jean Le Locard."

"I am poor," muttered Le Locard. "We Bretons are born to misery and sorrow. Life is very hard. Is it any harm if I sell these bones and brasses to a rich man, and buy a little bread for my wife and little ones?"

The coastguard shook his head gravely: "We Bretons may go hungry and naked, but we cannot traffic in death. Here lies a soldier, a hundred years hidden under the gorse. Nevertheless—"

He touched his cap in salute. Slowly the peasants lifted their caps and stood staring down at the bones, uncovered.

"Make a grave," said the coastguard simply. He pointed up at

the old graveyard on the cliff above us. Then, touching my elbow, he turned away with me toward the little hamlet across the moors.

"Let us find the Curé," he murmured. "We men of the sea should salute the death God sends with the respect we owe to all His gifts to man."

Our three gigantic shadows led us back across the moor,—my dog, myself, and the gray-eyed silent man who knew the sea,—and something perhaps, of the sea's Creator:—and much of his fellow men.

Robert W. Chambers

JIM—A SOLDIER OF THE KING

WE WERE machine gunners of the British Army stationed "Somewhere in France" and had just arrived at our rest billets, after a weary march from the front line sector.

The stable we had to sleep in was an old, ramshackle affair, absolutely over-run with rats. Great, big, black fellows, who used to chew up our leather equipment, eat our rations, and run over our bodies at night. German gas had no effect on these rodents; in fact, they seemed to thrive on it.

The floor space would comfortably accommodate about twenty men lying down, but when thirty-three, including equipment, were crowded into it, it was nearly unbearable.

The roof and walls were full of shell holes. When it rained, a constant drip, drip, drip was in order. We were so crowded that if a fellow was unlucky enough (and nearly all of us in this instance were unlucky) to sleep under a hole, he had to grin and bear it. It was like sleeping beneath a shower bath.

At one end of the billet, with a ladder leading up to it, was a sort of grain bin, with a door in it. This place was the headquarters of our guests, the rats. Many a stormy cabinet meeting was held there by them. Many a boot was thrown at it during the night to let them know that Tommy Atkins objected to the matter under discussion. Sometimes one of these missiles would ricochet, and land on the upturned countenance of a snoring Tommy, and for about half an hour even the rats would pause in admiration of his flow of language.

On the night in question we flopped down in our wet clothes, and were soon asleep. As was usual, No. 2 gun's crew were together.

The last time we had rested in this particular village, it was inhabited by civilians, but now was deserted. An order had been issued, two days previous to our arrival, that all civilians should move farther back of the line.

I had been asleep about two hours when I was awakened by Sailor Bill shaking me by the shoulder. He was trembling like a leaf, and whispered to me:

"Wake up, Yank, this ship's haunted. There's some one aloft who's been moaning for the last hour. Sounds like the wind in the rigging. I ain't scared of humans or Germans, but when it comes to messin' in with spirits it's time for me to go below. Lend your ear and cast your deadlights on that grain locker, and listen."

I listened sleepily for a minute or so, but could hear nothing. Coming to the conclusion that Sailor Bill was dreaming things, I was again soon asleep.

Perhaps fifteen minutes had elapsed when I was rudely awakened.

"Yank, for God's sake, come aboard and listen!" I listened, and sure enough, right out of that grain bin overhead came a moaning and whimpering, and then a scratching against the door. My hair stood on end. Blended with the drip, drip of the rain, and the occasional scurrying of a rat overhead, that noise had a supernatural sound. I was really frightened; perhaps my nerves were a trifle unstrung from our recent tour in the trenches.

I awakened "Ikey" Honney, while Sailor Bill roused "Happy" Houghton and "Hungry" Foxcroft.

Hungry's first words were, "What's the matter, breakfast ready?"

In as few words as possible, we told them what had happened. By the light of a candle I had lighted, their faces appeared as white as chalk. Just then the whimpering started again, and we were frozen with terror. The tension was relieved by Ikey's voice:

"I admit I'm afraid of ghosts, but that sounds like a dog to me. Who's going up the ladder to investigate?"

No one volunteered.

I had an old deck of cards in my pocket. Taking them out, I suggested cutting, the low man to go up the ladder. They agreed. I was the last to cut. I got the ace of clubs. Sailor Bill was stuck with the five of diamonds. Upon this, he insisted that it should be the best two out of three cuts, but we overruled him, and he was unanimously elected for the job.

With a "So long, mates, I'm going aloft," he started toward the ladder, with the candle in his hand, stumbling over the sleeping forms of many. Sundry grunts, moans, and curses followed in his wake.

As soon as he started to ascend the ladder, a "tap-tap-tap" could be heard from the grain bin. We waited in fear and trembling the result of his mission. Hungry was encouraging him with "Cheero, mate, the worst is yet to come."

After many pauses, Bill reached the top of the ladder and opened the door. We listened with bated breath. Then he shouted:

"Blast my deadlights, if it ain't a poor dog! Come alongside, mate, you're on a lee shore, and in a sorry plight."

Oh, what a relief those words were to us.

With the candle in one hand and a dark object under his arm, Bill returned and deposited in our midst the sorriest-looking specimen of a cur dog you ever set eyes on. It was so weak it couldn't stand. But that look in its eyes—just gratitude, plain gratitude. Its stump of a tail was pounding against my mess tin, and sounded just like a message in the Morse code. Happy swore that it was sending S O S.

We were like a lot of school children, every one wanting to help, and making suggestions at the same time. Hungry suggested

giving it something to eat, while Ikey wanted to play on his infernal jew's harp, claiming it was a musical dog. Hungry's suggestion met our approval, and there was a general scramble for haversacks. All we could muster was some hard bread and a big piece of cheese.

His nibs wouldn't eat bread, and also refused the cheese, but not before sniffing at it for a couple of minutes. I was going to throw the cheese away, but Hungry said he would take it. I gave it to him.

We were in a quandary. It was evident that the dog was starving and in a very weak condition. Its coat was lacerated all over, probably from the bites of rats. That stump of a tail kept sending S O S against my mess tin. Every tap went straight to our hearts. We would get something to eat for that mutt if we were shot for it.

Sailor Bill volunteered to burglarize the quartermaster's stores for a can of unsweetened condensed milk, and left on his perilous venture. He was gone about twenty minutes. During his absence, with the help of a bandage and a capsule of iodine, we cleaned the wounds made by the rats. I have bandaged many a wounded Tommy, but never received the amount of thanks that that dog gave with its eyes.

Then the billet door opened and Sailor Bill appeared. He looked like the wreck of the *Hesperus*, uniform torn, covered with dirt and flour, and a beautiful black eye, but he was smiling, and in his hand he carried the precious can of milk.

We asked no questions, but opened the can. Just as we were going to pour it out, Happy butted in and said it should be mixed with water; he ought to know, because his sister back in Blighty had a baby, and she always mixed water with its milk. We could not dispute this evidence, so water was demanded. We would not use the water in our water bottles, as it was not fresh enough for our new mate. Happy volunteered to get some from the well—

that is, if we would promise not to feed his royal highness until he returned. We promised, because Happy had proved that he was an authority on the feeding of babies. By this time the rest of the section were awake and were crowding around us, asking numerous questions, and admiring our newly found friend. Sailor Bill took this opportunity to tell of his adventures while in quest of the milk.

"I had a fair wind, and the passage was good until I came alongside the quartermaster's shack, then the sea got rough. The porthole was battened down, and I had to cast it loose. When I got aboard, I could hear the wind blowing through the rigging of the supercargo (quartermaster sergeant snoring), so I was safe. I set my course due north to the ration hold, and got my grappling irons on a cask of milk, and came about on my homeward-bound passage, but something was amiss with my wheel, because I ran nose on into him, caught him on the rail, amidships. Then it was repel boarders, and it started to blow big guns. His first shot put out my starboard light, and I keeled over. I was in the trough of the sea, but soon righted, and then it was a stern chase, with me in the lead. Getting into the open sea, I made a port tack and hove to in this cove with the milk safely in tow."

Most of us didn't know what he was talking about, but surmised that he had gotten into a mix-up with the quartermaster sergeant. This surmise proved correct.

Just as Bill finished his narration, a loud splash was heard, and Happy's voice came to us. It sounded very far off:

"Help, I'm in the well! Hurry up, I can't swim!" Then a few unintelligible words intermixed with blub! blub! and no more.

We ran to the well, and way down we could hear an awful splashing. Sailor Bill yelled down, "Look out below; stand from under; bucket coming!" With that he loosed the windlass. In a

few seconds a spluttering voice from the depths yelled up to us, "Haul away!"

It was hard work, hauling him up. We had raised him about ten feet from the water, when the handle of the windlass got loose from our grip, and down went the bucket and Happy. A loud splash came to us, and, grabbing the handle again, we worked like Trojans. A volley of curses came from that well which would have shocked Old Nick himself.

When we got Happy safely out, he was a sight worth seeing. He did not even notice us. Never said a word, just filled his water bottle from the water in the bucket, and went back to the billet. We followed. My mess tin was still sending S O S.

Happy, though dripping wet, silently fixed up the milk for the dog. In appetite, the canine was a close second to Hungry Foxcroft. After lapping up all he could hold, our mascot closed his eyes and his tail ceased wagging. Sailor Bill took a dry flannel shirt from his pack, wrapped the dog in it, and informed us:

"Me and my mate are going below, so the rest of you lubbers batten down and turn in."

We all wanted the honor of sleeping with the dog, but did not dispute Sailor Bill's right to the privilege. By this time the bunch were pretty sleepy and tired, and turned in without much coaxing, as it was pretty near daybreak.

Next day we figured out that perhaps one of the French kiddies had put the dog in the grain bin, and, in the excitement of packing up and leaving, had forgotten he was there.

Sailor Bill was given the right to christen our new mate. He called him "Jim." In a couple of days Jim came around all right, and got very frisky. Every man in the section loved that dog.

Sailor Bill was court-martialed for his mix-up with the quarter-

master sergeant, and got seven days field punishment No. 1. This meant that two hours each day for a week he would be tied to the wheel of a limber. During these two-hour periods Jim would be at Bill's feet, and, no matter how much we coaxed him with choice morsels of food, he would not leave until Bill was untied. When Bill was loose, Jim would have nothing to do with him—just walked away in contempt. Jim respected the king's regulations, and had no use for defaulters.

At a special meeting held by the section, Jim had the oath of allegiance read to him. He barked his consent, so we solemnly swore him in as a soldier of the Imperial British Army, fighting for king and country. Jim made a better soldier than any one of us, and died for his king and country. Died without a whimper of complaint.

From the village we made several trips to the trenches; each time Jim accompanied us. The first time under fire he put the stump of his tail between his legs, but stuck to his post. When "carrying in" if we neglected to give Jim something to carry, he would make such a noise barking that we soon fixed him up.

Each day Jim would pick out a different man of the section to follow. He would stick to this man, eating and sleeping with him, until the next day, and then it would be some one's else turn. When a man had Jim with him, it seemed as if his life were charmed. No matter what he went through, he would come out safely. We looked upon Jim as a good-luck sign, and believe me, he was.

Whenever it came Ikey Honney's turn for Jim's company, he was over-joyed, because Jim would sit in dignified silence, listening to the jew's-harp. Honney claimed that Jim had a soul for music, which was more than he would say about the rest of us.

Once, at daybreak, we had to go over the top in an attack. A man in the section named Dalton was selected by Jim as his mate in this affair.

The crew of gun No. 2 were to stay in the trench for over-head fire purposes, and, if necessary, to help repel a probable counter-attack by the enemy. Dalton was very merry, and hadn't the least fear or misgiving as to his safety, because Jim would be with him through it all.

In the attack, Dalton, closely followed by Jim, had gotten about sixty yards into No Man's Land, when Jim was hit in the stomach by a bullet. Poor old Jim toppled over, and lay still. Dalton turned around, and, just as he did so, we saw him throw up his hands and fall face forward.

Ikey Honney, who was No. 3 on our gun, seeing Jim fall, scrambled over the parapet, and, through that rain of shells and bullets, raced to where Jim was, picked him up, and, tucking him under his arm, returned to our trench in safety. If he had gone to rescue a wounded man in this way he would have no doubt been awarded the Victoria Cross. But he only brought in poor bleeding, dying Jim.

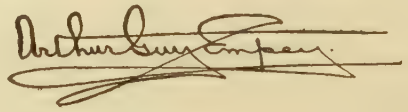
Ikey laid him on the fire step alongside of our gun, but we could not attend to him, because we had important work to do. So he died like a soldier, without a look of reproach for our heartless treatment. Just watched our every movement until his lights burned out. After the attack, what was left of our section gathered around Jim's bloodstained body. There wasn't a dry eye in the crowd.

Next day, we wrapped him in a small Union Jack belonging to Happy, and laid him to rest, a soldier of the king.

We put a little wooden cross over his grave which read:

PRIVATE JIM
MACHINE-GUN COMPANY
KILLED IN ACTION
APRIL 10, 1916
A DOG WITH A MAN'S HEART

Although the section has lost lots of men, Jim is never forgotten.



Pershing

HEEL AND TOE

THAT man—it could only have been a man—who invented the Klinger darning and mending machine struck a blow at marriage. Martha Eggers, bending over her work in the window of the Elite Hand Laundry (washing delivered same day if left before 8 A. M.) never quite evolved this thought in her mind. When one's job is that of darning six bushels of socks a day, not to speak of drifts of pyjamas and shirts, there remains very little time for philosophizing.

The window of the Elite Hand Laundry was a boast. On a line strung from side to side hung snowy, creaseless examples of the ironer's art. Pale blue tissue paper, stuffed into the sleeves and front of lace and embroidery blouses cunningly enhanced their immaculate virginity. White piqué skirts, destined to be grimed by the sands of beach and tee, dangled like innocent lambs before the slaughter. Just behind this starched and glistening ambush one glimpsed the bent head and the nimble fingers of Martha Eggers, first aid to the unwed.

As she sat weaving, in and out, in and out, she was a twentieth century version of any one of the Fates, with the Klinger darner and mender substituted for distaff and spindle. There was something almost humanly intelligent in the workings of Martha's machine. Under its glittering needle she would shove a sock whose heel bore a great, jagged, gaping wound. Your home darner, equipped only with mending egg, needle, and cotton, would have pronounced it fatal. But Martha's modern methods of sock surgery always saved its life. In and out, back and forth, moved the fabric under the needle. And slowly, the wound began to heal. Tack, tack, back and forth. The operation was completed.

"If I see you many more Mondays," Martha would say, grimly, tossing it into the heap at her side, "there won't be anything left of the original cloth. I should think people would realize that this laundry darns socks, but it doesn't manufacture 'em."

Before the advent of the ingenious mending machine I suppose more men than would care to admit it married largely because they grew so tired of seeing those eternal holes grinning back at them from heel and toe, and of feeling for absent buttons in a hastily donned shirt. The Elite laundry owed much of its success to the fact that it advertised alleviation for these discomforts.

If you had known Martha as I knew her you would have found a certain pathos in the thought of this spare spinster performing for legions of unknown unseen men those homely, intimate tasks that have long been the duty of wife or mother. For Martha had no men-folks. Martha was one of those fatherless, brotherless, husbandless women who, because of their state, can retain their illusions about men. She had never known the tragedy of setting forth a dinner only to have hurled at her that hateful speech beginning with, "I had that for lunch." She had never seen a male, collarless, bellowing about the house for his laundry. She had never beheld that soul-searing sight—a man in his trousers and shirt, his suspenders dangling, his face lathered, engaged in the unbecoming rite of shaving.

Her knowledge of the home habits of the male biped she gleaned from the telltale hints of the inanimate garments that passed through her nimble hands. She could even tell character and personality from deductions gathered at heel and toe. She knew, for example, that F. C. (in black ink) was an indefatigable fox trotter and she dubbed him Ferdy Cahn, though his name, for all she knew, might have been Frank Callahan. The dancing craze, incidentally, had added mountainous stacks to Martha's already heaped up bins.

The Elite Laundry served every age and sex. But Martha's department was, perforce, the unwed male section. No self-respecting wife or mother would allow laundry-darned hose or shirts to reflect on her housekeeping habits. And what woman, ultra-modern though she be, would permit machine-mended stockings to desecrate her bureau drawers? So it was that Martha ministered, for the most part, to those boarding house bachelors living within delivery-wagon proximity to the Elite Laundry.

It was early in May that Martha first began to notice the white lisle socks marked E. G. She picked them from among the great heap at her work table because of the exquisite fineness of the darning that adorned them. It wasn't merely darning. It was embroidery. It was weaving. It was cobweb tapestry. It blended in with the original fabric so intimately that it required an expert eye to mark where darning finished and cloth began. Martha regarded it with appreciation unmarred by envy, as the artisan eye regards the work of the artist.

"That's his mother's darning," she thought, as she smoothed it with one work-scarred finger. "And she doesn't live here in Chicago. No, sir! It takes a small town mother to have the time and patience for that kind of work. She's the kind whose kitchen smells of ginger cookies on Saturday mornings. And I'll bet if she ever found a moth in the attic she'd call the fire department. He's her only son. And he's come to the city to work. And his name—his name is Eddie."

And Eddie he remained for the months that followed.

Now, there was nothing uncanny in Martha Eggers' deduction that a young man who wears white hose, miraculously darned, is a self-respecting young man, brought up by a worshiping mother who knows about ginger cookies and winter underwear, and whose Monday washing is fragrant with the clean-smelling scent of green

grass and sunshine. But it was remarkable that she could pick this one needle from the haystack of socks and shirts that towered above her. She ran her hand through hundreds of garments in the day's work. Some required her attention. Some were guiltless of rent or hole. She never thought of mating them. That was the sorter's work. But with Eddie's socks it was different. They had not, as yet, required the work of her machine needle. She told herself, whimsically, that when the time came to set her crude work next to the masterly effects produced by the needle of Eddie's ma every fiber in her would shrink from the task. Of course Martha did not put it in just that way. But the thought was there. And bit by bit, week by week, month by month, the life, and aims, and ambitions, and good luck and misfortunes of this country boy who had come to the call of the city, were unfolded before the keen eye of the sparse spinster who sat stitching away in the window of the Elite Laundry.

For a long, long time the white hose lacked reënforcements, so that they began to grow thin from top to toe. Martha feared that they would go to pieces in one irremediable catastrophe, like the one-hoss shay. Evidently Eddie's job did not warrant unnecessary expenditures. Then the holes began to appear. Martha tucked them grimly under the glittering needle of the Klinger darner and mender but at the first incision she snapped the thread, drew out the sock, and snipped the stitches.

"His ma'd have a fit. I'll just roll 'em up, and take 'em home with me to-night and darn 'em by hand." She laughed at herself, a little shame-faced laugh, but tender, too.

She did darn them that night, in the twilight, and in the face of the wondering contempt of Myrt. Myrt dwelt across the hall in five-roomed affluence with her father and mother. She was one of the ten stenographers employed by the Slezak Film Company.

There existed between the two women an attraction due to the law of opposites. Myrt was nineteen. She earned twelve dollars a week. She knew all the secrets of the moving picture business, but even that hideous knowledge had left her face unscarred. Myrt's twelve was expended wholly upon the embellishment of Myrt. Myrt was one of those asbestos young women upon whom the fires of life leave no mark. She regarded Martha Eggers, who dwelt in one room, in the rear, across the hall, with that friendly contempt which nineteen, cruelly conscious of its charms, bestows upon plain forty.

She strolled into Martha Eggers' room now to find that lady intent upon a white sock, darning needle in hand. She was working in the fast-fading light that came through her one window. Myrt, kimono-clad, stared at her in unbelief.

"Well, I've heard that when actors get a day off they go to the theater. I suppose it's the same idea. I should think you'd get enough darning and mending from eight A. M. to six P. M. without dragging it home with you."

"I'm doing it for a friend," said Martha, her head bent over her work.

"What's his name?"

"Eddie."

"Eddie what?"

Martha blushed, pricked her finger, bent lower. "Eddie—Eddie Grant."

At the end of the next six weeks every pair of Eddie Grant's hose, heel and toe, bore the marks of Martha's workmanship. Then, quite suddenly, they ceased to appear. Had he gone back home, defeated? Had he moved to another neighborhood? Had he invested in a fresh supply of haberdashery? On Tuesday of the seventh week E. G.'s white hose appeared once more. Martha

picked them from among the heap. Instantly she knew. Clumsily, painstakingly, they had been darned by a hand all unaccustomed to such work. A masculine hand, as plucky as it was awkward.

"Why, the poor kid! The poor little kid! Lost his job for six weeks, and did his own washing and mending."

That night she picked out the painfully woven stitches and replaced them with her own exquisite workmanship.

Eddie's new job was evidently a distinct advance. The old socks disappeared altogether. They had been darned until each one resembled a mosaic. In their place appeared an entirely new set, with nothing but the E. G. inked upon them by the laundry to distinguish them from hundreds of others. Sometimes Martha missed them entirely. Then, suddenly, E. G. blossomed into silk, with clocking up the side, and Martha knew that he was in love. She found herself wondering what kind of girl she was, and whether the woman in the little town that was Back Home to Eddie would have approved of her. One day there appeared a pair of lovesick lavenders, but they never again bloomed. Evidently she was the kind of a girl who would be firm about those. Then, for a time—for two long weeks—E. G.'s hose were black; somber, mournful, unrelieved black. They had quarreled. After that they brightened. They became numerous, and varied. There was about them something triumphant, ecstatic. They rose to a pæon.

"They're engaged," Martha told herself. "I hope she's the right kind of a girl for Eddie."

Then, as they sobered down and even began to require some of Martha's expert workmanship she knew that it was all right. "She's making him save up."

Six months later the Elite Laundry knew E. G. no more.

Myrt, strolling into Martha's room one evening, as was her wont, found that severe-faced lady suspiciously red-eyed. Even Myrt, the unimaginative, sensed that some unhappiness had Martha in its grip.

"What's matter?"

"Oh, I don't know. Kinda lonesome, I guess. What's the news down at your place?"

"News! Nothing ever happens in our office. Honestly, some days I think I'll just drop dead, it's so slow. I took three hours dictation from Hubbell this morning. He's writing the 'Dangers of Dora' series, and I almost go to sleep over it. He's got her now where she's chained in the cave with the tide coming up, on a deserted coast, and nobody for miles around. I was tickled to death when old Slezak called me away to fill out the contract blanks for him and Willie Kaplan. Kaplan's signed up with the Slezak's for three years at a million and a half a year. He stood over me while I was filling it out—him and his brother Gus—as if I was going to put something over on 'em when they weren't looking."

"My land! How exciting! It must be wonderful working in a place like that."

Myrt yawned, and stretched her round young arms high above her head.

"I don't see anything exciting about it. Of course it isn't as bad as your job, sitting there all day, sewing and mending. It isn't even as if you were sewing on new stuff, like a dressmaker, and really making something out of it. I should think you'd go crazy, it's so uninteresting."

Martha turned to the window, so that her face was hidden from Myrt. "Oh, I don't know. Darning socks isn't so bad. Depends on what you see in 'em."

"See in 'em!" echoed Miss Myrtle Halperin. "See! Well for

the love of heaven what can you see in mending socks, besides holes!"

Martha did not answer. Myrt, finding things dull, took herself off, languidly. At the door she turned and looked back on the stiff little figure seated in the window with its face to the gray twilight.

"What's become of your friend What's-his-name that you used to darn socks for at home? Grant, wasn't it? Eddie Grant?"

"That was it," answered Martha. "He's married. He and his wife, they've got to visit Eddie's folks back home, on their wedding trip. I miss him something terrible. He was just like a son to me."

Edna Ferber

THOSE WHO WENT FIRST

A DISTANT bugle summoned them by day,
A far flame beckoned them across the night.
They rose—they flung accustomed things away,—
The habit of old days and new delight.
They heard—they saw—they turned them over-seas,—
Oh, Land of ours, rejoice in such as these!

This was no call that sounded at their door,
No wild torch flaming in their window space,—
Yet the quick answer went from shore to shore,
The swift feet hastened to the trysting place,
Laughing, they turned to death from peace and ease,—
Oh, Land of ours, be proud of such as these!

High hearts—great hearts—whose valor strikes for us
Out of the awful Dissonance of war
This perfect note,—in you the chivalrous
Young Seekers of the Grail re-live once more,—
Acclaimed of men, or fallen where none sees,
Oh, Land of ours, be glad of such as these!

Theodosia Garrison

A SUMMER'S DAY

ONCE I wrote a story of a woman's day in Paris, a Perfect Day. It had to do with the buying of all the lovely trappings that are the entrappings of the animal which Mr. Shaw believes woman endlessly pursues. One of the animals was in the story, and there was food and moonlight, music and adventure.

I never sold that marvelous tale. For years it has peeked out at me from a certain pigeon hole in my desk with the anguish of a prisoner in the Black Hole of Calcutta, and with as little hope for its liberation into the glad air of a free press. Yet it is with me now in Paris. In that last distracted moment of packing, when all sense of what is needed has left one, it was thrust into a glove case like contraband cigarettes. There may have been some idea of remolding it with a few deceiving touches—make a soldier of the hero probably—but with the "love interest" firmly remaining. There was only one Perfect Day to a woman, I thought.

That was some weeks ago. I am now writing on the back of that romance for lack of paper, writing of another day, wondering as I work if the present day's adventures will have any quality that might hold the reader's eye. I dare not ask for the reader's heart when love does not stalk through the pages.

Paris is now an entrenched camp but one is not awakened by bugles, and the beat of drums is unheard as the troops march through the city. It was the regular "blump-blump" of military boots past my window which possibly aroused me into activity, although the companies crossing from station to cantonment no longer turn the head of the small boy as he rolls his hoop along the Champs Élysées. This troubles me, and I always go to the curb to watch them when I am in the street.

"ONCE THE GIANT TOY OF A PEOPLE WHO FROLICKED"

From the Original Water Color

By Walter Hale

There was an instant's hesitation before I pulled up the refractory Venetian blind—the right rope so eager to rise, the left so indifferent to its improvement—an instant's dread. I was afraid "they" would be hopping about even this early in the morning, hopping, hopping—the jerking gait of the mutilated—the little broken waves of a sea of "horizon blue." But they must have been just getting their faces washed at the Salon, where once we went to see pictures and now find compositions more dire than the newest schools of painting.

On the other side the stretch of chestnuts, the taxicabs, returned to their original mission, were already weaving about in their effort to exterminate each other. Battling at the Marne had been but a slight deviation in their mode of procedure, yet when a cab recently ran down and killed a bewildered soldier impeded by a crutch strange to him, Paris raised its voice in a new cry of rage. Beyond the Champs Élysées, far beyond, rose the Eiffel tower. Capable, immune so far from the attacks of the enemy, its very outlines seem to have taken on a greater importance. Once the giant toy of a people who frolicked, it now serves in its swift mission as the emblem of a race more gigantic than we had conceived.

Is it not a relieving thought to such of us as still can play, that spirit, whether in the bosom of the boulevardier or his country cousin playing bowls in the cool of the evening, is the same that projects itself brilliantly across the battlefield; that the flash of a woman's eye as she invites a conquest is the flame upon the altar when sacrifice is needed; that the very gaiety which makes one laugh is a force to endure the deepest pits that have been dug for mankind. Even as I continually struggle with a lump in my throat which I often think should remain with me forever, I dare claim that of all the necessitous qualities in life the spirit of play must

be the last to leave a race. Its translation to the gravities of living needs no bellows for the coaxing of the fire. It is ever burning upon the hearth of the happy heart.

The gilded statuary of the bridge of Alexander III, like flaming beacons in the sun's rays, waved us out and on to the Invalides to see the weekly awarding of medals. It is presumably the gay event of the week as the band plays, and there is some color in the throngs who surge along the colonnades to look into the court of honor. A portion of the great space is now accommodating huge shattered cannon and air craft of the enemy, their massiveness suggesting, as the little glittering medals are pinned upon the soldiers' breasts, that it is not so easy to be a hero and go a-capturing.

By the judicious wavings of famous autographs we were permitted the upper balcony to sketch the heroic ones within the hollow square formed by soldiers and marines. Directly beneath us stood the band with the brassard of the red cross on their arms, for they are still the stretcher bearers at the front. In the center of the square was a little group of men, seventy perhaps but the space was vast. Some were standing, some seated with stiff stumps of legs sticking out queerly. Here and there a nurse stood by a blind man, and there were white oblong gaps in the line which designated the beds of the paralyzed.

I had set my teeth and said that I must stand it when across the courtyard like a liquid stream of some spilled black portion came the mothers and the wives, who were to wear the ribbon their soldiers had earned in exchange for their lives. Or should there be little sons or daughters they received this wondrous emblem of their fathers' sacrifice. We could see the concerted white lift of handkerchiefs to the eyes of the black line of women as the general bestowed the honors. But the little children were tranquil.

With the beginning of the distribution the band, for which I had

longed that it might give a glow to the war, swung into a blare of triumph. It was the first note of music we had heard in France. And as we all expressed our emotion with abandonment throughout the enlivening strains of "The Washington Post," I appreciated the infinite wisdom of marching drumless through the streets—of the divine lack of the bugles' song. For music, no matter its theme, makes happy only those who are already happy. To those who suffer it urges an unloosening of their grief—and grief must not go abroad in France.

There was an end to the drama. The guard of honor marched through the porte, banners flying. It was a happy ending, I suppose, though one might not think so by the triumphal chariots that entered the court to bear away the heroes—chariots with that red emblem emblazoned upon a white disc which would have mystified an early Cæsar. But my thoughts were not entirely with the chief actors in the play, rather with the squad of soldiers who had surrounded them, the supers who would have enjoyed medals, too, and upon whom opportunity had not smiled; whose epic of brave deeds may never be read, and who, by chance, may go legless yet ribbonless up the Champs Élysées.

"They" were hopping up the Avenue when we crossed it again, yet we all went on about our daily tasks as one passes the blind man on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-third Street. He may receive a penny, a twang of the heart strings, but he must be passed to go into the shop. My list was in my purse bearing but a faint resemblance to the demands of other years. I thought as I took it out what confusion of mind would have been my portion had I found it in my purse three summers ago, in what state of madness could any one prepare for a day in Paris such a program as: "Gloves, Hospital 232, furs, workshop for blind, shell combs, see my baby at Orphelinat, hair nets, cigarettes to my soldier, try

on gowns, funeral of Am. airman," and on and on through each day's great accomplishment to the long quiet night.

Yet to buy freely and even frivolously in France need harass nothing more soulful than a letter of credit, and it was with less of guilt than of fear that I entered the courtyard of my furrier. I turned the button ever so gently with the same dread in my heart that I had suffered in going back to all of my shop keepers of previous summers. Would he still be there? Two years is a long time, and he was a young man. But he was there, wounded in the chest but at work and in expectation of being recalled. He did not want to go back, but of course if he was needed—

And I must lay stress on the magnificence of this hope that he might not have to return to the trenches. I have found many who do not want to go back. Fierce partizans of French courage deny this, reading in my contention a lack of bravery, but to me it is valor of a glorious color. For they do return without resentment, and, what is more difficult in this day of monumental deeds and minute bickerings, without criticism.

Like most of the men who come out of the trenches he had very little to say about them. It amused him to hear that my new fur coat purchased in America is of so fleeting a dye that I must dart into the subway whenever the sun shines. He was laughing quietly as he wished me a cloudy winter upon my descending the broad stone steps into the empty, echoing courtyard. The unexpected appreciation of my doubtful humor set me musing over the possibility of a duty new to Americans. It is the French who have stood for gaiety. We have warmed ourselves in their quick wit. Perhaps since it is time for us to do our little clownish best to set them laughing.

Having made the resolve I failed meanly to put it into execution. I knew I was going to fail as the motor stopped before the great

house in the rue Daru—the lordly house of exquisitely tinted walls although the colors are not seen by those who dwell within. There is a paved *cour* beyond the high wall with great steps leading up to the hotel. At the right are the stables, where delicate fabrics are woven—the workmen with heads erect; where are special looms for those who, by the sad demands of this war, are denied hands as well as their two eyes. At the left is another building and here the men play in a gymnasium, even fence with confidence. In an anteroom is a curious lay figure that the most sensitive of the students may learn massage—it is the blind in Japan who give their understanding fingers to this work—and in the rooms above is a printing press, silent for lack of funds, but ready to give a paper of his own to the sightless. Only, at "The Light House" they will not accept that a single one of their guests is without vision. "Ah *guardienne,*" cried one of the students to the American woman who has established our Light House methods over there, "you do not see the unevenness of this fabric for your eyes are in your way."

I was standing in the room where the plan of the house is set upon a table. It is the soldier's first lesson that he may know the turns and steps, and run about without the pitiful outstretching of arms. There were other callers upon the *guardienne.* A blind graduate who had learned to live (which means to work) had returned with his little old father, and both were telling her that he had enough orders for his sweaters from the "Trois Quartiers" to keep him occupied for two years. The family felt that he was established—so there was nothing more to fear. And then because we were all happy over it the old man and the woman and myself began to cry noiselessly. Only the blind boy remained smiling through the choking silence.

I went to the window and glared down into the gardens where

other soldiers were studying at little tables with a professor for each, and I asked myself why, in this great exigency, I was not being funny and paying my debt to France. But there was nothing to be funny about. The thing that dried my tears was the recollection of the blind asylum of my youth, where the "inmates" never learned to walk without groping, where we were shown hideous bead furniture, too small for dolls, which was the result of their eager but misspent lives.

There was a gown to be ordered before noon and as I drove back through the Faubourg St. Honoré I found myself looking fondly, thirstily into the shop windows, lifting my free eyes to the charming vagaries of old buildings, and again I made a vow although it had nothing to do with humor. On my dressing table rests a cushion of brocade and I shall carry it about as one who may yield to temptation carries a pledge, for the card which is attached chants out to me whenever my eyes rest upon it: "*Soldat Pierre. Aveugle de la guerre. Blessé à Verdun.*" And as long as Soldier Pierre. Blind from the war. Wounded at Verdun can go on weaving his fabrics I pray that I may carry whatever burden may be mine with the unrebellious spirit.

Ah well! The robe took its place in the curriculum of my new Parisian day. It was to be a replica in color of that worn by the head of the house—her one of mourning was so bravely smart—for the business must go on and only the black badge of glory in fashionable form show itself in the gay salon. "Yes, we must go on," she said, "though every wife may give her mate. It is of an enormity to realize before one dies that he can be done without—that there are enough little ones to keep France alive and we women in the meantime can care for the country. Our men may die glad in that thought, but I think there must be a little of grief, too. It is sad not to be needed. Yes, madame, blue for you where mine is

black, and in place of the crêpe something very brilliant. It is only Americans that we can make gay now, and it keeps the women in the sewing room of good cheer to work in colors. Too dear you think? Ah, no, madame, observe the model!"

Conscious that she had taken the basest advantage of my sympathy, and glad that she had done so I went on to *déjeuner* with a feeling that I had deserved it which I might not otherwise have enjoyed. We were lunching at the restaurant on the Seine which felt for a short time the upheaval of war. Among the first called to the front had been the proprietor, and the august deputies whose custom it was to take their midday meal at this famous eating place had suffered from an unevenness of the cuisine. He is back at his establishment now, an ammunition maker on the night shift and the excellent and watchful patron at noon.

Our guests came promptly, for France still eats, although, if I can say anything so anomalous, does not stop to do so. The war talk continues albeit one carries it more lightly through a meal. A French officer arrived in the only automobile of his garage which the government had not commandeered. We looked down upon it stealthily that we might not give offense to his chauffeur, for the car is a Panhard in the last of its teens—which holds no terrors to a woman but is a gloomy age for a motor. An American architect from our Clearing House bowed over my hand a little more Gallic in these days than the Gaul himself. He has a right to the manners of the country. He had come over at the beginning of the war for a month and is determined to stick it out if he never builds another railway station. "To see the troops march through the Arc de Triomphe!" is the cry of the Americans, but the French do not express themselves so dramatically.

There is drama enough, though, even in the filing of papers at every American relief society. That and the new sensation of

work serves to hold the dilettante of our country to his long task. "This is the president's office," you will be told in a hushed voice outside some stately door. Then one discovers in Mr. President a playmate of Mayfair or Monte Carlo or Taormina who may never previously have used a desk except as a support for the signing of checks.

Our friend had been engaged that morning upon the re-ticketing of the Lafayette Kits which had come back from the front because there was no longer a Gaspard to receive them. I put this down that any young girl of our country who does not hear from "her soldier" may understand the silence. And sometimes the *poilu* is a little confused, writing a charming letter of thanks to "Monsieur Lafayette" himself.

A man takes coffee at *déjeuner* but finishes his cigar en route to work. We were at the edge of Paris before the Illustrator had thrown his away. We were not in the car of ancient lineage but in that relic of other days a real automobile without the great white letters of the army upon its sides and bonnet. Yet we were going into the heart of the Army. We would not be among the derelicts of battle that afternoon but with men sound of mind and body, and the thought was grateful that there would be nothing to anguish over. We were to visit two cantonments, rough barracks, in one of which the men gathered after their "permission" for a re-equipment; while at the second one were those soldiers who had become separated from their regiments, and who were sent there until the companies—if they existed—could be found, and the "isolated" again despatched to the front.

I had anticipated a very relieving afternoon. The sun shone, the long road led to open country, and many circling aëroplanes over an aviation field nearby gave the air of a fête. Only the

uniforms of the English and American women who are attached to each of these many cantonments suggested any necessitous combating of the grim reaper.

Yet they are not nurses of the body but of the spirit. From modest little vine covered sheds erected in each ugly open space they disperse good cheer augmented by coffee and cigarettes (and such small comforts as we Americans send them) after the regulation army rations are served by the commissary. They hear the men's stories, comfort the unhappy ones, chaff the gloomy ones, and when they have a moment's breathing space write letters to such of those as have asked for a correspondent.

One of these women—an American—was intent upon this occupation at the first canteen we visited. She admitted that she was tired but she must answer her letters. She was rather grave about it, "I write to sixty-eight," she said, "and I'll tell you why. At least I will tell you a little of it and you can read the rest. I was on night duty. There is always one of us here. The men have just come from visiting their homes and some of them are blue and cannot sleep. Rude to us? Oh, never! I had written letters almost all night and it was time to make the morning coffee, yet there was still one to do. I was tempted to put it aside. I didn't remember the man, but he had sent me a word of thanks. Well, somehow I did answer it between the moment of filling the cauldron and getting ready for the day. Here is his reply—it came this morning—"

Translating crudely from the letter I read aloud to our little circle: *"Dear Madame, you have saved my life. I have no friends and no people left for I am from the invaded districts, so no one writes me. To-day I was on duty as the officer came into our trench with the mail. He called my name. He gave me*

permission to leave the listening post to receive your valued letter. While at his side a shell tore up entirely my post. I thank you, Madame, that I am spared to fight for France—"

I regarded her with longing. She had been the controller of a destiny. I suppose we are all that when we bend our best efforts, but seldom are we so definitely apprised of the reward of untiring duty.

A petty officer passed by the shack with a paper in his hands. There were no sounding trumpets, but the men recognized the paper and rose from the ground where they had been lounging to hear him read the list of those who were to return immediately to the front. As the names were called each one summoned turned without comment or exclamation or expletive, picked up his kit dumped in a corner, slung on the heavy equipment, saw that the huge loaf of bread was secure—the extra shoes—refilled his canteen and moved over to the barred gate. Occasionally one shook hands with a comrade and all saluted the women of the little flower-bedecked hut. An order was given and the gate was opened. They filed out into the dusty road on their march to the railway station. The gate was closed. A little hill rose higher than the ground of the barracks and we could see them once again—stout little men in patched uniforms—bending unresistingly under their burdens, the heavy steel helmets gleaming but faintly in the sun. Another detachment entered the barracks.

It was coffee time now. The soldiers were lingering politely about with their tin cups in hand—not too expectantly, so as to assure the ladies that if by any chance there was no coffee they would not be disappointed. The gentlewoman in attendance had recently come from a canteen near the front where soup is made and often eight thousand bowls of it served in a day. The skin of

her arms and hands is, I fear, permanently unlovely from the steam of the great kettles—or perhaps I should say permanently lovely now that one knows the cause of the branding. I offered to pour in her place and she assented.

The men came up to the little bar. I began to pour. I had thought I was about to do them a service. I knew with the first cup that it was they who were doing me one. All the unrest and misery of my idle if observing days in France was leaving me. I was pushing back the recollection with the sweetness of physical effort. I was at work. There is no living in France—or anywhere now—unless one is at work. I served and served and urged fresh cups upon them. They thought I was generous—I could not tell them that I had not known a happy instant till this coffee pouring time. I had not recognized that it was toiling with the hands that would bring a surcease to the beating of queries at my bewildered brain. There are no answers to this war. One can only labor for it and so, strangely, forget it.

Late that afternoon I had a cup of tea in a ground floor room of a big Parisian hotel which has been freely assigned to an American woman for the least known of all our relief work. I had come that I might argue with her into giving up her long task for a brief rest. My contention was to have been that she could stop at any time as her work is never recognized. I found her doing up a parcel of excellent garments for a man and three women. They were to be assigned to the family of a respected painter of the Latin Quarter. They will never know who is the middleman, and it has chanced that she has dined in company with her day's donation.

As I observed her tired tranquillity I felt my argument growing pointless. Whether it was coffee or the unacknowledged dispenser

of clothing to the uncrying needy it was service, and though my arm muscles ached I could understand that it is the idle boy in Paris which does not rest at night.

And so I come to the last sheet of the romance which is serving so humbly my war-time needs. There is space for the dinner and the closing in of the gentle night thanks to the repeated, fervid declarations of the lovers on the other side the paper. We had been with the men that afternoon. We were among the officers that evening. We dined at one of the great restaurants which has timorously reopened its doors to find eager families ready to feast honored sons. At one table sat three generations, the father of the boy concealing his pride with a Gallic interest in the menu, but the grandfather futilely stabbed the snails as his gleaming old eyes kept at attention upon the be-medaled lad. Pretty women, too, were there, subdued in costuming but with that amiable acceptance of their position which is not to be found among the more eager "lost ones" of other countries. And I enjoyed some relief in their evidence once more, and some inward and scarcely to-be-expressed solace in the thought that those soldiers who henceforth must go disfigured through a fastidious world can ever buy companionship.

There was a theater attached to the restaurant. Through the glass doors we could see an iridescence of scant costumes, but the audience was light, and we ourselves preferred, as a more satisfactory ending to our day, to walk quietly toward the Arc de Triomphe which is waiting, waiting for fresh glories. On the other side of this last sheet of paper my lovers had so walked together. But upon looking over their passionate adventures I have discovered, at last, why the romance has never found a market. On one side and then on the other I have read and reread the two experiences. Yes, I find the *love*-story curiously lacking in love.

Louis Anspacher

CHILDREN OF WAR

NOT for a transient victory, or some
Stubborn belief that we alone are right;
Not for a code or conquest do we fight,
But for the crowded millions still to come.

This, unborn generations, is your war,
Although it is our blood that pays the price.
Be worthy, children, of our sacrifice,
And dare to make your lives worth fighting for.

We give up all we love that you may loathe
Intrigue and darkness, that you may disperse
The ranks of ugly tyrannies and, worse,
The sodden languor and complacent sloth.

Do not betray us, then, but come to be
Creation's crowning splendor, not its slave;
Knowing our lives were spent to keep you brave,
And that our deaths were meant to make you free.

Louis Untermeyer.

Courtesy *Collier's Weekly*.

KHAKI-BOY

WHERE the torrent of Broadway leaps highest in folly and the nights are riddled with incandescent tire and chewing gum signs; jazz bands and musical comedies to the ticket speculators' tune of five dollars a seat, My Khaki-Boy, covered with the golden hoar of three hundred Metropolitan nights rose to the slightly off key grand finale of its eighty-first matinée, curtain slithering down to the rub-a-dud-dub of a score of pink satin drummer boys with slim ankles and curls; a Military Sextette of the most blooded of Broadway ponies; a back ground of purple eye-lidded privates enlisted from the ranks of Forty-Second Street; a three hundred and fifty dollar a week satorial sergeant in khaki and spotlight, embracing a ninety pound ingénue in rhinestone shoulder-straps. The tired business man and his lady friend, the Bronx and his wife, Adelia Ohio, Dead heads, Bald heads, Sore heads, Suburbanites, Sybarites; the poor dear public making exit sadder than wiser.

On the unpainted side of the down slithering curtain, a canvas mountain-side was already rumbling rearward on castors. An overhead of foliage jerked suddenly higher, revealed a vista of brick wall. A soldiers' encampment, tents and all, rolled up like a window shade. The ninety pound ingénue, withholding her silver-lace flouncings from the raw edges of moving landscape, high-stepped to a rearward dressing room; the khaki clad hero brushing past her and the pink satin drummer boys for first place down a spiral staircase.

Miss Blossom De Voe, pinkest of satin drummer boys, withdrew an affronted elbow, the corners of her mouth quivering slightly,

possibly of their own richness. They were dewy, fruit-like lips, as if Nature were smiling with them at her own handiwork.

"Say, somebody around here better look where he's going or mama's khaki-boy will be calling for an arnica high-ball. What does he think I yam, the six o'clock subway rush?"

Miss Elaine Vavasour wound down the spiral ahead of Miss De Voe, the pink satin blouse already in the removing.

"Go suck a quince, Blos. It's good for crazy bone and fallen arch."

"If you was any funnier, Elaine, you'd float," said Miss De Voe withdrawing a hair pin as she wound downward, an immediate avalanche of springy curls released.

Beneath the stage of the Gotham Theater a corridor of dressing rooms ran the musty subterranean length of the sub cellar. A gaseous gloomy dampness here; this cave of the purple lidded, so far below the level of reality.

At the door of Miss De Voe's eight by ten, shared by four, dressing room, one of the back drop of privates, erect, square-backed, head thrown up by the deep-dipping cap vizor, emerged at sight of her, lifted hat revealing a great permanent wave of hair that could only be born not bought.

"H'lo, Hal."

"Hello, Blossum."

"Whose hot water bottle did you come to borrow?"

"Hot water bottle?"

"Yeh, you look like you got the double pneumonia and each one of the pneumonia's got the tooth ache. Who stole your kite, ikkie boy?"

Mr. Hal Sanderson flung up a fine impatient head, the permanent hair-wave lifting,

"We'll can the comedy, Blossum," he said.

She lowered to a mock curtesy, mouth skewed to control laughter, arms akimbo.

"We will now sing psalm twenty-three."

"Come to supper with me, Bloss? You been dodging me pretty steady here lately."

She clapped her hand to her brow, plastering a curl there.

"Migaw, I am now in the act of dropping thirty cents and ten cents tip into my Pig Bank. Will I go to supper with him? Say, darling, will the Hudson flow by Grant's monument to-night at twelve? On a Saturday matinée he asks me to supper with a question mark."

"Honest, Bloss, you'd hand a fellow a ha ha if he invited you to his funeral."

She sobered at that, leaning against the cold, plastered wall, winding one of the shining curls about her fore finger.

"What's the matter—Hal?"

He handed her a torn newspaper sheet, blue penciled.

She took it but did not glance down.

"Drafted?"

"Yes," he said.

The voice of a soubrette trilling snatches of her topical song as she creamed off her make-up, came to them through the sulky gloom of the corridor. Behind the closed door of Miss De Voe's dressing room, the gabble of the pink satin ponies was like hash in the chopping. Overhead, moving scenery created a remote sort of thunder. She stood looking up at him, her young mouth parted.

"I—oh, Hal—well—well, whatta you know about that—Hal Sanderson—drafted."

He stepped closer, the pallor coming out stronger in his face, enclosed her wrist, pressing it.

"Grover's drafted too."

"Grover—too?"

"He's three thousand and one. Ten numbers before me."

Her irises were growing, blackening.

"Well, whatta you know about that? Grover White, the world's dancing tenor, and Hal Sanderson the world dancing tenor's understudy, drafted! The little tin soldiers are covered with rust, and Uncle Sam is going to—"

"Hurry, Bloss, get into your duds. I want to talk. Hurry. We'll eat over at Ramy's."

She turned but flung out an arm, grasping now his wrist.

"I—oh, Hal—I—I just never was so—so sad and so—so glad!"

The door opened to a slit enclosing her. In his imitation uniform, hand on empty cartridge belt, Mr. Hal Sanderson stood there a moment, his face whitening, tightening.

In Ramy's glorified basement, situated in one of the Forties which flow like tributaries into the heady waters of Broadway, one may dine from soup to nuts, raisins and regrets for one hour and sixty cents. In Ramy's, courses may come and courses may go, but the initiated one holds on to his fork forever. Here red wine flows like water, being ninety-nine per cent., just that.

Across a water tumbler of ruby contents, Miss Blossom De Voe, the turbulent curls all piled up beneath a slightly dusty but highly effective amethyst velvet hat, regarded Mr. Sanderson, her perfect lips trembling as it were, against an actual nausea of the spirit which seemed to pull at them.

"Whadda you putting things up to me for, Hal? You're old enough to know your own business."

Blue shaved, too correct in one of Broadway's black and white checked Campus Suits, his face as cleanly chisled and thrust for-

ward as a Discobolus, Mr. Sanderson patted an open letter spread out on the table cloth between them, his voice rising carefully above the din of diners.

"There's fellows claiming exemption every hour of the day that ain't got this much to show, Bloss. I was just wise enough to see these things and get ready for 'em."

"You ain't your mother's sole support. What about them snapshots of the two farms of hers out in Ohio you gave me?"

"But I got to be in this country to take charge of her affairs for her—my mother's old, honey—ain't I the one to manage for her? Only child and all that. Honest, Bloss, you need a brick house."

"Well, that old man lawyer that wrote that letter has been doing it all the time, why all of a sudden should you—"

He cast his eyes ceilingward, flopping his hands down loosely to the table in an attitude of mock exhaustion.

"Oh, Lord, Bloss, lemme whistle it, maybe you can catch on then. Brains, honey, little Hal's brains is what got that letter there written. I seen this coming from the minute conscription was in the air. Little Hal seen it coming, and got out his little hatchet. Try to prove that I ain't the sole one to take charge of my mother's affairs. Try to prove it. That's what I been fixing for myself these two months, try to—"

"Sh-h-h-h, Charley—"

"Brains is what done it,—every little thing of my mother's is in my care. I fixed it. Now little Blossy-blossum will you be good?"

He regarded her with cocked head and face receptive for her approval. "Now will you be good!"

She sat loosely, meeting his gaze, but her face as relaxed as her attitude. A wintry stare had set in.

"Oh," she said, "I see." And turned away her head.

He reached closer across the table, regardless of the conglomerate diners about, felt for her hand which lay limp and cold beside her plate, and which she withdrew.

"Darling," he said, straining for her gaze.

"Don't, Hal."

"Darling, don't you see? It's fate knocking at our door. There's not a chance Grover can get exemption. He ain't even got a fifth cousin or a flat-foot!"

"Maybe he could claim exemption on dandruff."

"I'm serious, honey. It's going to be one of those cases where an understudy wakes up to find himself famous. I can't fail if I get this chance, Bloss. It's the moment I been drudging for, for five solid years. I never was in such voice as now, I never was so fit. Not an ounce of fat. Not a song in the part I don't know backwards. I tell you it's the hand of fate, Bloss, giving us a hand-out. I can afford now, darling, to make good with you. On three fifty a week I can ask a little queen like you to double up with me. From thirty-five to three fifty! I tell you honey, we're made. I'm going to dress my little dolly in cloth of gold and silver fox. I'm going to perch her in the suite de luxe of the swellest hotel in town. I'm—"

She pushed back from the table, turning more broadly from him.

"Don't," she said pressing her kerchief against her lips.

He sat back, the rims of his eyes widening.

"Why—why what's the matter, Bloss? Why—why, what's the matter?"

"Don't talk to me for a minute," she said, still in profile; "I'll be all right, only don't talk."

"Why, Bloss, you—sick?"

She shook her head. "No. No."

"You ain't getting cold feet now that we got the thing before us—in our hand?"

"I dunno. I dunno. I—don't want nothing. That's all, nothing but to be left alone."

He sucked his lips inward, biting at them.

"Don't—don't think I ain't noticed, Bloss, that you—you ain't been the same—that you been different—for weeks. Sometimes I think maybe you're going cold on—on this long engagement stuff. That's why this thing is breaking just right for us, honey. I felt you slippin' a little. I'm ready now, Peaches, we can't go taxi-cabbing down for that license none too soon to suit me."

She shook her head, beating softly with one small fist into her other palm.

"No, Hal," she said, her mouth tightening and drawing down.

"Why—why, Bloss!"

Suddenly she faced him, her hands both fists now, and coming down with a force that shivered the china.

"You—you ain't a man, you ain't. You ain't a man, you—you're a slacker! You're a slacker, that's what you are, and Gawd, how I—how I hate a slacker!"

"Bloss—why, girl—you—you're cra—"

"Oh, I've known it. Deep down inside of me I've known it since the day we found ourselves in the mess of this war. I knew it, and all these months kept kidding myself that maybe—you—wasn't."

"You—"

"Thought maybe when you'd read the newspapers enough and heard the khaki-boys on the street corners enough, and listened to—to your country pleading enough that—that you'd rise up to show you was a man. I knew all these months down inside of me

that you was a slacker, but I kept hopin'. Gawd, how I kept hopin'."

"You—you can't talk to me that way! You're—"

"Can't I! Ha! Anybody can talk any old way to a slacker he wants to and then not say enough. You ain't got no guts you—you're yellow, that's what you are, you—"

"Blossum!"

"You, sneaking up to me with trumped up exemption stuff when your country's talking her great heart out of her for men to stand by 'er! Gawd! If I was a man—if I was a man she wouldn't have to ask me twice, but before I went marching off I'd take time off to help the street cleaning department wipe up a few streets with the slackers I found loafing around under a government they were afraid to fight for. I'd show 'em. I'd show 'em if a government is good enough to live under it's good enough to fight under. I'd show 'em."

"If you was a man, Blossum, you'd eat those words. By God, you'd eat 'em. I'm no coward—I—"

"I know you're not, Hal—that's why I—I—"

"I got the right to decide for myself if I want to fight when I don't know what I'm fighting for. This ain't my war, this ain't America's war. Before I fight in it I want a darn sight to know what I'm fighting for, and not all the street corner rah rah stuff has told me yet. I ain't a bull to go crazy with a lot of red waved in my face. I've got no blood to spill in the other fellow's battle. I'm—"

"No, but you—"

"I'm at a point in my life that I've worked like a dog to reach. Let the fellows that love the hero stuff give up their arms and their legs and the breath that's in them for something they don't know the meaning of. Because some big-gun of a Emperor out in Aus-

tria was assassinated, I ain't going to bleed to death for it. It's us poor devils that get the least out of the government that right away are called on to give the most, it's us—"

"Hal, ain't—ain't you ashamed!"

"No. I ain't ashamed and I ain't afraid. You know it ain't because I'm afraid. I've licked more fellows in my time than most fellows can boast. I—I got the Fifty-fifth Street fire rescue medal to my credit if anybody should ask you. I—I—ask anybody from my town if any kid in it ever licked me. But I ain't going to fight when I ain't got a grudge against no man. Call that being a coward if you like, but then you and me don't speak the same language."

Her silence seemed to give off an icy vapor.

"That's what they all say," she said. "It's like hiding behind a petticoat, hiding behind a defense like that. Sure you ain't got a grudge. Maybe you don't know what it's all about—God knows who does. Nobody can deny that. There ain't nothing reasonable about war, if there was there wouldn't be none. That talk don't get you nowheres. The proposition is that we're at war, whatever you or anybody else may think of it."

"That's just it—we didn't have no say-so."

"Just the same, Hal Sanderson, this great big grand country of ours is at war, and needs you. It ain't what you think any more that counts. Before we was in war you could talk all you wanted, but now that we're *in*, there's only one thing to do, only one, and not all your fine talk about peace can change it. One thing to do. Fight!"

"No government can make me—"

"If you want peace now it's up to you to help make it, a new peace and a grander peace, not go baying to the moon after a peace that ain't no more."

"You better get a soap box. If this is the way you got of trying to get out of something you're sorry for, I'll let you off easier—you don't need to try to—"

She regarded him with her lips quivering, a quick layer of tears forming, trembling and venturing to the edge of her lashes.

"Hal—Hal—a—a fellow that I've banked on like I have you! It ain't that—you know it ain't. I could have waited for ten times this long. It's only I—I'm ashamed, Hal. Ashamed. There ain't been a single gap in the chorus from one of the men enlisting that my heart ain't just dropped in my shoes like dough. I never envied a girl in my life the way I did Elaine Vavasour when she stood on the curb at the Battery the other day crying and watching Charlie Kirkpatrick go marching off. Charlie was a pacifist, too, as long as the country was out of war, and there was something to argue about. The minute the question was settled, he shut up, buckled on his belt and went! That's the kind of a pacifist to be. The kind of fellow that when he sees peace slipping, buckles on and starts out for a new peace; a realer peace. That's the kind of a fellow I thought you—you—"

Her voice broke then abruptly, in a rain of tears, and she raised the crook of her arm to her face with the gesture of a child. "That —that's the kind of a fellow I—I—"

His cigarette discarded and curling up in a little column of smoke between them, he sat regarding her, a heavy surge of red rising above the impeccable white of his collar into the roots of his hair. It was as if her denouncement had come down in a welt across his face.

"Nobody ever—nobody ever dared to talk like this to me before. Nobody ever dared to call me a coward. Nobody. Because it ain't so!"

"I know it ain't, Hal. If it was could I have been so strong for

you all these months? I knew the way you showed yourself in the Fifty-fifth Street fire. I read about it in the papers before I ever knew you. I—I know the way you mauled Ed Stein, twice your size, the night he tried to—to get fresh with me. I know you ain't a slacker in your heart, Hal, but I—I couldn't marry a man that got fake exemption. Couldn't, no matter how it broke my heart to see him go marching off! Couldn't! Couldn't!"

"That's what it means, Blossum—marching off!"

"I know it, but how—how could I marry a man that wasn't fit to wear his country's uniform even in a show. I—I couldn't marry a man like that if it meant the solid gold suite in the solid goldest hotel in this town. I couldn't marry a—a fake khaki-boy!"

"Ain't there no limit, Bloss, to the way you can make a fellow feel like dirt under your feet? My God! ain't there no limit?"

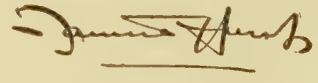
"There—there's nothing on earth can make a man of you, Hal, nothing on God's earth but War! Every once in a while there's some little reason seems to spring up for there bein' a war. You're one of them reasons, Hal. Down in my heart I know it that you'll come back, and when I get a hunch it's a hunch! Down in my heart I know it, dear, that you'll come back to me. But you'll come back a man, you'll come back with the yellow streak pure gold, you'll—you'll come back to me pure gold, dear. I know it. I know it."

His head was back as if his throat were open to the stroke of her words, but there was that growing in his face which was enormous, translucent, even apogean.

He tore up the paper between them, slowly, and in criss crosses.

"And you, Blossum?" he said, not taking his eyes, with their growing lights, off her.

"Why, I'll be waiting, Hal," she said, the pink coming out to flood her face, "I'll be waiting—Sweetheart."



THE MARRIED SLACKER

SHE (*reading*)—"At 5:15, the barrage was raised, and the Americans advanced to attack. The long line moved forward like the steady on-sweep of the tide — unwavering, irresistible, implacable." Oh, isn't it perfectly wonderful! I knew our men would fight gloriously! And just listen to this:

SHE (*reading*)— "The Germans fought desperately but the American lines never wavered in their onward course. Sometimes the broad stretch of the battlefield was enveloped in great volumes of smoke, but a moment later, as the air cleared, the same lines were to be seen moving onward. At 6:45, the sound of cheering was heard amidst the din of the battle and a few moments later, the message was sent back that the American troops had captured the great German position."

SHE (*reading*)— "The American victory of yesterday may well mark the beginning of the end of the war. London and Paris are ringing with the praises of the American soldiers. President Wilson has proclaimed a national holiday in celebration of the triumph, and the American soldier has won imperishable glory as a fighting man."

HYMN FOR AMERICA

Air: *"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"*

WHERE'S the man, in all the earth—
Man of want or man of worth—
Who shall now to rank or birth
  Knee of homage bend?
Though he war with chance or fate,
If his heart be free of hate,
If his soul with love be great,
  He shall be our friend.

Where's the man, of wealth or wage,
Dare be traitor to his age,
To the people's heritage
  Won by war and woe,—
Counting but as private good
All the gain of brotherhood
By the base so long withstood?
  He shall be our foe.

Where's the man that does not feel
Freedom as the common weal,
Duty's sword the only steel
  Can the battle end?
Comrades, chant in unison
Creed the noblest 'neath the sun:
"One for all and all for one,"
  Till each foe be friend.

Robert Underwood Johnson

THE BREAKING OUT OF THE FLAGS

IT is April,
And the snow lingers on the dark sides of evergreens;
The grass is brown and soggy
With only a faint, occasional overwash of green.
But under the leafless branches
The white bells of snowdrops are nodding and shaking
Above their green sheaths.
Snow, fir-trees, snowdrops—stem and flower—
Nature offers us only white and green
At this so early springtime.
But man gives more.

Man has unfurled a Nation's flags
Above the city streets;
He has flung a striped and starry symbol of bright colors
Down every curving way.
Blossoms of War,
Blossoms of Suffering,
Strange beautiful flowers of the New Year:
Flags!

Over door lintels and cornices,
Above peaked gables and flat mansard-roofs
Flutter the flags.
The avenues are arcaded with them,
The narrow alleys are pleached with stripes and stars.
For War is declared,
And the people gird themselves

Silently—sternly—
Only the flags make arabesques in the sunshine,
Twining the red of blood and the silver of achievement
Into a gay, waving pattern
Over the awful, unflinching Destiny
Of War.

The flags ripple and jar
To the tramp of marching men,
To the rumble of caissons over cobblestones.
From seaboard to seaboard
And beyond, across the green waves of the sea,
They flap and fly.
Men plant potatoes and click typewriters
In the shadow of them,
And khaki-clad soldiers
Lift their eyes to the garish red and blue
And turn back to their khaki tasks
Refreshed.

America,
The clock strikes.
The spring is upon us,
The seed of our forefathers
Quickens again in the soil,
And these flags are the small, early flowers
Of the solstice of our Hope!

Thru suffering to Peace!
Thru sacrifice to Security!
Red stripes,

Turn us not from our purpose,
Lead us up as by a ladder
To the deep blue quiet
Wherein are shining
The silver stars.

Soldiers, sailors, clerks, and office boys,
Men, and Women—but not children,
No! Not children!
Let these march
With their paper caps and toy rifles
And feel only the panoply of War—
But the others,
Welded and forged,
Seared, melted, broken,
Molded without flaw,
Slowly, faithfully pursuing a Purpose,
A Purpose of Peace,

Even into the very flame of Death.
Over the city,
Over all the cities,
Flutter flags.
Flags of spring,
Flags of burgeoning,
Flags of fulfilment.

Amy Lowell.

OUR DAY

London, April 20, 1917

IT was the evening of our Day; that young April day when in the solemn vastnesses of St. Paul's were held the services to mark America's historic entrance into the Great World War. Across the mighty arch of the Chancel on either side hung the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack.

From the organ pealed those American songs to which half a century ago, in another war for Freedom, men marched to battle, and, even if by ways of defeat and death, to ultimate Victory. How many there were that April day for whom the sight of the Stars and Stripes was blurred with tears. How the familiar airs and simple words pained us with the memory of our distant homes. Perhaps for the first time we understood the solemn significance of this dedication to war of what we hardly knew was so unspeakably dear.

In the Crypt of St. Paul's, Mausoleum of England's greatest soldier and sailor heroes, their ashes rest who once fought and conquered. If it is given to those who have gone before to hear our human appeal, perhaps the immortal spirits of Nelson, of Wellington, of Kitchener, whose tragic fate is its unfulfilled destiny, may have rested like an inspiration on that kindred nation offering the sacrifice of all it holds most sacred to the cause of Divine Justice.

After the solemn benediction thousands streamed slowly out to mingle with the multitudes gathered before the great Entrance where Queen Anne in crown and scepter keeps majestic guard, and where in peaceful days doves flit and flutter down to peck at the grain strewn about her royal feet.

Stern and momentous times have passed over that old, gray Cathedral; times of a Nation's grief and a Nation's rejoicing. But of all such days, in its centuries of existence, none has been so momentous for the destiny of the Empire as that sunny April day. And yet—and yet—perhaps more touching, more solemn, even than the High Service at St. Paul's, that which stirred Americans even more who love England with only a lesser love, and made us realize as never before what America stands for, joint defender now of the new Civilization, was the silent symbol of her dedication to the Cause of Human Freedom, for all London to see and on which, seeing, to reflect. It was the symbol of that for which Statesmen who were also prophets, have lived and toiled.

It rose against the glowing West, never to be forgotten by those who saw it at the close of Our Day, for it marked the new Epoch.

Now at last "Let the dead Past bury its Dead."

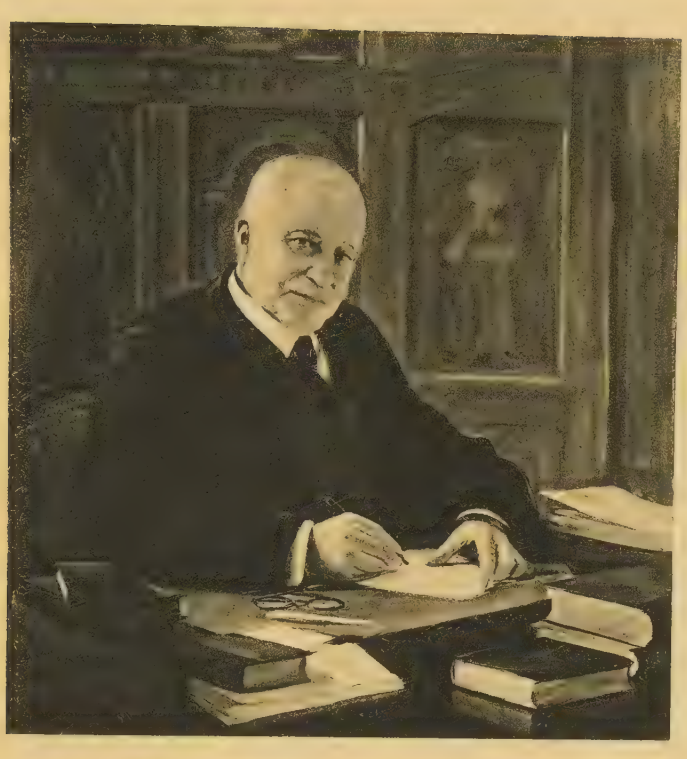
Along Whitehall, down Parliament Street, and where towards the left Westminster Bridge spans its immortal river, stand the Houses of Parliament, their delicate tracery of stonework etched against the sunset sky.

Hurrying crowds, released from the day's toil, stopped here, as if by a common impulse, to gaze upwards, and, gazing in silent wonder, they saw such a sight as London has never seen before. On the highest pinnacle of the Victoria tower where the flag of another nation has never before shared its proud eminence there floated together from one flagstaff Old Glory and the Union Jack.

That was America's supreme consecration.

Annie E Lane

(Mrs. John Lane)



POUR LA PATRIE

THEY were brothers, Louis and François, standing in the presence of the Prussian commander, looking hopelessly into his cold, unsmiling eyes. For the third time in as many days he was bargaining with them for that which God had given them and they in turn had promised to France: their lives.

"Do not make the mistake of thinking that we exalt you for what you may call courage, or that your country will sing your praises," said the general harshly. "Your country will never know how or when you die. You have nothing to gain by dying, not even the credit of dying."

François allowed his hot, dry eyes to sweep slowly around the group. He was pale, his forehead wet.

"You are soldiers," said he, his voice low and steady. "Is there one among you who would do the thing we are asked to do? If there is one man here who will stand forth in the presence of his comrades and say that he would betray Germany as you are asking us to betray France,—if there is such a man among you, let him speak, and then,—then will I do what you ask of me."

A dozen pairs of hard implacable eyes returned his challenge. No man spoke. No man smiled.

"You do not even pretend," cried the little poilu. "Well, I too am a soldier. I am a soldier of France. It is nothing to me that I die to-day or to-morrow, or that my country knows when or how. Take me out and shoot me," he shouted, facing the commander. "I am but one poor soldier. I am one of millions. What is my little life worth to you?"

"Nothing," said the commander. "Ten such as you would not represent the worth of one German soldier."

"We say not so over there," said François boldly, jerking his thumb in the direction of Pont-a-mousson.

And now for the first time the Prussians about him smiled.

"What is it, pray, that you do say over there?" inquired the general mockingly.

"That the worst of the Frenchmen is worth five of your best," said François, unafraid. Why should he be afraid to speak the truth? He was going to die.

"And one of your frog-eating generals is the equal of five of me, I suppose?" The commander's grim face relaxed into a smile. "That is good! Ha-ha! That is good!"

"So we say, excellency," said François simply. "Our Papa Joffre—ah, he is greater than all of you put in one."

The Prussian flushed. His piggish eyes glittered.

"Your Papa Joffre!" he scoffed.

"He is greater than the Kaiser,—though I die for saying it," cried the little poilu recklessly.

The commander turned his eyes from the white, impassioned face of François and looked upon the quivering, ghastly visage of the brother who stood beside him. The fire that glowed in the eyes of François was missing in those of Louis.

The grizzled Prussian smiled, but imperceptibly. What he saw pleased him. Louis, the big one, the older of the two, trembled. It was only by the supremest effort that he maintained a pitiable show of defiance. His face was haggard and blanched with fear; there was a hunted, shifty look in his narrowed eyes. The general's smile developed. It proffered comfort, consolation, encouragement.

"And you," he said, almost gently, "have not you profited by the reflections of your three days of grace? Are you as stubborn as

this mule of a brother, this foolish lad who spouts even poorer French than I address to you?"

François shot a quick, appealing glance at his big brother's face. There were tiny rivulets of slaver at the corners of Louis's mouth.

"Louis!" he cried out sharply.

Louis lifted his sagging shoulders. "I have nothing to say," he said thickly, and with the set of his jaws François breathed deeply of relief.

"So!" said the general, shrugging his shoulders. "I am sorry. You are young to die, you two. To die on the field of battle,—ah, that is noble! To die with one's back to a wall, blindfolded, and to be covered with earth so loosely that starving dogs may scratch away to feast—But, no more. You have decided. You have had many hours in which to consider the alternative. You will be shot at daybreak."

The slight figure of François straightened, his chin went up. His thin, dirt-covered hands were tightly clenched.

"For France!" he murmured, lifting his eyes above the head of the Prussian.

A vast shudder swept over the figure of Louis, a hoarse gasp broke through his lips. The commander leaned forward, fixing him with compelling eyes.

"For France!" cried François again, and once more Louis lifted his head to quaver:

"For France!"

"Take them away," said the commander. "But stay! How old are you?" He addressed François.

"I am nineteen."

"And you?"

Louis's lips moved but no sound issued.

"My brother is twenty-one," said François, staring hard at Louis.

"He has a sweetheart who will grieve bitterly if he does not return for her caresses, eh? I thought so. Oh, you French! But she will soon recover. She will find another,—like that! So!" He snapped his fingers. "She will not wait long, my good Louis. Take them away!"

Louis's face was livid. His chin trembled, his lips fell apart slackly; he lowered his eyes after an instant's contact with the staunch gaze of his brother.

"You have until sunrise to change your minds," said the Prussian, turning on his heel.

"Sunrise," muttered Louis, his head twitching.

They were led from the walled-in garden and across the cobblestones of the little street that terminated in a cul de sac just above. Over the way stood the shattered remnants of a building that once had been pointed to with pride by the simple villagers as the finest shop in town. The day was hot. Worn-out German troopers sprawled in the shade of the walls, sound asleep, their mouths ajar, —beardless boys, most of them.

"Poor devils," said François, as he passed among them. He too was very young.

They were shoved through the wrecked doorway into the mortar-strewn ruin, and, stumbling over masses of débris, came to the stone steps that led to the cellar below. Louis drew back with a groan. He had spent centuries in that foul pit.

"Not there—again!" he moaned. He was whimpering feebly as he picked himself up at the bottom of the steps a moment later.

"Dogs!" cried François, glaring upward and shaking his fist at the heads projecting into the turquoise aperture above. Far on high, where the roof had been, gleamed the brilliant sky. "Our general will make you pay one of these days,—our *great* general!"

Then he threw his arms about his brother's shoulders and—cried a little too,—not in fear but in sympathy.

The trap door dropped into place, a heavy object fell upon it with a thud, and they were in inky darkness. There was no sound save the sobs of the two boys, and later the steady tread of a man who paced the floor overhead,—a man who carried a gun.

They had not seen, but they knew that a dead man lay over in the corner near a window chocked by a hundred tons of brick and mortar. He had died some time during the second century of their joint occupancy of the black and musty hole. On the 28th he had come in with them, wounded. It was now the 31st, and he was dead, having lived to the age of nine score years and ten! When they spoke to their guards at the beginning of the third century, saying that their companion was dead and should be carried away, the Germans replied:

"There is time enough for that," and laughed,—for the Germans could count the time by hours out there in the sunshine. But that is not why they laughed.

A hidden French battery in the wooded, rocky hills off to the west had for days kept up a deadly, unerring fire upon the German positions. Shift as he would, the commander could not escape the shells from those unseen, undiscovered guns. They followed him with uncanny precision. His own batteries had searched in vain, with thousands of shrieking shells, for the gadfly gunners. They could find him, but he could not find them. For every shell he wasted, they returned one that counted.

Three French scouts fell into his hands on the night of the 28th. Two of them were still alive. He had them up before him at once.

"On one condition will I spare your lives," said he. And that condition had been pounded into their ears with unceasing violence, day and night, by officers high and low, since the hour of

their capture. It was a very simple condition, declared the Germans. Only a stubborn fool would fail to take advantage of the opportunity offered. The exact position of that mysterious battery,—that was all the general demanded in return for his goodness in sparing their lives. He asked no more of them than a few, truthful words.

They had steadfastly refused to betray their countrymen.

François could not see his brother, but now and then he put out a timid hand to touch the shaking figure. He could not understand. Why was it not the other way about? Who was he to offer consolation to the big and strong?

"Courage," he would say, and then stare hard ahead into the blackness. "You are great and strong," he would add. "It is I who am weak and little, Louis. I am the little brother."

"You have not so much to live for as I," Louis would mutter, over and over again.

Their hour drew near. "Eat this," persuaded François, pressing upon Louis the hunk of bread their captors had tossed down to them.

"Eat? God! How can I eat?"

"Then drink. It is not cold, but—"

"Let me alone! Keep away from me! God in heaven, why do they leave that Jean Picard down here with us—"

"You have seen hundreds of dead men, Louis. All of them were heroes. All of them were brave. It was glorious to die as they died. Why should we be afraid of death?"

"But they died like men, not like rats. They died smiling. They had no time to think."

And then he fell to moaning. His teeth rattled. He turned upon his face and for many minutes beat upon the stone steps with his clenched hands, choking out appeals to his Maker.

François stood. His hot, unblinking eyes tried to pierce the darkness. Tears of shame and pity for this big brother burnt their way out and ran down his cheeks. He was wondering. He was striving to put away the horrid doubt that was searing his soul: the doubt of Louis!

The dreary age wore on. Louis slept! The little brother sat with his chin in his hands, his heart cold, his eyes closed. He prayed.

Then came the sound of a heavy object being dragged away from the door at the top of the steps. They both sprang to their feet. An oblong patch of drab, gray light appeared overhead. Sunrise!

"Come! It is time," called down a hoarse voice. Three guns hung over the edge of the opening. They were taking no chances.

"Louis!" cried François sharply.

Louis straightened his gaunt figure. The light from above fell upon his face. It was white,—deathly white,—but transfigured. A great light flamed in his eyes.

"Have no fear, little brother," he said gently, caressingly. He clasped his brother's hand. "We die together. I have dreamed. A vision came to me,—came down from heaven. My dream was of our mother. She came to me and spoke. So! I shall die without fear. Come! Courage, little François. We are her soldier boys. She gave us to France. She spoke to me. I am not afraid."

Glorified, rejoicing, almost unbelieving, François followed his brother up the steps. There was comfort in the grip of Louis's hand.

"This general of yours," began Louis, facing the guard, a sneer on his colorless lips, his teeth showing, "he is a dog! I shall say as much to him when the guns are pointed at my breast."

The Germans stared.

"What has come over this one?" growled one of them. "Last night he was breaking."

"There is still a way to break him," said another, grinning. "Hell will be a relief to him after this hour."

"Canailès!" snarled Louis, and François laughed aloud in sheer joy!

"My good,—my strong brother!" he cried out.

"This Papa Joffre of yours," said the burliest German,—"he is worse than a dog. He is a toad." He shoved the captives through the opening in the wall. "Get on!"

"The smallest sergeant in Germany is greater than your Papa Joffre," said another. "What is it you have said, baby Frenchman? One frog-eater is worth five Germans? Ho-ho! You shall see."

"I—I myself," cried François hotly,—"I am nobler, braver, greater than this beast you call master."

"Hold your tongue," said a third German, in a kindlier tone than the others had employed. "It can do you no good to talk like this. Give in, my brave lads. Tell everything. I know what is before you if you refuse to-day,—and I tremble. He will surely break you to-day."

They were crossing the narrow road.

"He is your master,—not ours," said François calmly.

Louis walked ahead, erect, his jaw set. The blood leaped in François' veins. Ah, what a brave, strong fellow his brother was!

"He is the greatest commander in all the German armies," boasted the burly sergeant. "And, young frog-eater, he commands the finest troops in the world. Do you know that there are ten thousand iron crosses in this God-appointed corps! Have a

care how you speak of our general. He is the Emperor's right hand. He is the chosen man of the Emperor."

"And of God," added another.

"Bah!" cried François, snapping his fingers scornfully. "He is worth no more than that to me!"

François was going to his death. His chest swelled.

"You fool. He is to the Emperor worth more than an entire army corps,—yes, two of them. The Emperor would sooner lose a hundred thousand men than this single general."

"A hundred thousand men?" cried François, incredulously. "That is a great many men,—even Germans."

"Pigs," said Louis, between his teeth.

They now entered the little garden. The Prussian commander was eating his breakfast in the shelter of a tent. The day was young, yet the sun was hot. Papers and maps were strewn over the top of the long table at which he sat, gorging himself. The guard and the two prisoners halted a few paces away. The general's breakfast was not to be interrupted by anything so trivial as the affairs of Louis and François.

"And that ugly glutton is worth more than a hundred thousand men," mused François, eyeing him in wonder. "God, how cheap these boches must be."

Staff officers stood outside the tent, awaiting and receiving gruff orders from their superior. Between gulps he gave out almost unintelligible sounds, and one by one these officers, interpreting them as commands, saluted and withdrew.

François gazed as one fascinated. He *was* a great general, after all. Only a very great and powerful general could enjoy such respect, such servile obedience as he was receiving from these hulking brutes of men.

Directions were punctuated,—or rather indicated,—by the huge carving-knife with which the general slashed his meat. He pointed suddenly with the knife, and, as he did so, the officer at whom it was leveled, sprang into action, to do as he was bidden, as if the shining blade had touched his quivering flesh.

Suddenly the great general pushed his bench back from the table, slammed the knife and fork down among the platters, and barked:

"Well!"

His eyes were fastened upon the prisoners. The guards shoved them forward.

"Have you decided? What is it to be,—life or death?"

He was in an evil humor. That battery in the hills had found its mark again when the sun was on the rise.

"Vive la France!" shouted Louis, raising his eyes to heaven.

"Vive la France!" almost screamed François.

"So be it!" roared the commander. His gaze was fixed on Louis. There was the one who would weaken. Not that little devil of a boy beside him. He uttered a short, sharp command to an aide.

The torturing of Louis began. . . .

"End it!" commanded the Prussian general after a while. "The fool will not speak!"

And the little of life that was left to the shuddering, sightless Louis went out with a sigh—slipped out with the bayonet as it was withdrawn from his loyal breast.

Turning to François, who had been forced to witness the mutilation of his brother,—whose arms had been held and whose eyelids were drawn up by the cruel fingers of a soldier who stood behind him,—he said:

"Now *you!* You have seen what happened to him! It is your turn now. I was mistaken. I thought that he was the coward.

Are you prepared to go through even more than—Ah! Good! I thought so! The little fire-eater weakens!"

François, shaken and near to dying of the horror he had witnessed, sagged to his knees. They dragged him forward,—and one of them kicked him.

"I will tell! I will tell!" he screamed. "Let me alone! Keep your hands off of me! I will tell, God help me, general!"

He staggered, white-faced and pitiful, to the edge of the table, which he grasped with trembling, straining hands.

"Be quick about it," snarled the general, leaning forward eagerly.

Like a cat, François sprang. He had gaged the distance well. He had figured it all out as he stood by and watched his brother die.

His fingers clutched the knife.

"I will!" he cried out in an ecstasy of joy.

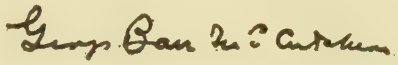
To the hasp sank the long blade into the heart of the Prussian commander.

Whirling, the French boy threw his arms on high and screamed into the faces of the stupefied soldiers:

"Vive la France! One hundred thousand men! There they lie! Ha-ha! I—I, François Dupré,—I have sent them all to hell! Wait for me, Louis! I am coming!"

The first words of the "Marseillaise" were bursting from his lips when his uplifted face was blasted—

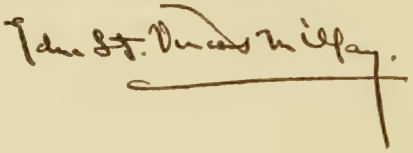
He crumpled up and fell.



SONNET

THOU art not lovelier than lilacs,—no,
Nor honeysuckle,—thou art not more fair
Than small white single poppies,—I can bear
Thy beauty; though I bend before thee, though
From left to right, not knowing where to go,
I turn my troubled eyes, nor here nor there
Find any refuge from thee, yet I swear
So has it been with mist,—with moonlight so.

Like him who day by day unto his draught
Of delicate poison adds him one drop more
Till he may drink unharmed the death of ten,
Even so, inured to beauty, who have quaffed
Each hour more deeply than the hour before,
I drink,—and live—what has destroyed some men.



THE IDIOT

I

THE CHANGE was not affected without whispering. The spirit both of the troops who were going back of the lines to rest and of those who had zigzagged up through two miles of communication trenches to take their places was excellent.

"What is the name of this country?" asked one of the new comers.

"If it has a name, that is all that remains. We are somewhere in Picardy. The English are off there not very far. Their cannon have different voices from ours. Good luck!"

His gray, faded uniform seemed to melt into the night. The New Comer stepped on to the firing platform and poked his head over the parapet. A comrade pulled at his trousers leg.

"Come down, Idiot," he said, "Fritz is only twelve yards away."

The Idiot came down, sniffing the night air luxuriously.

"We are somewhere in Picardy," he said. "I know without being told. It is like getting home."

A sergeant approached, his body twisted sideways because the trench was too narrow for his shoulders.

"Have you a watch?"

The Idiot had.

Under his coat, so that the enemy should not perceive the glow, the Sergeant flashed his electric torch and compared the watches.

"Yours leads by a minute," he said. "The advance will be at four o'clock. There will be hot coffee at three. Good luck."

He passed on, and the comrades drew a little closer together. The Sergeant's words had made the Idiot very happy.

"In less than two hours!" he said.

"I thought there was something in the wind," said Paul Guitry.

"If we advanced only three kilometers," said the Idiot, "the village in which I was born would be French again. But there will be great changes."

"You were born at Champ-de-Fer?"

"It is directly opposite us."

"You cannot know that."

"I feel it," said the Idiot. "Wherever I have been stationed I have felt it. Sometimes I have asked an officer to look for Champ-de-Fer on his field map, and when he has done so, I have pointed, and said 'Is it in that direction?' and always I have been right."

"Did your family remain in the village?"

"I don't know. But I think so, for from the hour of the mobilization until now, I have not heard from them."

"Since the hour of mobilization," said Paul Guitry, "much water has flowed under the bridges. I had just been married. My wife is in Paris. I have a little son now. I saw them when I had my eight days' leave. And it seems that again I am to be a father. It is very wonderful."

"I was going to be married," said the Idiot simply.

There was a short silence.

"If I had known," said Paul Guitry, "I would not have boasted of my own happiness."

"I am not the only French soldier who has not heard from his sweetheart since the mobilization," said the Idiot. "It has been hard," he said, "but by thinking of all the others, I have been able to endure."

"She remained there at Champ-de-Fer?"

"She must have, or else she would have written to me."

Paul Guitry could not find anything to say.

"Soon," said the Idiot, "we shall be in Champ-de-Fer, and they will tell me what has become of her."

"She will tell you herself," said Paul Guitry with a heartiness which he did not feel. The Idiot shrugged his shoulders.

"We have loved each other," he said, "even since we were little children. Do you know why I am called the Idiot? It is because I do not go with women, when I have the chance. But I don't mind. They cannot say that I am not a real man, for I have the military medal and I have been mentioned twice in the orders of the day."

To Paul Guitry, a confirmed sinner as opportunity offered, the Idiot's statement contained much psychic meat.

"It must be," he said, "that purity tempts some men, just as impurity tempts others."

"It is even simpler," said the Idiot; but he did not explain. And there was a long silence.

Now and then Paul Guitry glanced at his companion's profile, for the night was no longer inky black. It was a simple direct young face, not handsome, but full of dignity and kindness; the line of the jaw had a certain sternness, and the wide and delicately molded nostril indicated courage and daring.

Paul Guitry thought of his wife and of his little son, of his eight days' leave, and of its consequences. He tried to imagine how he would feel, if for two years his wife had been in the hands of the Germans. Without meaning to, he spoke his thought aloud:

"Long since," he said, "I should have gone mad."

The Idiot nodded.

"They say," he said, "that in fifty years all this will be forgotten; and that we French will feel friendly toward the Germans."

He laughed softly, a laugh so cold, that Paul Guitry felt as if ice water had suddenly been spilled on his spine.

"Hell," he went on, "has no tortures which French men, and women, and little children have not suffered. You say that if you had been in my boots you must long since have gone mad? Well, it is because I have been able to think of all the others who are in my boots that I have kept my sanity. It has not been easy. It is not as if my imagination alone had been tortured. Just as I have the sense that my village is there—" he pointed with his sensitive hand, "so I have the sense of what has happened there. I *know* that she is alive," he concluded, "and that she would rather be dead."

There was another silence. The Idiot's nostrils dilated and he sniffed once or twice.

"The coffee is coming," he said. "Listen. If I am killed in the advance, find her, will you—Jeanne Bergère? And say what you can to comfort her. It doesn't matter what has happened, her love for me is like the North Star—fixed. When she knows that I am dead she will wish to kill herself. You must prevent that. You must show her how she can help France. Aha!—The cannon!"

From several miles in the rear there rose suddenly a thudding percursive cataract of sound. The earth trembled like some frightened animal that has been driven into a corner.

The Idiot leaped to his feet, his eyes joyously alight.

"It is the voice of God," he cried.

If indeed it was the voice of God, that other great voice which is of Hell, made no answer. The German guns were unaccountably silent.

On the stroke of four, the earth still trembling with the incessant concussions of the guns, the French scrambled out of their

trenches and went forward. But no sudden blast of lead and iron challenged their temerity. A few shells, but all from field pieces, fired perfunctorily as it were, fell near them and occasionally among them. It looked as if Fritz wasn't going to fight.

The wire guarding the first line of German trenches had been so torn and disrupted by the French cannon, that only here and there an ugly strand remained to be cut. The trench was empty.

"The Boche," said Paul Guitry, "has left nothing but his smell."

Rumor spread swiftly through the lines. "We are not to be opposed. Fritz has been withdrawn in the night. His lines are too long. He is straightening out his salients. It is the beginning of the end."

There was good humor and elation. There was also a feeling of admiration for the way in which Fritz had managed to retreat without being detected.

The country over which the troops advanced was a rolling desert, blasted, twisted, swept clear of all vegetation. What the Germans could not destroy they had carried away with them. There remained only frazzled stumps of trees, dead bodies and ruined engines of war.

Paul Guitry and the Idiot came at last to the summit of a little hill. Beyond and below at the end of a long sweep of tortured and ruined fields could be seen picturesquely grouped a few walls of houses and one bold arch of an ancient bridge.

The Idiot blinked stupidly. Then he laughed a short, ugly laugh.

"I had counted on seeing the church steeple. But of course they would have destroyed that."

"Is it Champ-de-Fer?" asked Guitry.

At that moment a dark and sudden smoke, as from ignited chemicals began to pour upward from the ruined village.

"It was," said the Idiot, and once more the word was passed to go forward.

II

THEY did not know what was going on in the world. They had been ordered into the cellars of the village, and told to remain there for twenty-four hours. They had no thought but to obey.

Into the same cellar with Jeanne Bergère had been herded four old women, two old men, and a little boy whom a German surgeon (the day the champagne had been discovered buried in the Notary's garden) had strapped to a board and—vivisected.

Twenty-three of the twenty-four hours had passed (one of the old men had a Waterbury watch) but only the little boy complained of hunger and thirst. He wanted to drink from the well in the corner of the cellar; but they would not let him. The well had supplied good drinking water since the days of Julius Cæsar, but shortly after entering the cellar one of the old women had drunk from it, and shortly afterward had died in great torment. The little boy kept saying:

"But maybe it wasn't the water which killed Madame Pigeon. Only let me try it and then we shall know for sure."

But they would not let him drink.

"It is not agreeable to live," said one of the old men, "but it is necessary. We are of those who will be called upon to testify. The terms of peace will be written by soft-hearted statesmen; we who have suffered must be on hand. We must be on hand to see that the Boche gets his deserts."

Jeanne Bergère spoke in a low unimpassioned voice:

"What would you do to them, father," she asked, "if you were God?"

"I do not know," said the old man. "For I have experience

only of those things which give them pleasure. Those who delight in peculiar pleasures are perhaps immune to ordinary pains. . . ."

"Surely," interrupted the little boy, "it was not the water that killed Madame Pigeon."

"How peaceful she looks," said the old man. "You would say the stone face of a saint from the façade of a cathedral."

"It may be," said Jeanne Bergère, "that already God has opened His mind to her, and that she knows of that vengeance, which we with our small minds are not able to invent."

"I can only think of what they have done to us," said the old man. "It does not seem as if there was anything left for us to do to them. Vengeance which does not give the Avenger pleasure is a poor sort of vengeance. Madame Simon . . ."

The old woman in question turned a pair of sheeny eyes towards the speaker.

"Would it give you any particular pleasure to cut the breasts off an old German woman?"

With a trembling hand Madame Simon flattened the bosom of her dress to show that there was nothing beneath.

"It would give me no pleasure," she said, "but I shall show my scars to the President."

"An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth," said the old man. "That is the ancient law. But it does not work. There is no justice in exchanging a German eye and a French. French eyes see beauty in everything. To the German eye the sense of beauty has been denied. You cannot compare a beast and a man. In the old days, when there were wolves, it was the custom of the naïve people of those days to torture a wolf if they caught one. They put him to death with the same refinements which were requisitioned for human criminals. This meant nothing to the wolf. The mere fact that he had been caught was what tortured him.

And so I think it will be with the Germans when they find that they have failed. They have built up their power on the absurd hypothesis that they are men. Their punishment will be in discovering that they never were anything but low animals and never could be."

"That is too deep for me," said the other old man. "They tied my daughter to her bed, and afterward they set fire to her mattress."

"I wish," said Jeanne Bergère, "that they had set fire to my mattress."

A violent concussion shook the cellar to its foundations. Even the face of the thirsty little boy brightened.

"It is one of ours," he said.

"To eradicate the lice which feed upon the Germans and the foul smells which emanate from their bodies there is nothing so effective as high explosives," said the old man. He looked at his watch and said:

"We have half an hour more."

At the end of that time, he climbed the cellar stair, pushed open the door, and looked out. Partly in the bright sunlight and partly in the deep shadows, he resembled a painting by Rembrandt.

"I see no one," he said. "There is a lot of smoke."

His eyes became suddenly wide open, fixed, round with a kind of celestial astonishment. Then his old French heart stopped beating, and he fell to the foot of the stair. His companions thought that he must have been shot. They dared not move.

But it was no bullet or fragment of far-blown shell that had laid the old man low. He had seen in the smoke that whirled down the village street, a little soldier in the uniform of France. Pure unadulterated joy had struck him dead.

Five minutes passed, and no one had moved except the little boy. With furtive glances and trembling hands he had crept to the old well in the corner and drunk a cup of the poisoned water. Then he crept back to his place.

The second old man now rose, drew a deep breath and climbed the cellar stair. For a time he stood blinking, and mouthing his scattered teeth. He was trying to speak and could not.

"What is it?" they called up to him. "What has happened?"

He did not answer. He made inarticulate sounds, and suddenly with incredible speed, darted forward into the smoke and the sunlight.

A little hand cold and wet crept into Jeanne Bergère's. She was vexed. She wished to go out of the cellar with the others; but the little hand clung to her so tightly that she could not free herself.

Except for the old woman who had drunk from the well, and the old man, all in a heap at the foot of the cellar stair, they were alone. She and the little boy.

"It is true," said the little boy, "at least I think it is true about the water . . . when . . . nobody was looking. . . . Please, please stay with me, Jeanne Bergère."

"You drank when it was forbidden? That was very naughty, Charlie. . . . Good God, what am I saying—you poor baby—you poor baby." She snatched him into her arms, and held him with a kind of tigerish ferocity.

"It hurts," said Charlie. "It hurts. It hurts me all over. It hurts worse all the time."

"I will go for help," she said. "Wait."

"Please do not go away."

"You want to die?"

The child nodded.

"If I grow up, I should not be a man," he said. "You know what the doctor did to me?"

"I know," she said briefly, "but you shan't die if I can help it."

She could not help it. A few minutes after she had gone, his back strongly arched became rigid. His jaws locked and he died in the attitude of a wrestler making a bridge.

The village street was full of smoke and Frenchmen. These were methodically fighting the fires and hunting the ruins for Germans. Jeanne Bergère seized one of the little soldiers by the elbow.

"Come quickly," she said, "there is a child poisoned!"

The Idiot turned, and she would have fallen if he had not caught her. She tore herself loose from his arms with a kind of ferocity.

"Come! Come!" she cried, and she ran like a frightened animal back to the cellar door, the Idiot close behind her.

The Idiot knelt by the dead child, and after feeling in vain for any pulsation, straightened up and said:

"He is dead."

"He drank from the well," said Jeanne. "We told him that it was poisoned. But he was so thirsty."

They tried to straighten the little boy, but could not. The Idiot rose to his feet, and looked at her for the first time. He must have made some motion with his hands, for she cried suddenly:

"Don't! You mustn't touch me!"

"We have always loved each other," he said simply.

"You don't understand."

"What you have been through? I understand. Kiss me."

She held him at arm's length.

"Listen," she said. "The old people would not leave the village,—your father and mother . . . so I stayed. At that time it was still supposed that the Germans were human beings . . ."

"And my father and mother?" asked the Idiot.

"Some of the people went into the street to see the Germans enter the village. But we watched from a window in your father's house . . . They were Uhlans, who came at first. They were so drunk that they could hardly sit on their horses. Their lieutenant took a sudden fancy to Marie Lebrun, but when he tried to kiss her, she slapped his face . . . That seemed to sober him . . . Old man Lebrun had leapt forward to protect his daughter.

" 'Are you her father?' " asked the Lieutenant.

" 'Yes,' " said the old man.

" ' Bind him,' " said the lieutenant, and then he gave an order, and some men went into a house and came out dragging a mattress . . . They dragged it into the middle of the street . . . They held old man Lebrun so that he had to see everything . . . for some hours, as many as wanted to . . . Then the lieutenant stepped forward and shot her through the head, and then he shot her father . . . Your father and mother hid me in the cellar of their house, as well as they could . . . But from the Germans nothing remains long hidden . . . Your father and mother tried to defend me . . . tied them to their bed . . . and . . . set fire to the house."

The Idiot's granite-gray face showed no new emotion.

"And you?"

She shook her head violently.

"What you cannot imagine," she said. "I have forgotten . . . There have been so many . . . No street-walker has ever been through what I have been through . . . There's nothing more to say . . . I wanted to live . . . to bear witness against them . . . For you and me everything is finished . . ."

"Almost," said the Idiot. "You talk as if you no longer loved me."

The granite-gray of his face had softened into the ruddy, sunburned coloring of a healthy young soldier, long in the field, and she could not resist the strong arms that he opened to her.

"They have not touched your soul," said the Idiot.

MEMORIES OF WHITMAN AND LINCOLN

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd"
—W. W.

LILACS shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.
Spring hangs in the dew of the dooryards
These memories—these memories—
They hang in the dew for the bard who fetched
A sprig of them once for his brother
When he lay cold and dead. . . .
And forever now when America leans in the dooryard
And over the hills Spring dances,
Smell of lilacs and sight of lilacs shall bring to her heart these brothers. . . .
Lilacs shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

Who are the shadow-forms crowding the night?
What shadows of men?
The stilled star-night is high with these brooding spirits—
Their shoulders rise on the Earth-rim, and they are great presences in heaven—
They move through the stars like outlined winds in young-leaved maples.
Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

Deeply the nation throbs with a world's anguish—
But it sleeps, and I on the housetops

Commune with souls long dead who guard our land at midnight,
A strength in each hushed heart—
I seem to hear the Atlantic moaning on our shores with the plaint of the dying
And rolling on our shores with the rumble of battle. . . .
I seem to see my country growing golden toward California,
And, as fields of daisies, a people, with slumbering up-turned faces
Leaned over by Two Brothers,
And the greatness that is gone.

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

Spring runs over the land,
A young girl, light-footed, eager . . .
For I hear a song that is faint and sweet with first love,
Out of the West, fresh with the grass and the timber,
But dreamily soothing the sleepers . . .
I listen: I drink it deep.

Softly the Spring sings,
Softly and clearly:
"I open lilacs for the beloved,
Lilacs for the lost, the dead.
And, see, for the living, I bring sweet strawberry blossoms,
And I bring buttercups, and I bring to the woods anemones and blue bells . . .
I open lilacs for the beloved,
And when my fluttering garment drifts through dusty cities,

And blows on hills, and brushes the inland sea,
Over you, sleepers, over you, tired sleepers,
A fragrant memory falls . . .
I open love in the shut heart,
I open lilacs for the beloved."

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

Was that the Spring that sang, opening locked hearts,
And is remembrance mine?
For I know these two great shadows in the spacious night,
Shadows folding America close between them,
Close to the heart . . .
And I know how my own lost youth grew up blessedly in their spirit,
And how the morning song of the mighty bard
Sent me out from my dreams to the living America,
To the chanting seas, to the piney hills, down the railroad vistas,
Out into the streets of Manhattan when the whistles blew at seven,
Down to the mills of Pittsburgh and the rude faces of labor . . .
And I know how the grave great music of that other,
Music in which lost armies sang requiems,
And the vision of that gaunt, that great and solemn figure,
And the graven face, the deep eyes, the mouth,
O human-hearted brother,
Dedicated anew my undevoted heart
To America, my land.

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

Now in this hour I was suppliant for these two brothers,
And I said: Your land has need:
Half-awakened and blindly we grope in the great world. . . .
What strength may we take from our Past, what promise hold
for our future?

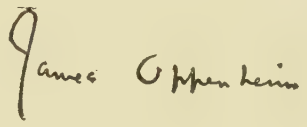
And the one brother leaned and whispered:
"I put my strength in a book,
And in that book my love . . .
This, with my love, I give to America . . ."
And the other brother leaned and murmured:
"I put my strength in a life,
And in that life my love,
This, with my love, I give to America."

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

Then my heart sang out: This strength shall be our strength:
Yea, when the great hour comes, and the sleepers wake and
are hurled back,
And creep down into themselves
There shall they find Walt Whitman
And there, Abraham Lincoln.

O Spring, go over this land with much singing
And open the lilacs everywhere,
Open them out with the old-time fragrance

Making a people remember that something has been forgotten,
Something is hidden deep—strange memories—strange
memories—
Of him that brought a sprig of the purple cluster
To him that was mourned of all . . .
And so they are linked together
While yet America lives . . .
While yet America lives, my heart,
Lilacs shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.



BRED TO THE SEA

YE who are bred to the sea, sons of the sons of seamen,
In what faith do ye sail? By what creed do ye hold?
Little we know of faiths, and we leave the creeds to the parsons.
But we 'bide by that law of the sea which our fathers made of old.

Where is that sea law writ for mariners and for captains,
That they may know the law by which they sail the sea?
We never saw it writ for sailormen or for masters;
But 'tis laid with the keel of the ship. What would you have?
Let be.

Ye who went down to the sea in ships and perished aforetime,
In what faith did ye sail? In what creed did ye die?
What is that law to which your lives were forfeit?
What do ye teach your sons that they may not deny?

We kept the faith of our breed. We died in the creed of seamen,
As our sons, too, shall die: the sea will have its way.
The law which bade us sail with death in smack and whaler,
In tall ship and in open boat, is the seaman's law to-day.

The master shall rule his crew. The crew shall obey the master.
Ye shall work your ship while she fleets and ye can stand.
Though ye starve, and freeze, and drown, shipmate shall stand by shipmate.
Ye shall 'bide by this law of seafaring folk, though ye never come to land.

Ye shall hold your lives in trust for those who need your succor:
A flash of fire by night, a loom of smoke by day,
A rag to an oar shall be to you the symbol
Of your faith, of your creed, of the law which sailormen obey.

Ye shall not count the odds, ye shall not weigh the danger,
When life is to be saved from storm, from fire, from thirst.
Ye shall not leave your foe adrift and helpless;
And when the boats go overside, 't is, "Women and children first."

We kept this faith of our breed. We died in this creed of seamen.
We sealed our creed with our lives. It shall endure alway.
The law which bade us sail with death in smack and whaler,
In tall ship and in open boat, is the seaman's law to-day.

James W. Pryor.

OUR DEFENDERS

ACROSS the fields of waving wheat
And leagues of golden corn
The fragrance of the wild-rose bloom
And elder-flower is borne;
But earth's appealing loveliness
We do but half surmise,
For oh, the blur of battle-fields
Is ever in our eyes.

The robin-red-breast and the wren,
We cannot harken these
For dreadful thunder of the guns
That echoes overseas;
And evermore our vision turns
To those who follow far
The bright white light of Liberty
Through the red fires of war.

Our thoughts are with the hero souls
And hero hearts of gold
Who keep Old Glory's hallowed stars
Untarnished as of old;
Who join their hands with hero hands
In hero lands to save
The fearless forehead of the free
The shameful brand of slave.

And through these days of strife and death,
We know they shall not fail,

That Freedom shall not pass from earth
  Nor tyranny prevail;
Yea, those that now in anguish bow,
  We know that soon or late
They shall be lifted from beneath
  The iron heel of hate.

O brave defenders of the free,
  For you our tears of pride!
Lo, every drop of blood you shed
  Our hearts have sanctified!
And through these days of strife and death,
  These weary night-times through,
Our spirits watch with yours, our love
  It hovers over you.

— Evaleen Stein

THE BOMB

I

"YOU are late. Billy's been howling the house down."

"All babies cry, big or little, now and then. The nurse is with Billy. I—" Nellie Cameron paused to smooth a quiver out of her voice—"I am not late."

"You are not?" Joseph Cameron, bewildered, laid his paper upon his knees and squinted up at his wife.

"No, Joe, I am not." As if it absorbed her, and no one could have said that it did not, for she kept house beautifully, Nellie straightened an etching; then quietly she walked out of the room.

She went into their bedroom and closed the door. After a while Cameron, watching warily, saw her come into the hall again in a peach-colored dress that he particularly liked her in; saw her go down the hall, away from him—and she had a very good back—to the nursery door, the warm, cheerful firelight falling full upon her face, her hands, her softly glowing dress. Billy, their only son, just learning to walk, toddled to meet her. Cameron saw the chubby hands rumple her skirts, saw Nellie stoop and swing him high with her firm arms, then drop him to his place upon her breast. The door closed, the hall was shadowy again, the apartment as still as a place marked "To Let."

The dinner was on time and excellent; Nellie, decorative and chatty, was promptly in her place. Dinner over, they went to the sitting-room for their coffee. The apartment was very high up, the windows looking over the tree-tops of the Drive, across the Hudson to the Jersey shore. It was March, and the shore lights wavered in gusts of rain that threatened to turn to snow. The room was warm; Cameron was suffocating; Nellie was serenely unaware.

She had eaten well, from her soup through her cheese. There are times when, to a man, a woman's appetite is the last straw. She was tired, she said, but at her ease, and never prettier.

"Going out to-night, Joey?"

"Yes. Bridge hand around at Gordon's. Want a talk with Gordon about a matter of business."

"I like to have things to do in the afternoon, but when night comes"—Nellie smothered a contented yawn—"I love getting into something comfy, and just buzzing round our own lamp."

"I must own that I have never found afternoon diversions to be diverting." To save him he could not keep his voice good-natured. He had had a grind of a day, and was dog-tired; it seemed to him she ought to know it and talk about it.

"Yes?" Nellie mused. "It was amusing at the club to-day—the Non-descripts." She laughed softly. "It wasn't 'nondescript' to-day, though!"

"Some old maid telling you to bring your children up on the county, and throw your husbands out of their jobs?"

"What, Joey?" Nellie seemed to bring her thoughts back from a long way off. "Old maid? I should say not! We had a man. We nearly always do. Then everybody comes, and there's more glow. He was an English socialist—I guess he was a socialist. Burne-Jones hair, and a homespun jacket,—loose, and all that,—and a heavy ribbon on his glasses. He talked about the new man."

"The—what?"

"The new man." Nellie opened her eyes wide, as if her husband puzzled her.

"Well—I'm damned!"

Nellie broke into sudden mirth.

"You were, Joey dear; that is just what you were. You were damned all the way there and back again."

Cameron strangled.

"Have I the honor to typify the—new creature?"

"You're the very image of him, Joey dear." And she smiled upon him as if he were some new moth, in at their window, to buzz round their lamp.

"And—this person—?"

Nellie became eagerly communicative.

"I do wonder if I can make you see him? Tall and dark, and with good-looking, thinnish hands and a most amusing way of playing with his eye-glasses. You know, Joey: the sort of distinguished talk-it-all-out sort of man that just makes men rage. Of course," she went on, largely wise, "he's the sort of socialist to make a real socialist rage, but he's just the thing for clubs."

"You often have them?"

"Of course," she laughed. "You see, we don't see much of men at home any more. It keeps us from forgetting how you look, and how amusing you may be."

Cameron gazed before him into a chaos without words.

Nellie was oblivious.

"He finished off with a perfect bomb, Joey. It was funny! Of course the new man's a city product, and he drew him to the life: rushed and tortured by ambition, tired out at the end of the day, too tired to be possibly amusing, his nerves excited till anything quieter than lower Broadway hurts his ears, all passion and brilliance spent on business, dinners here and there, with people who all have their ax to grind, too, and are keyed up to it by rows and rows of cocktails. He drew him without mercy, and he had every wife there either wincing or laughing, with the truth of what he said. He was quite eloquent." She paused, she laughed softly, she turned her eyes upon him. "Then, Joey, guess—just guess! —what he said!"

"Far be it from me!"

"He said that any intelligent modern woman would require at least one husband and three lovers to arrive at the standards and companionship of one wholesome old-fashioned man!"

Cameron got to his feet and held to the top shelf of the bookcase.

"Do you mean to tell me that respectable women sit and listen to such talk?"

"But, Joey dear, you see so little of us respectable women now, you don't really know us—"

"It's not decent—"

Nellie was all patience.

"But, you know, Joey dear, I think maybe it is true. Don't you think so?"

Cameron swallowed two or three retorts; then with a laugh that seemed to break to pieces in the air, he went into the hall, got into his hat and coat, and left the house.

Nellie listened gravely.

"Poor dear old land-lubber!" she sighed. "But it had to come sooner or later!" Then she went to the telephone.

"57900 Bryant, please. May I speak to Mr. Crane?"

II

WHEN Cameron came in at midnight he found his wife and his old friend Willoughby Crane playing chess in the dining-room.

"Hello, Joe, old man," murmured Crane. "That you?"

"Why, yes, I believe it is I," said Cameron.

"Almost forgot what you looked like," Crane rambled pleasantly. "Dropped in for a reminder."

"I'm sorry to have missed you," muttered Cameron.

"Well, you haven't altogether missed me, you know: so cheer up, old man. If Nell's good for a rubber, you may have the joy of my presence for an hour or two longer. You're lucky, having a wife who can play chess!"

"Get yourself a drink, Joey," suggested Nellie. "The whisky's in the sideboard, down on the left."

"Don't you suppose I know where the whisky is?" demanded Cameron.

"Maybe there's not much left." Nellie looked on, all solicitude.

Cameron, his thought babbling over the good old days of the ducking-stool, poured himself carefully a highball that was brown. Silence reigned. The light fell upon the head and shoulders of Crane and upon his long, quick-fingered hands.

"After a man has slaved his soul out," Cameron moaned, "these are the things a woman cares about!"

Crane won the rubber, and spent considerable gallantry upon Nellie in compensation. Cameron had yawned all through, but no one had noticed. Crane lighted a cigarette and perched upon the corner of the dining-table.

"I say, Joe, got anything on to-morrow night?"

"I have," said Cameron.

"Something you can't chuck?"

"Scarcely. A directors' dinner."

Crane grew thoughtful.

"You certainly are a victim of the power-passion," he sighed, considering Cameron. "I don't know how you stand it. I'd have more money, no doubt, if I weren't so apathetic, but, by Jinks, it doesn't look worth it to me!"

"A question of taste," said Cameron, briefly.

"Taste? If that were all!" He smoked, looking at Nellie through the haze. "I say, Nell, I've got tickets for Kreisler tomorrow night. Come with me, there's a good girl! Lend me your wife, will you, Joe?"

"Lend?" echoed Nellie. "I like that! Anybody'd take me for goods and chattels. Of course I'll come. I'd love to."

"You know, Joey," Crane went on simply, "Nellie's the only woman I know that it's real joy to hear music with. She knows what she's listening to. A fellow can sort of forget that he's got her along, and still be glad he has. As for you, you old money-hunting blunderbuss, the way you squirm in the presence of music ought to be a penitentiary offense. I'm almost glad you can't go." He gave a laugh that was dangerously genuine, and bolted for the hall to get his coat and hat.

"Poor old Joe is almost asleep," said Nellie, sweetly.

Joe did not look it, but Willoughby got out solicitously, and he sat upon a damp bench opposite the Camerons' glowing windows, and he laughed and laughed till a policeman sternly ordered him to move on.

"Isn't Willoughby a dear!" Nellie commented as she moved about, putting things in their places for the night. Cameron yawned obviously. Nellie hummed a snatch of a tune.

All that long night Cameron lay stretched upon the edge of their bed, staring into the lumpy darkness. Nellie slept like a baby. But once, soon after the lights were turned off, Cameron's blood froze by inches from his head to his feet. It seemed to him that Nellie was laughing, was fairly biting her pillow to keep from laughing aloud! Gravely, of the darkness, he asked how all this had come about. He asked it of the familiar, shadowy heap of Nellie's clothes upon the chair by the window, asked if he had deserved it. Toward dawn he slept.

III

CAMERON, after the way of the new man, kept some evening clothes down town. It saved traveling. The next afternoon, about four o'clock, there came, somewhere between the pit of his stomach and his brain, an aching weight. Conscience! At six-thirty he hung his dinner-jacket back in the closet and sent the directors word that he had a headache. Then, as blind as a moth, he started for home, for that lamp about which Nellie "loved to buzz."

He let himself into the apartment, chuckling to think of Nellie's surprise, at just the hour at which they were used to dining. The place was shadowy, the table in its between-meals garb. The aching weight came back. He tapped at the nursery door.

Miss Merritt, the nurse, was dining by the nursery window, Billy's high chair drawn near by. Billy, drowsy and rosy, was waving a soup-spoon about his head, dabbing at the lights upon the silver with fat fingers that were better at clinging than at letting go.

"Good evening, Miss Merritt," said Cameron. "Hello, Bill! Where's your mother?" His tone struck false, for through his mind was booming the horrible question, "Can Nellie have gone out with that ass Crane to dine?"

Miss Merritt's mousy face became all eyes.

"Why, sir, Mrs. Cameron has gone out to dinner, and after to a concert. I guess you forgot, sir."

"Oh, yes," said Cameron, easily. "This is the night of the concert. I had absolutely forgotten. I'd have got a bite down town if I'd thought. Is the cook in?"

"Sure, sir. I'll call her."

She left Cameron alone with Billy, who, cannibal-wise, was

chewing his father's hand and crowing over the appetizing bumps and veins.

"If you'd jest 'ave 'phoned, sir," panted the cook, who was a large, purple-faced person.

Cameron sighed.

"Just anything, Katy. I have a headache. Some eggs and toast—poached eggs, I think."

In another moment the maid passed the nursery door, with white things over her arm, on her way to set the table.

Cameron, dazed as never in his life before, lifted Billy to his shoulder and trotted up and down the room. "Nice little boy!" he laughed, Billy's damp fists hitting at him in ecstasy. "I'll just take him to the sitting-room while you finish your dinner." He did his best to pretend that the situation was not unusual, to act as if, in his own home, a man could be nothing but at home. All these confounded hirelings, acting as if they owned the place, had the cheek to be amazed over his dropping in!

Miss Merritt beamed.

"I always say, sir, that boys should know their fathers."

"Boys should know their fathers?" This was almost the last straw.

"Here!" said Miss Merritt, holding out a pink-edged blanket. "Jest put it on your lap, sir." There was about her that utter and peculiar lack of decorum that is common to nurses and mothers, and Cameron, blushing furiously, grabbed the blanket and fled.

"Boys should know their fathers, hey?" Cameron was enraged. "We'll see about that pretty quick!" Billy crowed with joy as the blanket flapped about them, and, above the chasm of his doubts and his conscience Cameron heard himself laugh, too. He got into his arm-chair. Billy, so warm and solid and gay, so evidently liking him, gave him, parent that he was, the thrill of

adventure as his hands held him and knew him for his own. The blanket spread upon his knees, the door closed, Cameron expanded with the desire to know his son, even as it was desirable that his son should know him. He turned him over and around, he studied the vagaries of scallops and pearl buttons; profoundly he pitied his small image for all of his discomforts, and advised him to grow out of safety-pins as fast as possible. He fell into a philosophical mood, spouting away at Bill, and Bill responded with fists and delicious gurgles and an imitative sense of investigation. Cameron reflected, with illumination, upon the amusing sounds a baby makes when the world is well. They were really having an awfully good time.

Billy was fuzzy and blond, one of those moist, very blue-eyed babies that women appreciate. Cameron all at once saw why. Warmth expanded his aching heart, and his arms circled his own mite of boy. Billy yawned, agreed instantly with Cameron that a yawn from a baby was funny, and with a chuckle pitched against Cameron, bumped his nose on a waistcoat button, considered the button solemnly, with his small mouth stuck out ridiculously, and then snuggled into the hollow of his father's arms, and, closing his big eyes with a confidence that made thrills creep over him, the man, and brought something stinging to his eyes, Bill went to sleep.

After an unmeasured lapse of time, Miss Merritt came for the baby. "Oh, the lambkin! Ain't he sweet, sir?"

Cameron ached in every joint, but he did not know it.

"Take care how you handle him!" he whispered. "It's awful to be wakened out of one's first sleep!"

"I know better than to wake a sleepin' baby, believe me," said Miss Merritt with a touch of spice.

The door closed. Cameron sat stretching his stiff arms and legs

and staring before him, and upon his usually tired and lined face was the beam of full joy.

Then came dinner, a lonely, silent mockery of a meal. And back the question came, booming over the soft tinkling of glass and silver. He realized, with his salad, that four nights out of seven, Nellie dined like this, alone. His lower lip protruded, and lines of conscience fell in a curtain upon his face.

"Mrs. Cameron hates eatin' 'lone, too," said the maid. "She generally eats early, so 's t' have Billy in his high chair 'longside. If he sleeps, she reads a book, sir."

He was alone in the sitting-room with his coffee, and the place had sunk into fathomless silence. It was only half after eight! He stuck his head out of the window. Soft flakes touched and soothed his feverish head. "Damn money!" he whispered suddenly, then stood back in the room, startled, staring his blasphemy in the face. He'd go out in the snow, and get rid of himself. This was awful!

Bundled in a greatcoat, collar high, trousers rolled up, he ducked out of the great marble and iron vestibule into the night. There was no wind, and the snow was falling softly, steadily. The drive was deserted, and he made his way across to the walk along the wall. By the light of a lamp, blurred by the flakes till it looked like a tall-stemmed thistle-ball, he looked at his watch. No matter where Nellie had dined, she was at the concert by now, and a great sigh of relief fluttered the flakes about his mouth.

He turned north, glad of the rise in the ground to walk against. "By jinks!" he smiled grudgingly, "it's not so bad out here. We city idiots, we—*new men,* with all our motors and subways, we are forgetting how to prowl."

The world fell off to shadow a little beyond the shore-line, a mere space of air and flakes. Ice swirled by its way to the sea,

for the tide was going out. He peered; he began to hear all sorts of fine snow-muffled sounds; and suddenly, away out on the river, something was going on—boats whistling and signaling, chatting in their scientific persiflage, out in the dark and cold of the night. "Lonesome, too!" Cameron laughed, and, boyishly, he tossed a snow-ball into the space, as if he'd have something to say out there, too! "I'm soft!" he groaned, clutching his arm. And suddenly he smiled to think how one of these days he and Bill would come out here and play together. He looked about, and a sudden pride filled him. He was actually the only creature enjoying all this splendid snow! He had passed one old gentleman in a fur-lined coat, with a cap upon his white hair, walking slowly, a white bull-dog playing after him in the scarcely trodden snow.

Cameron turned home, a new and inexplicable glow upon him, cares dropped away. He marched; he laughed aloud once with a sudden thought of Bill. "Little corker!" He let himself in, and went straight to the bedroom to change his shoes. "I must get some water-tight things to prowl in," he thought, and he whistled a line of "Tipperary." Blurred in a pleasant fatigue he sat on the edge of his bed, staring at his wet socks, when the telephone jingled, and he hurried out to answer.

"Yep, this is Cameron. Oh, hello, old girl! Thought I'd just come up for a quiet home dinner, you know." A grin like the setting sun for warmth spread over his face as he listened, as he felt the tables turning under his wet feet.

"Nope. Just bored down-town. Felt like bein' cozy and—buzzin' round the lamp in something comfy. Fine! Had a regular banquet! Bill's all right, little devil! I tucked him in so he shouldn't be lonesome.

"Me? I've been out walkin'. Been throwin' snow-balls at the street-lamps. My feet are soakin', but I don't care, I don't care.

Heard a concert myself, thanks. Whistles and things tootin' out in the snow on the river to beat the band! Don't think of it! I'm fine. Enjoy yourself. What's life for? Good night, old girl. Don't lose your key!"

Cameron got as far as the cedar chest in the hall, but there, in his wet socks, he sat down and he laughed until he ached all over. Suddenly he stiffened, and his heels banged against the chest.

Miss Merritt, mouth and eyes wide open, stood absorbing him, as crimson as was Cameron himself.

"I heard the 'phone," she faltered. "Mrs. Cameron always calls up to know if Billy's all right—"

"I know that she does," said Cameron, stiffly, and, rising, he stocking-footed it past her and shut himself in his bedroom.

"Yes, sir; good night, sir." Miss Merritt stared at his door. "Good Lord!" she whispered in the nursery, "how awful for Billy and her if he takes to drink!"

Nellie came out of the telephone booth, her face white with horror. "Willoughby," she gasped, "get me a taxi quick!"

"Billy—"

"No, no, *no!* It's Joe!"

"What—"

"Oh," she wailed, "I've gone too far! Joe is—drunk!"

Willoughby's face went to pieces.

"Don't look like that, Nell! Don't! What of it? Just what we've been up to, isn't it?"

"How can you say that? Get my wraps. I am going home."

"Your car isn't ordered till eleven—"

"What do I care what I go in? Oh, I have been such a fool!"

"Don't mention it," grinned Crane as he wrapped her coat about her.

Gaily Crane waved his white-gloved hand to her, her face gleam-

ing back pearl-like for an instant in the shadowy taxi; then she was whirled northward and lost in the snowy night. Back in his place, next to Nellie's empty chair, he mused tenderly over the vagaries of a mere bachelor till the incomparable Austrian carried his mind off to where tone is reality, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

Nellie fitted the key into the lock. Her fingers shook. The apartment was dark except for a light in the hall, and as still as if it were empty. If only Joe would *stay* asleep till he'd had time to sleep this horrible state of affairs away!

She switched off the light and carefully let herself into their room, and stood a moment, huddled, breathless, against the door. The room was ghostly. The vague, snow-veiled light filtered in from the street-lamp below, making of Cameron an incoherent lump, wrapped to his eyes in the covers of their chintz-hung bed.

Her hands clasped tight, she peered at him through the shadows. He did not move. He was sleeping heavily, curiously, irregularly, his breath coming in jerky little snorts. "Oh," she wailed in her guilty heart, "he is, he is! Poor dear old Joey, drunk! And it's all, all my fault!" Swiftly she undressed in the dark. If he were to awaken, to begin saying awful maudlin things—

Her heart pounding, she lifted the covers and crept into martyrdom on the hard edge of the bed. Cameron slept on. Once he seemed to be strangling in a bad dream, and she fought with her sense of duty to awaken him, then, miserably, let him strangle!

Gravely Nellie's tired eyes traveled from familiar shadow to shadow, to rest at last upon the dangling heap of clothes upon a chair by the window that symbolized Joe Cameron by the sane light of day. Fatigue tossed her off to sleep now and then; terror snatched her back and made her cry. In the first faint dawn she

awakened with a start to find that in her sleep her tired body had slipped back to its place, and her head was resting deliciously upon her pillow. And, with the growing dawn, humor came creeping back, and try as she would, her mouth twitched. Of all people, dear old Joey! Carefully she turned her head and peered at him. His face was turned toward her, what light there was fell full upon him. Wonder took away her smile. His face was fresh, the lines of care and worry softened away as if he were at the end of a two weeks' vacation. She rested her chin on her arm, amazed, puzzled. And suddenly a grin like the sunrise spread over Joe's face, and he opened his eyes.

Alice Woods

By courtesy of *The Century*.

TO THOSE WHO GO

IN a sense the hundreds of thousands of American soldiers who go to France are modern crusaders. Like the valiant men of the Middle Ages who traveled far to fight in strange lands for the ideal that possessed their souls, these twentieth-century knights-errant go to defend the ideals of liberty and right and honor which are the issues of this war and which our Allies have successfully upheld for more than three years.

In that chivalric spirit General Pershing stood at the tomb of LaFayette and said, "LaFayette, we are here." As a young man only twenty years old LaFayette went out to a new land to fight for liberty, and now after nearly a century and a half the same inspiration that sent him forth is taking our young men back to fight in the land of his birth the old fight for right. The great romance of international history which the relations of France and America have afforded from the birth of this republic has entered on a new chapter with the pilgrimage of our fighting men to Europe, and the inestimable service of LaFayette and his comrades to our infant republic is now to be in part repaid by the nation that France helped to establish.

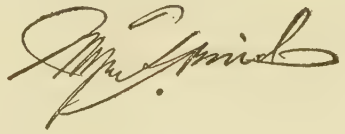
But though it is a chivalric mission on which our soldiers go, they should not enter France in the attitude of saviors. It must be remembered that the United States came very late into this war, and while our troops and even more our money and material resources may have decisive weight toward victory, yet it is France, England, Italy, Russia against whom the enemy has spent his strength. Our Allies have brought the war already to its turning point, and we can at best only add completeness to their achievement. Furthermore, while we aid France and her Allies, we are

defending ourselves also. We went to war because Germany was killing our citizens, was plotting against the peace and security of our nation, because her restless ambition and lust for power were choking not only Europe but the world.

Our American soldiers will find in France a people who have endured with wonderful courage and devotion through more than three years of terrific strain against odds which must often have seemed hopeless. The French are the heroes of this war. They have been in the fight from the beginning and will be there until the end. Their armies were fully engaged when England had not a hundred thousand men under arms and Italy was a neutral; they fought on when Russia lost her grip; and they will not quit until their land is cleared of invaders and the Prussian shadow that has darkened France for more than forty years is lifted. More than any other country except Belgium, France has felt the horror and hardships of the war which we are spared because she has paid the price of our protection.

American soldiers who go to France are to be envied because they are getting what comes to few men,—opportunity to be of direct, vital service to the country. To be young, to be fit, to have a part however small in the great events that are making the world over into a safer and happier place for our children to live in, is something for a man to be proud of now and to remember with satisfaction to his last day.

The war may last much longer than we now anticipate, but there can be no doubt of the ultimate victory of the cause to which we are committed. The world never turns back, it moves always forward, always upward. Our soldiers may go out, as the Crusaders went of old, with absolute faith that their service will not be given in vain, that their effort and daring will not be unavailing.



THE HERO'S PEACE

THERE is a peace that springs where battles thunder,
Unknown to those who walk the ways of peace
Drowsy with safety, praising soft release
From pain and strife and the discomfortable wonder
Of life lived vehemently to its last, wild flame:
This peace thinks not of safety, is not bound
To the wincing flesh, nor to the piteous round
Of human hopes and memories, nor to Fame.

Immutable and immortal it is born
Within the spirit that has looked on fear
Till fear has looked askance; on death has gazed
As on an equal, and with noble scorn,
Spurning the self that held the self too dear,
To the height of being mounts calm and unamazed.

Geneviève Rivès
(Princesse Troubetzkoy)

Castle Hill, Virginia

DAWN

By Joseph Pennell

From the Original Drawing

WITHDRAWN